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THE

KATHÁ SARIT SÁGARA

OR

OCEAN OF THE STREAMS OF STORY

TRANSLATED FROM THE

ORIGINAL SANSKRIT

BY

C. H. TAWNEY, M. A.

VOLUME I.

405215
11. 8. 42

CALCUTTA:

PRINTED BY J. W. THOMAS, AT THE BAPTIST MISSION PRESS.

1880.

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ADDENDA AND CORRIGENDA

To Fasciculus I.

Page 1, line 6, *for* "Part I" *read* "Book I, called Kathápíṭha."

Page 14, add to footnote.—"See also Ralston's Russian Folk-Tales, p. 230 and Veckenstedt's Wendische Sagen, p. 152."

Page 20, add to footnote.—"General Cunningham is of opinion that the *dénoument* of this story is represented in one of the Bharhut Sculptures; see his Stûpa of Bharhut, p. 53."

Page 27, 3rd line, from the bottom of the page, add to footnote.—"The reader will find similar questioning demons described in Veckenstedt's Wendische Sagen, pp. 54—56, and 109."

Page 40, add to footnote.—"See also the 60th Tale in Gonzenbach's Sicilianische Märchen, Vol. II, p. 17.

Page 58, add as a note to the story of the guardian lion. "This incident may be compared with one described in Weckenstedt's Wendische Sagen, p. 82.

Page 70, add to footnote at the bottom of the page—"Cp. also Veckenstedt's Wendische Sagen, p. 72."

Page 77, add to the second footnote—"Cp. also Veckenstedt's Wendische Sagen, p. 124."

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CORRIGENDA AND ADDENDA

TO VOL. I.

Page 5. *For note* † *substitute*—See note on page 281.

Page 12, line 16 "Every day when he awakes from sleep, a hundred thousand gold pieces shall be found under his pillow." This may be compared with Grimm's No. 60, "Die zwei Brüder." Each of the brothers finds every day a gold piece under his pillow.

Page 14. *Add to footnote*—See also the story of "Die Kaiserin Trebisonda" in a collection of South Italian tales by Woldemar Kaden, entitled "Unter den Olivenbäumen" and published in 1880. The hero of this story plays the same trick as Putraka, and gains thereby an inexhaustible purse, a pair of boots which enable the wearer to run like the wind, and a mantle of invisibility. See also "Beutel, Mäntelchen und Wunderhorn" in the same collection, and No. XXII in Miss Stokes's Indian Fairy Tales. The story is found in the Avadánas translated by Stanislas Julien: (Lévêque, Mythes et Légendes de L'Inde et de la Perse, p. 570, Liebrecht, zur Volkskunde, p. 117.) M. Lévêque thinks that La Fontaine was indebted to it for his Fable of L' Huître et les Plaideurs. See also De Gubernatis, Zoological Mythology, Vol. I, pp. 126—127, and 162.

Page 16, line 1. "And so taking Pâṭalí in his arms he flew away from that place through the air." Compare the way in which Zauberer Vergilius carries off the daughter of the Sulṭán of Babylon, and founds the town of Naples, which he makes over to her and her children: (Simrock's Deutsche Volksbücher, Vol. VI, pp. 354, 355.) Dunlop is of opinion that the mediæval traditions about Vergil are largely derived from Oriental sources.

Page 20. *Add to note*—A faint echo of this story is found in Gonzenbach's Sicilianische Märchen, No. 55, pp. 359—362. Cp. also No. 72(*b*) in the Novellæ Morlini. (Liebrecht's Dunlop, p. 497.)

Page 22, last line of the page, "Yogananda threw Śakatála into a dark dungeon and his hundred sons with him." Compare this with the story of Ugolino in Dante's Inferno.

Page 30, line 5. *For* "performing" *read* "presiding at."

Page 42. *Add to note* ‡—This belief seems to be very general in Wales, see Wirt Sikes, British Goblins, p. 113. See also Kuhn's Herabkunft des Feuers, p. 93, De Gubernatis, Zoological Mythology, Vol. II, p. 285.

Page 44. *Add to note* *—See also Ralston's Russian Folk-Tales, p. 241, where Prince Ivan by the help of his tutor Katoma propounds to the Princess Anna the fair, a riddle which enables him to win her as his wife.

Page 46. *Add to footnote.* M. Lévêque (Les Mythes et Légendes de L'Inde p. 327) connects this story with that of Philemon and Baucis. He lays particular stress upon the following lines of Ovid:

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Unicus anser erat, minimæ custodia villæ,
Quem Dîs hospitibus domini mactare parabant:
Ille celer penna tardos ætate fatigat,
Eluditque diu, tandemque est visus ad ipsos
Confugisse deos. *Superi vetuere necari.*

See also Gubernatis, Zoological Mythology, Vol. II, pp. 187, 297 and 414.

Page 53, last line of page. For illustrations of this bath of blood see Dunlop's Liebrecht, page 135, and the note at the end of the book. The story of Der arme Heinrich, to which Liebrecht refers, is to be found in the VIth Volume of Simrock's Deutsche Volksbücher.

Page 54. *Add to note* *—Gigantic birds that feed on raw flesh are mentioned by the Pseudo-Callisthenes, Book II, ch. 41. Alexander gets on the back of one of them, and is carried into the air, guiding his bird by holding a piece of liver in front of it. He is warned by a winged creature in human shape to proceed no further, and descends again to earth. See also Liebrecht's Dunlop, p. 143 and note. See also Birlinger, Aus Schwaben, pp. 5, 6, 7. He compares Pacolet's horse in the story of Valentine and Orson.

Page 58, line 5. *For* "the god with the bull-blazoned banner" *read* "the god whose emblem is a bull."

Page 64, line 9. "A village named Nágasthala near Mathurâ." Mr. Growse remarks: "In Hindi the word Nágasthala would assume the form Nágal; and there is a village of that name to this day in the Mahában Pargana of the Mathurá District."

Page 70. *Add to note* ‡—In the Gehörnte Siegfried (Simrock's Deutsche Volksbücher, Vol. III, pp. 368 and 416), the hero is made invulnerable everywhere but between the shoulders, by being smeared with the melted fat of a dragon. Cp. also the story of Achilles. For the transformation of Chaṇḍamahásena into a boar see Bartsch's Sagen, Märchen und Gebräuche aus Meklenburg, Vol. II, pp. 144, 145, and Gubernatis, Zoological Mythology, Vol. II, p. 14.

Page 74, line 7 from the bottom. "Yaugandharáyaṇa, by means of that very charm, gave Vasantaka a body full of outstanding veins &c." Cp. the way in which the Ritter Malegis transmutes Reinold in the story of Die Heimonskinder (Simrock's Deutsche Volksbücher, Vol. II, p. 86). "He changed him into an old man, a hundred years of age, with a decrepit and misshapen body, and long hair." See also p. 114. So Merlin assumes the form of an old man and disguises Uther and Ulfin, Dunlop's History of Fiction, translated by Liebrecht, p. 66.

Page 76, line 13. Mr. Growse writes to me with reference to the name Lohajangha—"This name still exists on the spot, though probably not to be found elsewhere. The original bearer of the title is said to have been one of the demons whom Kṛishṇa slew, and a village is called Lohaban after him, where an ancient red sandstone image is supposed to represent him, and has offerings of iron made to it at the annual festival.

Page 77. *Add to note* † "See also the story of Heinrich der Löwe, Simrock's Deutsche Volksbücher, Vol. I, p. 8. Dr. Köhler refers to the story of Herzog Ernst. The incident will be found in Simrock's version of the story, at page 308 of the IIIrd Volume of his Deutsche Volksbücher."

Page 79. *Add to note* † The legend of Garuḍa and the Bálakhilyas is found in the Mahábhárata, see De Gubernatis, Zoological Mythology, p. 95.

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Page 80. *Add to note* * But Josephus in Ant. Jud. XVIII, 3, tells it of a Roman knight named Mundus, who fell in love with Paulina the wife of Saturninus, and by corrupting the priestess of Isis was enabled to pass himself off as Anubis. On the matter coming to the ears of Tiberius, he had the temple of Isis destroyed, and the priests crucified. (Dunlop's History of Fiction, Vol. II, p. 27. Liebrecht's German translation, p. 232). A similar story is told by the Pseudo-Callisthenes of Nectanebos and Olympias.

Page 86. *Add to note* † See also "The king of Spain and his queen" in Thorpe's Yule-tide Stories, pp. 452—455. Thorpe remarks that the tale agrees in substance with the ballad of the "Graf Von Rom" in Uhland, II, 784; and with the Flemish story of "Ritter Alexander aus Metz und Seine Frau Florentina." In the 21st of Bandello's novels the test is a mirror (Liebrecht's Dunlop, p. 287). See also pp. 85 and 86 of Liebrecht's Dunlop, with the notes at the end of the volume.

Page 98, line 3, *for* "he went and begged the hermit to give him to her in marriage" *read* "he went and begged the hermit to give her to him in marriage."

Page 98. *Add to note* * Bernhard Schmidt in his Griechische Märchen, page 37, mentions a very similar story, which he connects with that of Admetos and Alkestis. In a popular ballad of Trebisond, a young man named Jannis, the only son of his parents, is about to be married, when Charon comes to fetch him. He supplicates St. George, who obtains for him the concession, that his life may be spared, in case his father will give him half the period of life still remaining to him. His father refuses, and in the same way his mother. At last his betrothed gives him half her allotted period of life, and the marriage takes place. The story of Ruru is found in the Ádiparva of the Mahábhárata, see Lévêque, Mythes et Légendes de l' Inde, pp. 278, and 374.

Page 99. *Add to note.* See also Henderson's Folk-lore of the Northern Counties, p. 45. "The vicar of Stranton was standing at the churchyard gate, awaiting the arrival of a funeral party, when to his astonishment the whole group, who had arrived within a few yards of him, suddenly wheeled and made the circuit of the churchyard wall, thus traversing its west, north, and east boundaries, and making the distance some five or six times greater than was necessary. The vicar, astonished at this proceeding, asked the sexton the reason of so extraordinary a movement. The reply was as follows: 'Why, ye wad no hae them carry the dead again the sun; the dead maun aye go with the sun.' This custom is no doubt an ancient British or Celtic custom, and corresponds to the Highland usage of making the deazil or walking three times round a person according to the course of the sun. Old Highlanders will still make the deazil around those to whom they wish well. To go round the person in the opposite direction, or "withershins," is an evil incantation and brings ill-fortune. Hunt in his Romances and Drolls of the West of England, p. 418, says, "If an invalid goes out for the first time, and makes a circuit, the circuit must be with the sun, if against the sun, there will be a relapse. Liebrecht, zur Volkskunde, p. 322, quotes from the Statistical Account of Scotland, Vol. V, p. 88 the following statement of a Scottish minister, with reference to a marriage ceremony: "After leaving the church, the whole company walk round it, keeping the church walls always on the right hand."

Thiselton Dyer, in his English Folk-lore, p. 171, mentions a similar custom as existing in the West of England. In Devonshire blackhead or pinsoles are cured by creeping on one's hands and knees under or through a bramble three times with the sun; that is from east to west. See also Ralston's Songs of the Russian people, p. 299.

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Page 102; *Add to note* * Cp. Henderson's Folk-lore of the Northern Counties, p. 131.

Page 103. *Add to note* * This story bears a certain resemblance to the termination of Alles aus einer Erbse, Kaden's Unter den Olivenbäumen, p. 22. See also page 220 of the same collection.

Page 104. *Add to note* † Liebrecht, in note 485 to page 413 of his translation of Dunlop's History of Fiction, compares this story with one in The Thousand and One Days of a princess of Kashmír, who was so beautiful that every one who saw her went mad, or pined away. He also mentions an Arabian tradition with respect to the Thracian sorceress Rhodope. "The Arabs believe that one of the pyramids is haunted by a guardian spirit in the shape of a beautiful woman, the mere sight of whom drives men mad." He refers also to Thomas Moore, the Epicurean, Note 6 to Chapter VI, and the Adventures of Hatim Tai, translated by Duncan Forbes, p. 18.

Page 115. For parallels to the story of Urvaśí, see Kuhn's Herabkunft des Feuer's, p. 88.

Page 121, line 6. Grimm in his Teutonic Mythology (translation by Stallybrass, p. 121, note,) connects the description of wonderful maidens sitting inside hollow trees or perched on the boughs, with tree-worship.

Page 130, line 6. Grimm in his Teutonic Mythology (translation by Stallybrass, p. 392) remarks—"One principal mark to know heroes by is their possessing intelligent horses, and conversing with them. The touching conversation of Achilles with his Xanthos and Balios finds a complete parallel in the beautiful Karling legend of Bayard. (This is most pathetically told in Simrock's Deutsche Volksbücher, Vol. II, Die Heimonskinder, see especially page 54). Grimm proceeds to cite many other instances from European literature. See also Note 3 to the XXth story in Miss Stokes's collection. See also De Gubernatis, Zoological Mythology, Vol. I, p. 336 and *ff.*

Page 132. *Add to note* * The belief that the dead rose from the tomb in the form of Vampires appears to have existed in Chaldæa and Babylon. Lenormant observes in his Chaldæan Magic and Sorcery, (English Translation, p. 37) "In a fragment of the Mythological *epopée* which is traced upon a tablet in the British Museum, and relates the descent of Ishtar into Hades, we are told that the goddess, when she arrived at the doors of the infernal regions, called to the porter whose duty it was to open them, saying,

"Porter, open thy door;
Open thy door that I may enter.
If thou dost not open the door, and if I cannot enter,
I will attack the door, I will break down its bars,
I will attack the enclosure, I will leap over its fences by force;
I will cause the dead to rise and devour the living;
I will give to the dead power over the living."

The same belief appears also to have existed in Egypt. The same author observes (p. 92). "These formulæ also kept the body from becoming, during its separation from the soul, the prey of some wicked spirit which would enter, re-animate, and cause it to rise again in the form of a vampire. For, according to the Egyptian belief, the possessing spirits, and the spectres which frightened or tormented the living were but the souls of the condemned returning to the earth, before undergoing the annihilation of the 'second death.'"

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Page 133, line 1. Cp. the way in which the witch treats the corpse of her son in the VIth book of the Aethiopica of Heliodorus, ch. 14, and Lucan's Pharsalia, Book VI, 754—757.

Page 134, line 25. Cp. Simrock's Deutsche Volksbücher, Vol. III, p. 399.

Page 137, line 26. General Cunningham identifies Paundravardhana with the modern Pubna.

Page 138. *Add to note* * See also the 30th page of Lenormant's Chaldæan Magic and Sorcery, English translation.

Page 142, lines 1 and 2. For stories of transportation through the air, see Wir Sikes, British Goblins, p. 157 and *ff.*

Page 142. *Add to footnote.* See also the story of Heinrich der Löwe, Simrock's Deutsche Volksbücher, Vol. I, pp. 21 and 22.

Page 151. *Add to note* * Probably the expression means "flexible, well-tempered sword," as Professor Nílmani Mukhopádhyáya has suggested to me.

Page 153, line 21. For the worship of trees and tree-spirits, see Grimm's Teutonic Mythology, p. 75 and *ff.*, and Tylor's Primitive Culture, Vol. II, p. 196 and *ff.*

Page 154. *Add to note* § See also Wirt Sikes, British Goblins, pp. 200, and 201; Henderson's Northern Folk-lore, p. 19, Bartsch's Sagen, Märchen, und Gebräuche aus Meklenburg, Vol. I, pp. 128, 213. Professor Jebb, in his notes on Theophrastus' Superstitious man, observes "The object of all those ceremonies, in which the offerings were carried round the person or place to be purified, was to trace a charmed circle within which the powers of evil should not come."

Page 157. *Add to note* * In Icelandic Sagas a man with meeting eyebrows is said to be a werewolf. The same idea holds in Denmark, also in Germany, whilst in Greece it is a sign that a man is a Brukolak or Vampire. (Note by Baring-Gould in Henderson's Folk-lore of the Northern Counties).

Page 159, line 15. "Kálarátri came into it with a drawn sword in her hand." Cp. the Aethiopica of Heliodorus, Book VII, ch. 15, where the witch is armed with a sword during her incantations; and Homer's Odyssey, XI, 48. See also for the magic virtues of steel Liebrecht, Zur Volkskunde, pp. 312, 313. *Add to footnote* ‡ See also Bartsch's Sagen, Märchen und Gebräuche aus Meklenburg, Vol. I, p. 115.

Page 166. *Add to note* † See also Bernhard Schmidt's Griechische Märchen, p. 38. "A popular ballad referring to the story of Digenis gives him a life of 300 years, and represents his death as due to his killing a hind that had on its shoulder the image of the Virgin Mary, a legend the foundation of which is possibly a recollection of the old mythological story of the hind of Artemis killed by Agamemnon." [Sophoclis Electra, 568.] In the Romance of Doolin of Mayence Guyon kills a hermit by mistake for a deer. (Liebrecht's translation of Dunlop's History of Fiction, p. 138) See also De Gubernatis, Zoological Mythology, pp. 84—86.

Page 174, line 13. *For* "all *you* desire" *read* "all *we* desire." Liebrecht, speaking of the novel of Guerino Meschino, compares this tree with the sun and moon-trees mentioned in the work of the Pseudo-Callisthenes, Book III, c. 17. They inform Alexander that the years of his life are accomplished, and that he will die in Babylon. See also Ralston's Songs of the Russian people, p. 111.

Page 183, line 1. M. Lévêque considers that the above story, as told in the Mahábhárata, forms the basis of the Birds of Aristophanes. He identifies Garuḍa with the hoopoe. (Les Mythes et les Légendes de l' Inde et de la Perse, p. 14).

Page 183. *Add to note* † See also Bartsch's Sagen, Märchen, und Gebräuche aus Meklenburg, Vol. I, p. 277 and *ff.*

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Page 189. *Add to note* † For the idea see note on page 305.

Page 205. *Add to note* † Lenormant in his Chaldæan Magic and Sorcery, p. 41, (English Translation), observes: "We must add to the number of those mysterious rites the use of certain enchanted drinks, which doubtless really contained medicinal drugs, as a cure for diseases, and also of magic knots, the efficacy of which was firmly believed in, even up to the middle ages." See also Ralston's Songs of the Russian people, p. 288.

Page 206. *Add to note* * Cp. also Kaden's Unter den Olivenbäumen, p. 56.

Page 224. *Add to note* * In Wirt Sikes's British Goblins, p. 84, a draught from a forbidden well has the same effect.

Page 237, *Add to note* * See also Bartsch's Sagen, Märchen, und Gebräuche aus Meklenburg, Vol. I, p. 90.

Page 241, line 4, "Story of the seven Bráhmans." This appears to be found in a slightly different form in the Harivanśa. (Lévêque, Mythes et Légendes de l'Inde, p. 220).

Page 253. *Add to note* * A very striking parallel will be found in Bernhard Schmidt's Griechische Märchen, Story No. 3, p. 68. In this story the three Moirai predict evil. The young prince is saved by his sister, from being burnt, and from falling over a precipice when a child, and from a snake on his wedding-day. See also De Gubernatis, Zoological Mythology, Vol. II, pp. 301—302.

Page 254. *Add to note* * See also Sir Thomas Browne's Vulgar Errors, Book IV ch. 9, "Of saluting upon sneezing."

Page 255, line 22, "the evil importunity of Piśáchas." There is a story illustrating the "pertinacity" of goblins in Wirt Sikes's British Goblins, p. 191.

Page 263. *Add to footnote.* Compare also the way in which the gardener in "Das Rosmarinsträuchlein," Kaden's Unter den Olivenbäumen, p. 12, acquires some useful information. The story of Kírtisenâ from this point to the cure of the king closely resembles the latter half of Die Zauberkugeln in the same collection.

Page 276. *Add to footnote.* So Arthur in the Romance of Artus de la Bretagne (Liebrecht's Dunlop, p. 107) falls in love with a lady he sees in a dream. Liebrecht in his note at the end of the book tells us that this is a common occurrence in Romances, being found in Amadis of Greece, Palmerin of Oliva, the Romans de Sept Sages, the Fabliau of the Chevalier à la Trappe, the Nibelungen Lied, &c., and ridiculed by Chaucer in his Rime of Sir Topas. He also refers to Athenæus, p. 575, and the Hermotimus of Lucian.

Page 286. *Add to note* * Cp. the story of St. Macarius.

Page 290. *Add to footnote.* See also Bartsch's Sagen, Märchen, und Gebräuche aus Meklenburg, Vol. I, pp. 265, 313, 441—444, and 447, where peas are used for the same purpose. See also De Gubernatis, Zoological Mythology, p. 165.

Page 305. *Add to note* ‡ The same notion will be found in Bartsch's Sagen, Märchen, und Gebräuche aus Meklenburg, Vol. I, pp. 17, 64, 89, 91; Vol. II, p. 43.

Page 306. *Add to footnote.* For treasures and their guardians see Bartsch's Sagen, Märchen, und Gebräuche aus Meklenburg, Vol. I, p. 243 and *ff.*, and for the candle of human fat, Vol. II, pp. 333 and 335 of the same work. Cp. also Birlinger, Aus Schwaben, pp. 251 and 262—270.

Page 312. *Add to note* † The author of Sagas from the Far East remarks; "Serpent-Cultus was of very ancient observance, and is practised by both followers of Bráhmanism and Buddhism. The Bráhmans seem to have desired to show their disapproval of it by placing the serpent-gods in the lower ranks of their mythology,

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(Lassen. I, 707 and 544, n. 2). This cultus, however, seems to have received a fresh development about the time of Aśoka *circa* 250 B. C. (Vol. II, p. 467). When Madhyantika went into Cashmere and Gandhára to teach Buddhism after the holding of the third synod, it is mentioned that he found sacrifices to serpents practised there (II. 234, 235). There is a passage in Plutarch from which it appears to have been the custom to sacrifice an old woman (previously condemned to death for some crime) to the serpent-gods by burying her alive on the banks of the Indus (II. 467, note 4) Ktesias also mentions the serpent worship (II. 642). In Buddhist legends serpents are often mentioned as protecting patrons of certain towns. (Sagas from the Far East, p. 355). See also Mr. F. S Growse's Mathurá memoir, p. 71.

Page 327. *Add to footnote.* See also Simrock's Deutsche Volksbücher, Vol. I, p. 301; Vol. III, p. 12 ; Vol. VI, p. 289. Lucian in his De Deâ Syriâ ch. 32, speaks of a precious stone of the name of λυχνίς which was bright enough to light up a whole temple at night. We read in the history of the Pseudo-Callisthenes, Book II, ch. 42, that Alexander found in the belly of a fish a precious stone which he had set in gold and used at night as a lamp. See also Baring Gould's Curious Myths of the Middle Ages, p. 42.

Page 338. *Add to note* * The incident in Sicilianische Märchen closely resembles one in the story of Fortunatus as told in Simrock's Deutsche Volksbücher, Vol. III, p. 175. There is a pipe that compels all the hearers to dance in Hug of Bordeaux, Vol. X, p. 263, and a very similar fairy harp in Wirt Sikes's British Goblins, p. 97; and a magic fiddle in Das Goldene Schachspiel, a story in Kaden's Unter den Olivenbäumen, p. 160. A fiddler in Bartsch's Sagen aus Meklenburg, (Vol. I, p. 130) makes a girl spin round like a top. From that day she was lame. See also De Gubernatis, Zoological Mythology, Vol. I, pp. 182 and 288, and Baring Gould, IInd Series, p. 152.

Page 343. *Add to note.* Cp. also Miss Keary's Heroes of Asgard, p. 223, where Loki and Idúna in the forms of a falcon and a sparrow are pursued by the giant Thiassi in the shape of an eagle.

Page 350, line 14. Cp. Sicilianische Märchen, Vol. II, p. 46, where the giant treacherously lets fall his gauntlet, and asks his adversary to pick it up. His adversary, the hero of the story, tells him to pick it up himself, and when the giant bends down for the purpose, cuts off his head with one blow of his sword.

Page 355. *Add to note* * Another parallel is to be found in Kaden's Unter den Olivenbäumen, p. 168. See also Sagas from the Far East, p. 268; Birlinger, Aus Schwaben, p. 105.

Page 360, Note * ; 3rd line from bottom. *After* "p. 408" *insert* "and Wirt Sikes's British Goblins, p. 39."

Page 361. *Add to note* * So in No. 83 of the Sicilianische Märchen the ants help Carnfedda because he once crumbled his bread for them.

Page 364. *Add to footnote.* See also Bartsch's Sagen, Märchen, und Gebräuche aus Meklenburg, Vol. I, p. 508.

Page 369. *Add to note on Chapter* 39. Cp. also for the tasks the story of Bisara in Kaden's Unter den Olivenbäumen, and that of Die schöne Fiorita. Herr Kaden aptly compares the story of Jason and Medea. Another excellent parallel is furnished by the story of Schneeweiss-Feuerroth in the same collection, where we have the pursuit much as in our text.

Page 387. *Add to footnote* † See also Bartsch's Sagen, Märchen und Gebräuche aus Meklenburg, Vol. I, p. 474. See also De Gubernatis, Zoological Mythology, Vol. I, p. 328, Vol. II, p. 317.

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Page 393. *Add to note* * See also the romance of Parthenopex of Blois in Dunlop's History of Fiction, (Liebrecht's translation, p. 175).

Page 465. *Add to note* * See also Bartsch's Sagen, Märchen und Gebräuche aus Meklenburg, Vol. II, p. 313, and Birlinger, Aus Schwaben, pp. 374—378, and 404. For similar superstitions in ancient Greece see Jebb's Characters of Theophrastus, p. 163, "The superstitious man, if a weasel run across his path, will not pursue his walk until some one else has traversed the road, or until he has thrown three stones across it. When he sees a serpent in his house, if it be the red snake, he will invoke Sabazius, if the sacred snake, he will straightway place a shrine on the spot * * * * If an owl is startled by him in his walk, he will exclaim "Glory be to Athene!" before he proceeds." Jebb refers us to Ar. Eccl. 792.

Page 480. *Add to note* † The same is asserted by Palladius of the trees in the island of Taprobane, where the Makrobioi live. The fragment of Palladius, to which I refer, begins at the 7th Chapter of the IIIrd book of the History of the Pseudo-Callisthenes edited by Carolus Mueller.

Page 499. *Add to note* † Kuhn in his "Herabkunft des Feuers" traces this story back to the Śatapatha Bráhmana.

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TRANSLATION

OF THE

KATHÁ SARIT SÁGARA

OR

OCEAN OF THE STREAMS OF STORY.

PART I.

CHAPTER I.

May the dark neck of Śiva, which the god of love has, so to speak, surrounded with nooses in the form of the alluring looks of Párvatí reclining on his bosom, assign to you prosperity.

May that victor of obstacles,* who after sweeping away the stars with his trunk in the delirious joy of the evening dance, seems to create others with the spray issuing from his hissing† mouth, protect you.

After worshipping the goddess of Speech, the lamp that illuminates countless objects,‡ I compose this collection which contains the pith of the Vṛihat-Kathá.

The first book in my collection is called Kathápíṭha, then comes Kathámukha, then the third book named Lávánaka, then follows Naraváhanadattajanana, and then the book called Chaturdáriká, and then Madanamanchuká, then the seventh book named Ratnaprabhá, and then the eighth book named Súryaprabhá, then Alankáravatí, then Śaktiyaśas, and then the eleventh book called Velá, then comes Śaśánkavatí, and then Madiravatí, then comes the book called Pancha followed by Mahábhisheka, and then Śuratamanjarí, then Padmávatí, and then will follow the eighteenth book Vishamaśíla.

* Dr. Brockhaus explains this of Gaṇeśa, he is probably associated with Śiva in the dance. So the poet invokes two gods, Śiva and Gaṇeśa, and one goddess Sarasvatí, the goddess of speech and learning.

† *Sítkára* a sound made by drawing in the breath, expressive of pleasure.

‡ There is a double meaning: *padártha* also means words and their meanings.

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This book is precisely on the model of that from which it is taken, there is not even the slightest deviation, only such language is selected as tends to abridge the prolixity of the work; the observance of propriety and natural connexion, and the joining together of the portions of the poem so as not to interfere with the spirit of the stories, are as far as possible kept in view: I have not made this attempt through desire of a reputation for ingenuity, but in order to facilitate the recollection of a multitude of various tales.

There is a mountain celebrated under the name of Himavat, haunted by Kinnaras, Gandharvas, and Vidyádharas, a very monarch of mighty hills, whose glory has attained such an eminence among mountains that Bhaváni the mother of the three worlds deigned to become his daughter; the northernmost summit thereof is a great peak named Kailása, which towers many thousand *yojanas* in the air,* and as it were, laughs forth with its snowy gleams this boast—"Mount Mandara† did not become white as mortar even when the ocean was churned with it, but I have become such without an effort." There dwells Maheśvara the beloved of Párvatí, the chief of things animate and inanimate, attended upon by Gaṇas, Vidyádharas and Siddhas. In the upstanding yellow tufts of his matted hair, the new moon enjoys the delight of touching the eastern mountain yellow in the evening twilight. When he drove his trident into the heart of Andhaka, the king of the Asuras, though he was only one, the dart which that monarch had infixed in the heart of the three worlds was, strange to say, extracted. The image of his toe-nails being reflected in the crest-jewels of the gods and Asuras made them seem as if they had been presented with half moons by his favour.‡ Once on a time that lord, the husband of Párvatí, was gratified with praises by his wife, having gained confidence as she sat in secret with him; the moon-crested one attentive to her praise and delighted, placed her on his lap, and said, "What can I do to please thee?" Then the daughter of the mountain spake—"My lord, if thou art satisfied with me, then tell me some delightful story that is quite new." And Śiva said to her, "What can there be in the world, my beloved, present, past, or future that thou dost not know?" Then that goddess, beloved of Śiva, importuned him eagerly because she was proud in soul on account of his affection.

Then Śiva wishing to flatter her, began by telling her a very short story, referring to her own divine power.

* Possibly the meaning is that the mountain covers many thousand *yojanas*.

† This mountain served the gods and Asuras as a churning stick at the churning of the ocean for the recovery of the Amṛita and fourteen other precious things lost during the deluge.

‡ Śiva himself wears a moon's crescent.

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"Once on a time* Brahmá and Náráyana roaming through the world in order to behold me, came to the foot of Himavat. Then they beheld there in front of them a great flame-linga;† in order to discover the end of it, one of them went up, and the other down; and when they could not find the end of it, they proceeded to propitiate me by means of austerities: and I appeared to them and bade them ask for some boon: hearing that Brahmá asked me to become his son; on that account he has ceased to be worthy of worship, disgraced by his overweening presumption.

"Then that god Náráyana craved a boon of me, saying—Oh revered one, may I become devoted to thy service! Then he became incarnate, and was born as mine in thy form; for thou art the same as Náráyana, the power of me all-powerful.

"Moreover thou wast my wife in a former birth." When S'iva had thus spoken, Párvatí asked, "How can I have been thy wife in a former birth?" Then S'iva answered her. "Long ago to the Prajápati Daksha were born many daughters, and amongst them thou, O goddess! He gave thee in marriage to me, and the others to Dharma and the rest of the gods. Once on a time he invited all his sons-in-law to a sacrifice. But I alone was not included in the invitation; thereupon thou didst ask him to tell thee why thy husband was not invited. Then he uttered a speech which pierced thy ears like a poisoned needle; 'Thy husband wears a necklace of skulls; how can he be invited to a sacrifice?'

"And then thou, my beloved, didst in anger abandon thy body, exclaiming,—'This father of mine is a villain; what profit have I then in this carcase sprung from him?'

"And thereupon in wrath I destroyed that sacrifice of Daksha. Then thou wast born as the daughter of the mount of snow, as the moon's digit springs from the sea. Then recall how I came to the Himálaya in order to perform austerities; and thy father ordered thee to do me service as his guest: and there the god of love who had been sent by the gods in order that they might obtain from me a son to oppose Táraka, was consumed,‡ when endeavouring to pierce me, having obtained a favourable opportunity. Then I was purchased by thee,§ the enduring one, with severe austerities, and I accepted this proposal of thine, my beloved, in order that I might add this merit to my stock.|| Thus it is clear that thou wast my wife in

* The Sanskṛit word *Asti* meaning "thus it is" is a common introduction to a talo.

† The *linga* or phallus is a favourite emblem of S'iva. Flame is one of his eight *tanus* or forms.

‡ He was burnt up by the fire of S'iva's eye.

§ Compare Kumára Sambhava Sarga V, line 86.

|| Reading *tatsanchayáya* as one word. Dr. Brockhaus omits the line. Professor E. B. Cowell would read *priyam* for *priye*.

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a former birth. What else shall I tell thee ?" Thus Śiva spake, and when he had ceased, the goddess transported with wrath, exclaimed,—" Thou art a deceiver ; thou wilt not tell me a pleasing tale even though I ask thee : Do I not know that thou worshippest Sandhyá, and bearest Gangá on thy head ?" Hearing that, Śiva proceeded to conciliate her and promised to tell her a wonderful tale : then she dismissed her anger. She herself gave the order that no one was to enter where they were ; Nandin* thereupon kept the door, and Śiva began to speak.

" The gods are supremely blessed, men are ever miserable, the actions of demigods are exceedingly charming, therefore I now proceed to relate to thee the history of the Vidyádharas." While Śiva was thus speaking to his consort, there arrived a favourite dependant of Śiva's, Pushpadanta, best of Gaṇas,† and his entrance was forbidden by Nandin who was guarding the door. Curious to know why even he had been forbidden to enter at that time without any apparent reason, Pushpadanta immediately entered, making use of his magic power attained by devotion to prevent his being seen, and when he had thus entered, he heard all the extraordinary and wonderful adventures of the seven Vidyádharas being narrated by the trident-bearing god, and having heard them he in turn went and narrated them to his wife Jayá ; for who can hide wealth or a secret from women ? Jayá the doorkeeper being filled with wonder went and recited it in the presence of Párvatí. How can women be expected to restrain their speech ? And then the daughter of the mountain flew into a passion, and said to her husband, " Thou didst not tell me any extraordinary tale, for Jayá knows it also." Then the lord of Umá, perceiving the truth by profound meditation, thus spake : " Pushpadanta employing the magic power of devotion entered in where we were, and thus managed to hear it. He narrated it to Jayá ; no one else knows it, my beloved."

Having heard this, the goddess exceedingly enraged caused Pushpadanta to be summoned, and cursed him, as he stood trembling before her, saying, " Become a mortal thou disobedient servant."‡ She cursed also the Gaṇa Mályaván who presumed to intercede on his behalf. Then the two fell at her feet together with Jayá and entreated her to say when the curse would end, and the wife of Śiva slowly uttered this speech—" A Yaksha named Supratíka who has been made a Piśácha by the curse of Kuvera is residing in the Vindhya forest under the name of Káṇabhúti. When thou shalt see him and, calling to mind thy origin, tell him this tale, then, Pushpadanta, thou shalt be released from this curse. And

* One of Śiva's favourite attendants.

† Attendants of Śiva, presided over by Gaṇeśa.

‡ For the *ativinita* of Dr. Brockhaus's text I read *avinita*.

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when Mályaván shall hear this tale from Káṇabhúti, then Káṇabhúti shall be released, and thou, Mályaván, when thou hast published it abroad, shalt be free also." Having thus spoken the daughter of the mountain ceased, and immediately those Gaṇas disappeared instantaneously like flashes of lightning. Then it came to pass in the course of time that Gaurí full of pity asked S'iva, "My lord, where on the earth have those excellent Pramathas* whom I cursed, been born?" And the moon-diademed god answered: "My beloved, Pushpadanta has been born under the name of Vararuchi in that great city which is called Kauśámbí.† Moreover Mályaván also has been born in the splendid city called Supratishthita under the name of Guṇáḍhya. This, O goddess, is what has befallen them." Having given her this information with grief caused by recalling to mind the degradation of the servants that had always been obedient to him, that lord continued to dwell with his beloved in pleasure-arbours on the slopes of mount Kailása, which were made of the branches of the Kalpa tree.‡

CHAPTER II.

Then Pushpadanta wandering on the earth in the form of a man, was known by the name of Vararuchi and Kátyáyana. Having attained perfection in the sciences, and having served Nanda as minister, being wearied out he went once on a time to visit the shrine of Durgá.§ And that goddess, being pleased with his austerities, ordered him in a dream to repair to the wilds of the Vindhya to behold Káṇabhúti. And as he wandered about there in a waterless and savage wood,‖ full of tigers and apes, he beheld a lofty Nyagrodha tree.¶ And near it he saw, surrounded by hundreds of Piśáchas, that Piśácha Kánabhúti, in stature like a *S'ála* tree.

* *Pramatha*, an attendant on S'iva.

† Kauśámbí succeeded Hastinápur as the capital of the emperors of India. Its precise site has not been ascertained, but it was probably somewhere in the Doabá, or at any rate not far from the west bank of the Yamuná, as it bordered upon Magadha and was not far from the Vindhya hills. It is said that there are ruins at Karáli or Karári about 14 miles from Allahábád on the western road, which may indicate the site of Kauśámbí. It is possible also that the mounds of rubbish about Karrah may conceal some vestiges of the ancient capital—a circumstance rendered more probable by the inscription found there, which specifies Kaṭa as comprised within Kauśámba maṇḍala or the district of Kauśámbí. [Note in Wilson's Essays, p. 163.]

‡ A tree of Indra's Paradise that grants all desires.

§ More literally, the goddess that dwells in the Vindhya hills. Her shrine is near Mirzápúr.

‖ Dr. Brockhaus makes *parusha* a proper name.

¶ *Ficus Indica.*

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When Káṇabhúti had seen him and respectfully clasped his feet, Kátyáyana sitting down immediately spake to him. "Thou art an observer of the good custom, how hast thou come into this state?" Having heard this Káṇabhúti said to Kátyáyana, who had shewn affection towards him, I know not of myself, but listen to what I heard from Síva at Ujjayiní in the place where corpses are burnt; I proceed to tell it thee. The adorable god was asked by Durgá—"Whence, my lord, comes thy delight in skulls and burning-places?" He thereupon gave this answer.

"Long ago when all things had been destroyed at the end of a Kalpa, the universe became water: I then cleft my thigh and let fall a drop of blood; that drop falling into the water turned into an egg, from that sprang the Supreme Soul,* the Disposer; from him proceeded Nature,† created by me for the purpose of further creation, and they created the other lords of created beings,‡ and those in turn the created beings, for which reason, my beloved, the Supreme Soul is called in the world the grandfather. Having thus created the world, animate and inanimate, that Spirit became arrogant:§ thereupon I cut off his head: then through regret for what I had done, I undertook a difficult vow. So thus it comes to pass that I carry skulls in my hand, and love the places where corpses are burned. Moreover this world resembling a skull, rests in my hand; for the two skull-shaped halves of the egg before mentioned are called heaven and earth." When Síva had thus spoken, I, being full of curiosity, determined to listen; and Párvatí again said to her husband. "After how long a time will that Pushpadanta return to us?" Hearing that, Maheśvara spoke to the goddess, pointing me out to her; "That Piśácha whom thou beholdest there, was once a Yaksha, a servant of Kuvera, the god of wealth, and he had for a friend a Rákshasa named Sthúlaśiras; and the lord of wealth perceiving that he associated with that evil one, banished him to the wilds of the Vindhya mountains. But his brother Dírghajangha fell at the feet of the god, and humbly asked when the curse would end. Then the god of wealth said—"After thy brother has heard the great tale from Pushpadanta, who has been born into this world in consequence of a curse, and after he has in turn told it to Mályaván, who owing to a curse has become a human being, he together with those two Gaṇas shall be released from the effects of the curse." Such were the terms on which the god of wealth then ordained that Mályaván should obtain remission from his curse here below, and thou didst fix the same in the case of Pushpadan-

* *Pumán* = *Purusha*, the spirit.

† *Prakṛiti*, the original source or rather passive power of creating the material world.

‡ *Prajápati*.

§ The spirit was of course Brahmá whose head Siva cut off.

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ta; recall it to mind, my beloved." When I heard that speech of Śiva, I came here overjoyed, knowing that the calamity of my curse would be terminated by the arrival of Pushpadanta. When Káṇabhúti ceased after telling this story, that moment Vararuchi remembered his origin, and exclaimed like one aroused from sleep, "I am that very Pushpadanta, hear that tale from me." Thereupon Kátyáyana related to him the seven great tales in seven hundred thousand verses, and then Káṇabhúti said to him—"My lord, thou art an incarnation of Śiva, who else knows this story? Through thy favour that curse has almost left my body. Therefore tell me thy own history from thy birth, thou mighty one, sanctify me yet further, if the narrative may be revealed to such a one as I am." Then Vararuchi, to gratify Káṇabhúti, who remained prostrate before him, told all his history from his birth at full length, in the following words:

Story of Váraruchi, his teacher Varsha, and his fellow-pupils Vyáḍi and Indradatta.

In the city of Kauśámbí there lived a Bráhman called Somadatta, who also had the title of Agniśikha, and his wife was called Vasudattá. She was the daughter of a hermit, and was born into the world in this position in consequence of a curse; and I was born by her to this excellent Bráhman, also in consequence of a curse. Now while I was still quite a child my father died, but my mother continued to support me, as I grew up, by severe drudgery; then one day two Bráhmans came to our house to stop a night, exceedingly dusty with a long journey; and while they were staying in our house there arose the noise of a tabor, thereupon my mother said to me, sobbing, as she called to mind her husband—"there, my son, is your father's friend Bhavananda, giving a dramatic entertainment." I answered, "I will go and see it, and will exhibit the whole of it to you, with a recitation of all the speeches." On hearing that speech of mine, those Bráhmans were astonished, but my mother said to them—"Come, my children, there is no doubt about the truth of what he says; this boy will remember by heart everything that he has heard once." Then they, in order to test me, recited to me a Prátiśákhya*; immediately I repeated the whole in their presence, then I went with the two Bráhmans and saw that play, and when I came home, I went through the whole of it in front of my mother: then one of the Bráhmans, named Vyáḍi, having ascertained that I was able to recollect a thing on hearing it once, told with submissive reverence this tale to my mother.

Mother, in the city of Vetasa there were two Bráhman brothers, Deva-Swámin and Karambaka, who loved one another very dearly, this Indradatta here is the son of one of them, and I am the son of the other, and my name

* A grammatical treatise on the rules regulating the euphonic combination of letters and their pronunciation peculiar to one of the different Śákhás or branches of the Vedas.—M. W. s. v.

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is Vyáḍi. It came to pass that my father died. Owing to grief for his loss, the father of Indradatta went on the long journey,* and then the hearts of our two mothers broke with grief; thereupon being orphans though we had wealth,† and, desiring to acquire learning, we went to the southern region to supplicate the lord Kártikeya. And while we were engaged in austerities there, the god gave us the following revelation in a dream. "There is a city called Páṭaliputra, the capital of king Nanda, and in it there is a Bráhman, named Varsha, from him ye shall learn all knowledge, therefore go there." Then we went to that city, and when we made enquiries there, people said to us: "There is a blockhead of a Bráhman in this town, of the name of Varsha." Immediately we went on with minds in a state of suspense, and saw the house of Varsha in a miserable condition, made a very ant-hill by mice, dilapidated by the cracking of the walls, untidy,‡ deprived of eaves, looking like the very birth-place of misery.

Then, seeing Varsha plunged in meditation within the house, we approached his wife, who shewed us all proper hospitality; her body was emaciated and begrimed, her dress tattered and dirty; she looked like the incarnation of poverty, attracted thither by admiration for the Bráhman's virtues. Bending humbly before her, we then told her our circumstances, and the report of her husband's imbecility, which we heard in the city. She exclaimed—"My children, I am not ashamed to tell you the truth; listen! I will relate the whole story," and then she, chaste lady, proceeded to tell us the tale which follows:

There lived in this city an excellent Bráhman, named Śankara Svámin, and he had two sons, my husband Varsha, and Upavarsha; my husband was stupid and poor, and his younger brother was just the opposite: and Upavarsha appointed his own wife to manage his elder brother's house.§ Then in the course of time, the rainy season came on, and at this time the women are in the habit of making a cake of flour mixed with molasses, of an unbecoming and disgusting shape,‖ and giving it to any Bráhman who is thought to be a blockhead, and if they act thus, this cake is said to remove their discomfort caused by bathing in the cold season, and their exhaustion¶

* *i. e.*, died.

† Here we have a pun which it is impossible to render in English. *Anátha* means without natural protectors and also poor.

‡ Taking *chháyá* in the sense of *śobhá*. It might mean "affording no shelter to the inmates."

§ Dr. Brockhaus translates the line—*Von diesem wurde ich meinem Manne vermählt, um seinem Hauswesen vorzustehen.*

‖ Like the Roman *fascinum*. *guhya* = *phallus*.

¶ I read *tat* for *táh* according to a conjecture of Professor E. B. Cowell's. He informs me on the authority of Dr. Rost that the only variants are *sá* for *táḥ* and

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caused by bathing in the hot weather; but when it is given, Bráhmans refuse to receive it, on the ground that the custom is a disgusting one. This cake was presented by my sister-in-law to my husband, together with a sacrificial fee; he received it, and brought it home with him, and got a severe scolding from me; then he began to be inwardly consumed with grief at his own stupidity, and went to worship the sole of the foot of the god Kártikeya: the god, pleased with his austerities, bestowed on him the knowledge of all the sciences; and gave him this order—"When thou findest a Bráhman who can recollect what he has heard only once, then thou mayest reveal these"—thereupon my husband returned home delighted, and when he had reached home, told the whole story to me. From that time forth, he has remained continually muttering prayers and meditating: so find you some one who can remember anything after hearing it once, and bring him here: if you do that, you will both of you undoubtedly obtain all that you desire.

Having heard this from the wife of Varsha, and having immediately given her a hundred gold pieces to relieve her poverty, we went out of that city; then we wandered through the earth, and could not find anywhere a person who could remember what he had only heard once: at last we arrived tired out at your house to-day, and have found here this boy, your son, who can recollect anything after once hearing it: therefore give him us and let us go forth to acquire the commodity knowledge.

Having heard this speech of Vyáḍi, my mother said with respect, "All this tallies completely, I repose confidence in your tale: for long ago at the birth of this my only son, a distinct spiritual* voice was heard from

yoshitá for *yoshitaḥ*. Dr. Rost would take *evamkrite* as the dative of *evamkrit*. If *táḥ* be retained it may be taken as a repetition "having thus prepared it, I say, the women give it." Professor Cowell would translate (if *táḥ* be retained) "the women then do not need to receive anything to relieve their fatigue during the cold and hot weather."

Professor E. B. Cowell has referred me to an article by Dr. Liebrecht in the Zeitschrift der Morgenländischen Gesellschaft.

He connects the custom with that of the Jewish women mentioned in Jeremiah VII. 18, "The women knead their dough to make cakes to the queen of heaven," and he quotes a curious custom practised on Palm Sunday in the town of Saintes. Dulaure states that in his time the festival was called there La fête des Pinnes; the women and children carried in the procession a *phallus* made of bread, which they called a *pinne*, at the end of their palm branches; these *pinnes* were subsequently blessed by the priest, and carefully preserved by the women during the year. This article has been republished by the learned author in his "Zur Volkskunde" (Heilbronn, 1879) p. 436 and f f. under the title of "der aufgegessene Gott." It contains many interesting parallels to the custom described in the text.

* Literally bodiless—she heard the voice, but saw no man.

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heaven. "A boy has been born who shall be able to remember what he has heard once; he shall acquire knowledge from Varsha, and shall make the science of grammar famous in the world, and he shall be called Vararuchi by name, because whatever is excellent,* shall please him." Having uttered this, the voice ceased. Consequently, ever since this boy has grown big, I have been thinking, day and night, where that teacher Varsha can be, and to-day I have been exceedingly gratified at hearing it from your mouth. Therefore take him with you: what harm can there be in it, he is your brother?" When they heard this speech of my mother's, those two, Vyáḍi and Indradatta, overflowing with joy, thought that night but a moment in length. Then Vyáḍi quickly gave his own wealth to my mother to provide a feast, and desiring that I should be qualified to read the Vedas, invested me with the Bráhmanical thread. Then Vyáḍi and Indradatta took me, who managed by my own fortitude to control the excessive grief I felt at parting, while my mother in taking leave of me could with difficulty suppress her tears, and considering that the favour of Kártikeya towards them had now put forth blossom, set out rapidly from that city; then in course of time we arrived at the house of the teacher Varsha: he too considered that I was the favour of Kártikeya arrived in bodily form. The next day he placed us in front of him, and sitting down in a consecrated spot, he began to recite the syllable Om with heavenly voice. Immediately the Vedas with the six supplementary sciences rushed into his mind, and then he began to teach them to us; then I retained what the teacher told us after hearing it once, Vyáḍi after hearing it twice, and Indradatta after hearing it three times: then the Bráhmans of the city hearing of a sudden that divine sound, came at once from all quarters with wonder stirring in their breasts to see what this new thing might be; and with their reverend mouths loud in his praises honoured Varsha with low bows. Then beholding that wonderful miracle, not only Upavarsha, but all the citizens of Páṭaliputra† kept high festival. Moreover the king Nanda of exalted fortune, seeing the power of the boon of the son of Śiva, was delighted, and immediately filled the house of Varsha with wealth, shewing him every mark of respect.‡

* *Vara* = excellent *ruch* = to please.

† *I. e.* Palibothra.

‡ Wilson remarks (Essays on Sanskrit Literature, Vol. I, p. 165). "The contemporary existence of Nanda with Vararuchi and Vyáḍi is a circumstance of considerable interest in the literary history of the Hindus, as the two latter are writers of note on philological topics. Vararuchi is also called in this work Kátyáyana, who is one of the earliest commentators on Pánini. Nanda is the predecessor or one of the predecessors of Chandragupta or Sandrakottos; and consequently the chief institutes of Sanskrit grammar are thus dated from the fourth century before the Christian era. We need

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CHAPTER III.

Having thus spoken while Káṇabhúti was listening with intent mind, Vararuchi went on to tell his tale in the wood.

It came to pass in the course of time, that one day, when the reading of the Vedas was finished, the teacher Varsha, who had performed his daily ceremonies, was asked by us, "How comes it that such a city as this has become the home of Sarasvatí and Lakshmí,* tell us that, O teacher." Hearing this, he bade us listen, for that he was about to tell the history of the city.

Story of the founding of the city of Pátaliputra.

There is a sanctifying place of pilgrimage, named Kanakhala, at the point where the Ganges issues from the hills,† where the sacred stream was brought down from the table-land of mount Uśínara, by Kánchanapáta the elephant of the gods, having cleft it asunder.‡ In that place lived a certain Bráhman from the Deccan, performing austerities in the company of his wife, and to him were born there three sons. In the course of time he and his wife went to heaven, and those sons of his went to a place named Rájagriha, for the sake of acquiring learning. And having studied the sciences there, the three, grieved at their unprotected condition, went to the Deccan in order to visit the shrine of the god Kártikeya. Then they reached a city named Chinchiní on the shore of the sea, and dwelt in the house of a Bráhman named Bhojika, and he gave them his three daughters in marriage, and bestowed on them all his wealth, and having no other children, went to the Ganges to perform austerities. And while they were living there in the house of their father-in-law, a terrible famine arose produced by drought, thereupon the three Bráhmans fled, abandoning their virtuous wives, (since no care for their families touches the hearts of cruel men,) then the middle one of the three sisters was found to be pregnant; and those ladies repaired to the house of Yajnadatta a friend of their father's: there they remained in a miserable condition, thinking each on her own husband, (for even in calamity women of good family do not forget the

not suppose that Somadeva took the pains to be exact here; but it is satisfactory to be made acquainted with the general impressions of a writer who has not been biassed in any of his views by Pauránik legends and preposterous chronology."

* *I. e.*, of learning and material prosperity.

† Literally the gate of the Ganges: it is now well known under the name of Haridvár (Hurdwar).

‡ Dr. Brockhaus renders the passage "*wo Śiva die Jahnaví im goldenen Falle von den Gipfeln des Berges Uśínara herabsandte.*"

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duties of virtuous wives). Now in course of time the middle one of the three sisters gave birth to a son, and they all three vied with one another in love towards him. So it happened once upon a time that, as Śiva was roaming through the air, the mother of Skanda* who was reposing on Śiva's breast, moved with compassion at seeing their love for their child, said to her husband, "My lord, observe, these three women feel great affection for this boy, and place hope in him, trusting that he may some day support them; therefore bring it about that he may be able to maintain them, even in his infancy." Having been thus entreated by his beloved, Śiva, the giver of boons, thus answered her: I adopt him as my *protégé*, for in a previous birth he and his wife propitiated me, therefore he has been born on the earth to reap the fruit of his former austerities; and his former wife has been born again as Páṭalá the daughter of the king Mahendravarman, and she shall be his wife in this birth also. Having said this, that mighty god told those three virtuous women in a dream,—"This young son of yours shall be called Putraka; and every day when he awakes from sleep, a hundred thousand gold pieces shall be found under his pillow, and at last he shall become a king." Accordingly, when he woke up from sleep, those virtuous daughters of Yajnadatta found the gold and rejoiced that their vows and prayers had brought forth fruit. Then by means of that gold Putraka having in a short time accumulated great treasure, became a king, for good fortune is the result of austerities.† Once upon a time Yajnadatta said in private to Putraka,—"King, your father and uncles have gone away into the wide world on account of a famine, therefore give continually to Bráhmans, in order that they may hear of it and return: and now listen, I will tell you the story of Brahmadatta.

Story of king Brahmadatta.

There lived formerly in Benares a king named Brahmadatta. He saw a pair of swans flying in the air at night. They shone with the lustre of gleaming gold, and were begirt with hundreds of white swans, and so looked like a sudden flash of lightning, surrounded by white clouds. And his desire to behold them again kept increasing so mightily that he took no pleasure in the delights of royalty. And then having taken counsel with his ministers he caused a fair tank to be made according to a design of his own, and gave to all living creatures security from injury. In a short time he perceived that those two swans had settled in that lake, and when they had become tame he asked them the reason of their golden plumage. And then those swans addressed the king with an articulate voice. 'In a former

* Skanda is Kártikeya and his mother is of course Durgá or Párvatí the consort of Śiva.

† In this case the austerities which he had performed in a former birth to propitiate Śiva.

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birth, O king, we were born as crows; and when we were fighting for the remains of the daily offering* in a holy empty temple of Śiva, we fell down and died within a sacred vessel belonging to that sanctuary, and consequently we have been born as golden swans with a remembrance of our former birth';—having heard this the king gazed on them to his heart's content, and derived great pleasure from watching them.

"Therefore you will gain back your father and uncles by an unparalleled gift." When Yajnadatta had given him this advice, Putraka did as he recommended; when they heard the tidings of the distribution those Bráhmans arrived: and when they were recognized they had great wealth bestowed on them, and were reunited to their wives. Strange to say, even after they have gone through calamities, wicked men having their minds blinded by want of discernment, are unable to put off their evil nature. After a time they hankered after royal power, and being desirous of murdering Putraka they enticed him under pretext of a pilgrimage to the temple of Durgá: and having stationed assassins in the inner sanctuary of the temple, they said to him, "First go and visit the goddess alone, step inside." Thereupon he entered boldly, but when he saw those assassins preparing to slay him, he asked them why they wished to kill him. They replied, "We were hired for gold to do it by your father and uncles." Then the discreet Putraka said to the assassins, whose senses were bewildered by the goddess, "I will give you this priceless jewelled ornament of mine. Spare me, I will not reveal your secret; I will go to a distant land." The assassins said, "So be it," and taking the ornament they departed, and falsely informed the father and uncles of Putraka that he was slain. Then those Bráhmans returned and endeavoured to get possession of the throne, but they were put to death by the ministers as traitors. How can the ungrateful prosper?

In the meanwhile that king Putraka, faithful to his promise, entered the impassable wilds of the Vindhya, disgusted with his relations: as he wandered about he saw two heroes engaged heart and soul in a wrestling-match, and he asked them who they were. They replied, "We are the two sons of the Asura Maya, and his wealth belongs to us, this vessel, and this stick, and these shoes; it is for these that we are fighting, and whichever of us proves the mightier is to take them." When he heard this speech of theirs, Putraka said with a smile—"That is a fine inheritance for a man." Then they said—"By putting on these shoes one gains the power of flying through the air; whatever is written with this staff turns out true; and whatever food a man wishes to have in the vessel is found there immediate-

* *I. e.*, *bali*, a portion of the daily meal offered to creatures of every description, especially the household spirits. Practically the *bali* generally falls to some crow, hence that bird is called *balibhuj*.

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ly." When he heard this, Putraka said—"What is the use of fighting? make this agreement, that whoever proves the best man in running shall possess this wealth."* Those simpletons said—"Agreed"—and set off to run, while the prince put on the shoes and flew up into the air, taking with him the

* A similar incident is found in Grimm's Fairy Tales translated by Mrs. Paull, p. 370. The hero of the tale called the Crystal Ball finds two giants fighting for a little hat. On his expressing his wonder, "Ah", they replied "you call it old, you do not know its value. It is what is called a wishing-hat, and whoever puts it on can wish himself where he will, and immediately he is there." "Give me the hat," replied the young man, "I will go on a little way and when I call you must both run a race to overtake me, and whoever reaches me first, to him the hat shall belong." The giants agreed and the youth taking the hat put it on and went away; but he was thinking so much of the princess that he forgot the giants and the hat, and continued to go further and further without calling them. Presently he sighed deeply and said, "Ah if I were only at the Castle of the golden sun."

Wilson (Collected Works, Vol. III, p. 169, note,) observes that "the story is told almost in the same words in the Bahar Dánish, a purse being substituted for the rod; Jahándár obtains possession of it, as well as the cup, and slippers in a similar manner. Weber [Eastern Romances, Introduction, p. 39] has noticed the analogy which the slippers bear to the cap of Fortunatus. The inexhaustible purse, although not mentioned here, is of Hindu origin also, and a fraudulent representative of it makes a great figure in one of the stories of the Daśa Kumára Charita" [ch. 2, see also L. Deslongchamps Essai sur les Fables Indiennes. Paris, 1838, p. 35 f. and Grässe, Sagen des Mittelalters, Leipzig, 1842, p. 19 f.] The additions between brackets are due to Dr. Reinholdt Rost the editor of Wilson's Essays.

The Mongolian form of the story may be found in Sagas from the Far East, p. 24. A similar incident is also found in the Swedish story in Thorpe's Scandinavian Tales, entitled "the Beautiful Palace East of the Sun and North of the Earth." A youth acquires boots by means of which he can go a hundred miles at every step, and a cloak, that renders him invisible, in a very similar way.

I find that in the notes in Grimm's 3rd Volume, page 168, (edition of 1856) the passage in Somadeva is referred to, and other parallels given. The author of these notes compares a Swedish story in Cavallius, p. 182, and Pröhle, Kindermärchen, No. 22. He also quotes from the Sidi Kür, the story to which I have referred in Sagas from the Far East, and compares a Norwegian story in Ashbjörnsen, pp. 53, 171, a Hungarian story in Mailath and Gaal, N. 7, and an Arabian tale in the continuation of the 1001 Nights. See also Sicilianische Märchen by Laura Gonzenbach, Part I, Story 31. Here we have a table-cloth, a purse, and a pipe. When the table-cloth is spread out one has only to say—Dear little table-cloth, give maccaroni or roast-meat or whatever may be required, and it is immediately present. The purse will supply as much money as one asks it for, and the pipe is something like that of the pied piper of Hamelin,—every one who hears it must dance. Dr. Köhler in his notes, at the end of Laura Gonzenbach's collection, compares (besides the story of Fortunatus, and Grimm III. 202,) Zingerle, Kinder-und Hausmärchen, II. 73 and 193. Curze, Popular Traditions from Waldeck, p. 34. Gesta Romanorum, Chap. 120. Campbell's Highland Tales, No. 10, and many others. The shoes in our present story may also be compared with the bed in the IXth Novel of the Xth day of the Decameron.

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staff and the vessel; then he went a great distance in a short time and saw beneath him a beautiful city named Ákarshiká and descended into it from the sky. He reflected with himself; "*hetæræ* are prone to deceive, Bráhmans are like my father and uncles, and merchants are greedy of wealth; in whose house shall I dwell?" Just at that moment he reached a lonely dilapidated house, and saw a single old woman in it; so he gratified that old woman with a present, and lived unobserved in that broken down old house, waited upon respectfully by the old woman.

Once upon a time the old woman in an affectionate mood said to Putraka—"I am grieved, my son, that you have not a wife meet for you. But here there is a maiden named Pátalí, the daughter of the king, and she is preserved like a jewel in the upper story of a seraglio." While he was listening to this speech of hers with open ear, the god of love found an unguarded point, and entered by that very path into his heart. He made up his mind that he must see that damsel that very day, and in the night flew up through the air to where she was, by the help of his magic shoes. He then entered by a window, which was as high above the ground as the peak of a mountain, and beheld that Pátalí, asleep in a secret place in the seraglio, continually bathed in the moonlight that seemed to cling to her limbs: as it were the might of love in fleshly form reposing after the conquest of this world. While he was thinking how he should awake her, suddenly outside a watchman began to chant; "Young men obtain the fruit of their birth, when they awake the sleeping fair one, embracing her as she sweetly scolds, with her eyes languidly opening." On hearing this encouraging prelude, he embraced that fair one with limbs trembling with excitement, and then she awoke. When she beheld that prince, there was a contest between shame and love in her eye, which was alternately fixed on his face and averted. When they had conversed together, and gone through the ceremony of the Gándharva marriage, that couple found their love continually increasing, as the night waned away. Then Putraka took leave of his sorrowing wife, and with his mind dwelling only on her went in the last watch of the night to the old woman's house. So every night the prince kept going backwards and forwards, and at last the intrigue was discovered by the guards of the seraglio, accordingly they revealed the matter to the lady's father, and he appointed a woman to watch secretly in the seraglio at night. She, finding the prince asleep, made a mark with red lac upon his garment to facilitate his recognition. In the morning she informed the king of what she had done, and he sent out spies in all directions, and Putraka was discovered by the mark and dragged out from the dilapidated house into the presence of the king. Seeing that the king was enraged, he flew up into the air with the help of the shoes, and entered the palace of Pátalí. He said to her,—"We are discovered, therefore rise

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up, let us escape with the help of the shoes, and so taking Páṭalí in his arms he flew away from that place through the air. Then descending from heaven near the bank of the Ganges, he refreshed his weary beloved with cakes provided by means of the magic vessel. When Páṭalí saw the power of Putraka she made a request to him, in accordance with which he sketched out with the staff a city furnished with a force of all four arms.* In that city he established himself as king, and his great power having attained full development, he subdued that father-in-law of his, and became ruler of the sea-engirdled earth. This is that same divine city, produced by magic, together with its citizens; hence it bears the name of Páṭalíputra, and is the home of wealth and learning.

When we heard from the mouth of Varsha the above strange and extraordinarily marvellous story, our minds, O Káṇabhuti, were for a long time delighted with thrilling wonder.

CHAPTER IV.

Having related this episode to Káṇabhúti in the Vindhya forest, Vararuchi again resumed the main thread of his narrative.

While thus dwelling there with Vyáḍi and Indradatta, I gradually attained perfection in all sciences, and emerged from the condition of childhood. Once on a time when we went out to witness the festival of Indra, we saw a maiden looking like some weapon of Cupid, not of the nature of an arrow. Then, Indradatta, on my asking him who that lady might be, replied,—"She is the daughter of Upavarsha, and her name is Upakośá," and she found out by means of her handmaids who I was, and drawing my soul after her with a glance made tender by love, she with difficulty managed to return to her own house. She had a face like a full moon, and eyes like a blue lotus, she had arms graceful like the stalk of a lotus, and a lovely full† bosom; she had a neck marked with three lines like a shell,‡ and magnificent coral lips; in short she was a second Lakshmí, so to speak, the store-house of the beauty of king Cupid. Then my heart was cleft by the stroke of love's arrow, and I could not sleep that night through my desire to kiss her *bimba*§ lip. Having at last with difficulty gone off to

* *I. e.*, infantry, cavalry, elephants, and archers.

† Literally she was splendid with a full bosom,...glorious with coral lips. For *uttama* in the 1st half of *śloka* 6 I read *upama*.

‡ Considered to be indicative of exalted fortune.—*Monier Williams.*

§ The *bimba* being an Indian fruit, this expression may be paralleled by "currant lip" in the Two Noble Kinsmen I. I. 216 or "cherry lip" Rich. III. I. I. 94.

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sleep, I saw, at the close of night, a celestial woman in white garments; she said to me—"Upakośá was thy wife in a former birth; as she appreciates merit, she desires no one but thee, therefore, my son, thou oughtest not to feel anxious about this matter. I am Sarasvatí* that dwell continually in thy frame, I cannot bear to behold thy grief." When she had said this, she disappeared. Then I woke up and somewhat encouraged I went slowly and stood under a young mango tree near the house of my beloved; then her confidante came and told me of the ardent attachment of Upakośá to me, the result of sudden passion: then I with my pain doubled, said to her, "How can I obtain Upakośá unless her natural protectors willingly bestow her upon me? For death is better than dishonour; so if by any means your friend's heart became known to her parents, perhaps the end might be prosperous.

"Therefore bring this about, my good woman, save the life of me and of thy friend." When she heard this, she went and told all to her friend's mother, she immediately told it to her husband Upavarsha, he to Varsha his brother, and Varsha approved of the match. Then, my marriage having been determined upon, Vyáḍi by the order of my tutor went and brought my mother from Kauśámbí; so Upakośá was bestowed upon me by her father with all due ceremonies, and I lived happily in Páṭalíputra with my mother and my wife.

Now in course of time Varsha got a great number of pupils, and among them there was one rather stupid pupil of the name of Páṇini; he, being wearied out with service, was sent away by the preceptor's wife, and being disgusted at it and longing for learning, he went to the Himálaya to perform austerities: then he obtained from the god, who wears the moon as a crest, propitiated by his severe austerities, a new grammar, the source of all learning. Thereupon he came and challenged me to a disputation, and seven days passed away in the course of our disputation; on the eighth day he had been fairly conquered by me, but immediately afterwards a terrible menacing sound was uttered by Śiva in the firmament; owing to that our Aindra grammar was exploded in the world,† and all of us, being conquered by Páṇini, became accounted fools. Accordingly full of despondency I deposited in the hand of the merchant Hiraṇyadatta my wealth for the maintenance of my house, and after informing Upakośá of it, I went fasting to mount Himálaya to propitiate Śiva with austerities.

Story of Upakos'á and her four lovers.

Upakośá on her part anxious for my success, remained in her own house, bathing every day in the Ganges, strictly observing her vow. One

* Goddess of eloquence and learning.

† See Dr. Burnell's "Aindra grammar" for the bearing of this passage on the history of Sanskrit literature.

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day, when spring had come, she being still beautiful, though thin and slightly pale, and charming to the eyes of men, like the streak of the new moon, was seen by the king's domestic chaplain while going to bathe in the Ganges, and also by the head magistrate, and by the prince's minister; and immediately they all of them became a target for the arrows of love. It happened too somehow or other that she took a long time bathing that day, and as she was returning in the evening, the prince's minister laid violent hands on her, but she with great presence of mind said to him, "Dear Sir, I desire this as much as you, but I am of respectable family, and my husband is away from home. How can I act thus? Some one might perhaps see us, and then misfortune would befall you as well as me. Therefore you must come without fail to my house in the first watch of the night of the spring-festival when the citizens are all excited."* When she had said this, and pledged herself, he let her go, but, as chance would have it, she had not gone many steps further, before she was stopped by the king's domestic chaplain. She made a similar assignation with him also for the second watch of the same night; and so he too was, though with difficulty, induced to let her go; but, after she had gone a little further, up comes a third person, the head magistrate, and detains the trembling lady. Then she made a similar assignation with him too for the third watch of the same night, and having by great good fortune got him to release her, she went home all trembling, and of her own accord told her handmaids the arrangements she had made, reflecting, "Death is better for a woman of good family when her husband is away, than to meet the eyes of people who lust after beauty." Full of these thoughts and regretting me, the virtuous lady spent that night in fasting, lamenting her own beauty. Early the next morning she sent a maid-servant to the merchant Hiraṇyagupta to ask for some money in order that she might honour the Bráhmans: then that merchant also came and said to her in private, "Shew me love, and then I will give you what your husband deposited." When she heard that, she reflected that she had no witness to prove the deposit of her husband's wealth, and perceived that the merchant was a villain, and so tortured with sorrow and grief, she made a fourth and last assignation with him for the last watch of the same night; so he went away. In the meanwhile she had prepared by her handmaids in a large vat lamp-black mixed with oil and scented with musk and other perfumes, and she made ready four pieces of rag anointed with it, and she caused to be made a large trunk with a fastening outside. So on that day of the spring-festival the prince's minister came in the first watch of the night in gorgeous array. When he had entered without being observed Upakośá said to him, "I will not receive you until you have bathed, so go in and bathe." The simpleton agreed to

* And will not observe you.

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that, and was taken by the handmaids into a secret dark inner apartment. There they took off his under-garments and his jewels, and gave him by way of an under-garment a single piece of rag, and they smeared the rascal from head to foot with a thick coating of that lamp-black and oil, pretending it was an unguent, without his detecting it. While they continued rubbing it into every limb, the second watch of the night came and the chaplain arrived, the handmaids thereupon said to the minister,—"here is the king's chaplain come, a great friend of Vararuchi's, so creep into this box" —and they bundled him into the trunk, just as he was, all naked, with the utmost precipitation: and then they fastened it outside with a bolt. The priest too was brought inside into the dark room on the pretence of a bath, and was in the same way stripped of his garments and ornaments, and made a fool of by the handmaids by being rubbed with lamp-black and oil, with nothing but the piece of rag on him, until in the third watch the chief magistrate arrived. The handmaids immediately terrified the priest with the news of his arrival, and pushed him into the trunk like his predecessor. After they had bolted him in, they brought in the magistrate on the pretext of giving him a bath, and so he, like his fellows, with the piece of rag for his only garment, was bamboozled by being continually anointed with lamp-black, until in the last watch of the night the merchant arrived. The handmaids made use of his arrival to alarm the magistrate and bundled him also into the trunk, and fastened it on the outside. So those three being shut up inside the box, as if they were bent on accustoming themselves to live in the hell of blind darkness, did not dare to speak on account of fear, though they touched one another. Then Upakośá brought a lamp into the room, and making the merchant enter it, said to him, "give me that money which my husband deposited with you." When he heard that, the rascal said, observing that the room was empty, "I told you that I would give you the money your husband deposited with me." Upakośá calling the attention of the people in the trunk, said—"Hear, O ye gods this speech of Hiraṇyagupta." When she had said this, she blew out the light, and the merchant, like the others, on the pretext of a bath was anointed by the handmaids for a long time with lamp-black. Then they told him to go, for the darkness was over, and at the close of the night they took him by the neck and pushed him out of the door sorely against his will. Then he made the best of his way home, with only the piece of rag to cover his nakedness, and smeared with the black dye, with the dogs biting him at every step, thoroughly ashamed of himself, and at last reached his own house; and when he got there he did not dare to look his slaves in the face while they were washing off that black dye. The path of vice is indeed a painful one. In the early morning Upakośá accompanied by her handmaids went, without informing her parents, to the palace of king

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Nanda, and there she herself stated to the king that the merchant Hiraṇya-gupta was endeavouring to deprive her of money deposited with him by her husband. The king in order to enquire into the matter immediately had the merchant summoned, who said—"I have nothing in my keeping belonging to this lady." Upakośá then said, "I have witnesses, my lord; before he went, my husband put the household gods into a box, and this merchant with his own lips admitted the deposit in their presence. Let the box be brought here and ask the gods yourself." Having heard this the king in astonishment ordered the box to be brought.

Thereupon in a moment that trunk was carried in by many men. Then Upakośá said—"Relate truly, O gods, what that merchant said and then go to your own houses; if you do not, I will burn you or open the box in court." Hearing that, the men in the box, beside themselves with fear, said—"It is true, the merchant admitted the deposit in our presence." Then the merchant being utterly confounded confessed all his guilt; but the king, being unable to restrain his curiosity, after asking permission of Upakośá, opened the chest there in court by breaking the fastening, and those three men were dragged out, looking like three lumps of solid darkness, and were with difficulty recognised by the king and his ministers. The whole assembly then burst out laughing, and the king in his curiosity asked Upakośá, what was the meaning of all this; so the virtuous lady told the whole story. All present in court expressed their approbation of Upakośá's conduct, observing: "The virtuous behaviour of women of good family who are protected by their own excellent disposition* only, is incredible."

Then all those coveters of their neighbour's wife were deprived of all their living, and banished from the country. Who prospers by immorality? Upakośá was dismissed by the king, who shewed his great regard for her by a present of much wealth, and said to her: "Henceforth thou art my sister,"—and so she returned home. Varsha and Upavarsha when they heard it, congratulated that chaste lady, and there was a smile of admiration on the face of every single person in that city.†

* Instead of the walls of a seraglio.

† This story occurs in Scott's Additional Arabian Nights as the Lady of Cairo and her four Gallants, [and in his Tales and Anecdotes, Shrewsbury, 1800, p. 136, as the story of the Merchant's wife and her suitors]. It is also one of the Persian tales of Arouya [day 146 ff]. It is a story of ancient celebrity in Europe as Constant du Hamel or la Dame qui attrapa un Prêtre, un Prevot et un Forestier [Le Grand d'Aussy, Fabliaux et Contes. Paris, 1829, Vol. IV, pp. 246-56]. It is curious that the Fabliau alone agrees with the Hindu original in putting the lovers out of the way and disrobing them by the plea of the bath. (Note in Wilson's Essays on Sanskrit Literature, edited by Dr. Rost, Vol. I, p. 173.) See also a story contributed by the late Mr. Damant to the Indian Antiquary, Vol. IX, pp. 2 and 3, and the XXVIIIth story in Indian Fairy Tales collected and translated by Miss Stokes, with the note at the end of the volume.

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In the meanwhile, by performing a very severe penance on the snowy mountain, I propitiated the god, the husband of Párvatí, the great giver of all good things; he revealed to me that same treatise of Páṇini; and in accordance with his wish I completed it: then I returned home without feeling the fatigue of the journey, full of the nectar of the favour of that god who wears on his crest a digit of the moon; then I worshipped the feet of my mother and of my spiritual teachers, and heard from them the wonderful achievement of Upakośá, thereupon joy and astonishment swelled to the upmost height in my breast, together with natural affection and great respect for my wife.

Now Varsha expressed a desire to hear from my lips the new grammar, and thereupon the god Kártikeya himself revealed it to him. And it came to pass that Vyáḍi and Indradatta asked their preceptor Varsha what fee they should give him? He replied, "Give me ten millions of gold pieces." So they, consenting to the preceptor's demand, said to me; "Come with us, friend, to ask the king Nanda to give us the sum required for our teacher's fee; we cannot obtain so much gold from any other quarter: for he possesses nine hundred and ninety millions, and long ago he declared your wife Upakośá, his sister in the faith, therefore you are his brother-in-law; we shall obtain something for the sake of your virtues." Having formed this resolution, we three fellow-students* went to the camp of king Nanda in Ayodhyá, and the very moment we arrived, the king died; accordingly an outburst of lamentation arose in the kingdom, and we were reduced to despair. Immediately Indradatta, who was an adept in magic, said, "I will enter the body of this dead king†; let Vararuchi prefer the petition to me, and I will give him the gold, and let Vyáḍi guard my body until I return." Saying this, Indradatta entered into the body of king Nanda, and when the king came to life again, there was great rejoicing in the kingdom. While Vyáḍi remained in an empty temple to guard the body of Indradatta, I went to the king's palace. I entered, and after making the usual salutation, I asked the supposed Nanda for ten million gold pieces as my instructor's fee. Then he ordered a man named Śakatála, the minister of the real Nanda, to give me ten million of gold pieces. That minister, when he saw that the dead king had come to life, and that the petitioner immediately got what he asked, guessed the real state of the case. What is there that the wise cannot understand? That minister said—"It shall be given, your Highness," and reflected with himself; "Nanda's son is but a child, and our realm is menaced by many enemies, so I will do my best for the present to

* Dr. Brockhaus translates "*alle drei mit unsern Schülern.*"

† This forms the leading event of the story of Fadlallah in the Persian tales. The dervish there avows his having acquired the faculty of animating a dead body from an aged Bráhman in the Indies. (Wilson.)

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keep his body on the throne even in its present state." Having resolved on this, he immediately took steps to have all dead bodies burnt, employing spies to discover them, and among them was found the body of Indradatta, which was burned after Vyáḍi had been hustled out of the temple. In the meanwhile the king was pressing for the payment of the money, but Śakatála, who was still in doubt, said to him, "All the servants have got their heads turned by the public rejoicing, let the Bráhman wait a moment until I can give it." Then Vyáḍi came and complained aloud in the presence of the supposed Nanda, "Help, help, a Bráhman engaged in magic, whose life had not yet come to an end in a natural way, has been burnt by force on the pretext that his body was untenanted, and this in the very moment of your good fortune."* On hearing this the supposed Nanda was in an indescribable state of distraction from grief: but as soon as Indradatta was imprisoned in the body of Nanda, beyond the possibility of escape, by the burning of his body, the discreet Śakatála went out and gave me that ten millions.

Then the supposed Nanda,† full of grief, said in secret to Vyáḍi,—"Though a Bráhman by birth I have become a Śúdra, what is the use of my royal fortune to me though it be firmly established?" When he heard that, Vyáḍi comforted him,‡ and gave him seasonable advice, "You have been discovered by Śakatála, so you must henceforth be on your guard against him, for he is a great minister, and in a short time he will, when it suits his purpose, destroy you, and will make Chandragupta, the son of the previous Nanda, king. Therefore immediately appoint Vararuchi your minister, in order that your rule may be firmly established by the help of his intellect, which is of god-like acuteness." When he had said this, Vyáḍi departed to give that fee to his preceptor, and immediately Yogananda sent for me and made me his minister. Then I said to the king, "Though your caste as a Bráhman has been taken from you, I do not consider your throne secure as long as Śakatála remains in office, therefore destroy him by some stratagem." When I had given him this advice, Yogananda threw Śakatála into a dark dungeon, and his hundred sons with him, proclaiming as

* Compare the story in the Panchatantra, Benfey's Translation, p. 124, of the king who lost his body but eventually recovered it. Benfey in Vol. I, page 128, refers to some European parallels. Liebrecht in his Zur Volkskunde, p. 206, mentions a story found in Apollonius (Historia Mirabilium) which forms a striking parallel to this. According to Apollonius, the soul of Hermotimos of Klazomenæ left his body frequently, resided in different places, and uttered all kinds of predictions, returning to his body which remained in his house. At last some spiteful persons burnt his body in the absence of his soul.

† Or *Yogananda*. So called as being Nanda by *yoga* or magic.

‡ I read *áśvásya*.

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his crime that he had burnt a Bráhman alive. One porringer of barley-meal and one of water was placed inside the dungeon every day for Śakatála and his sons, and thereupon he said to them ;—" My sons, even one man alone would with difficulty subsist on this barley-meal, much less can a number of people do so. Therefore let that one of us, who is able to take vengeance on Yogananda, consume every day the barley-meal and the water." His sons answered him, " You alone are able to punish him, therefore do you consume them." For vengeance is dearer to the resolute than life itself. So Śakatála alone subsisted on that meal and water every day. Alas ! those whose souls are set on victory are cruel. Śakatála in the dark dungeon, beholding the death agonies of his starving sons, thought to himself, " A man who desires his own welfare should not act in an arbitrary manner towards the powerful, without fathoming their character and acquiring their confidence." Accordingly his hundred sons perished before his eyes, and he alone remained alive surrounded by their skeletons. Then Yogananda took firm root in his kingdom. And Vyáḍi approached him after giving the present to his teacher, and after coming near to him said, " May thy rule, my friend, last long ! I take my leave of thee, I go to perform austerities somewhere." Hearing that, Yogananda, with his voice choked with tears, said to him, " Stop thou, and enjoy pleasures in my kingdom, do not go and desert me." Vyáḍi answered—" King ! Life comes to an end in a moment. What wise man, I pray you, drowns himself in these hollow and fleeting enjoyments ? Prosperity, a desert mirage, does not turn the head of the wise man." Saying this he went away that moment resolved to mortify his flesh with austerities. Then that Yogananda went to his metropolis Páṭaliputra, for the purpose of enjoyment, accompanied by me, and surrounded with his whole army. So I having attained prosperity, lived for a long time in that state, waited upon by Upakośá, and bearing the burden of the office of prime-minister to that king, accompanied by my mother and my preceptors. There the Ganges, propitiated by my austerities, gave me every day much wealth, and Sarasvatí present in bodily form told me continually what measures to adopt.

CHAPTER V.

Having said this, Vararuchi continued his tale as follows :—

In course of time Yogananda became enslaved by his passions, and like a mad elephant he disregarded every restraint. Whom will not a sudden access of prosperity intoxicate ? Then I reflected with myself, " The king

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has burst all bonds, and my own religious duties are neglected being interfered with by my care for his affairs, therefore it is better for me to draw out that Śakatála from his dungeon and make him my colleague in the ministry; even if he tries to oppose me, what harm can he do as long as I am in office?" Having resolved on this I asked permission of the king, and drew Śakatála out of the deep dungeon. Bráhmans are always soft-hearted. Now the discreet Śakatála made up his mind, that it would be difficult to overthrow Yogananda as long as I was in office, and that he had accordingly better imitate the cane which bends with the current, and watch a favourable moment for vengeance, so at my request he resumed the office of minister and managed the king's affairs.

Once on a time Yogananda went outside the city, and beheld in the middle of the Ganges a hand, the five fingers of which were closely pressed together. That moment he summoned me and said, "What does this mean?" But I displayed two of my fingers in the direction of the hand. Thereupon that hand disappeared, and the king, exceedingly astonished, again asked me what this meant, and I answered him, "That hand meant to say, by shewing its five fingers, 'What cannot five men united effect in this world?' Then I, king, shewed it these two fingers, wishing to indicate that nothing is impossible when even two men are of one mind." When I uttered this solution of the riddle the king was delighted, and Śakatála was despondent seeing that my intellect would be difficult to circumvent.

One day Yogananda saw his queen leaning out of the window and asking questions of a Bráhman guest that was looking up. That trivial circumstance threw the king into a passion, and he gave orders that the Bráhman should be put to death; for jealousy interferes with discernment. Then as that Bráhman was being led off to the place of execution in order that he might be put to death, a fish in the market laughed aloud, though it was dead.* The king hearing it immediately prohibited for the present the execution of that Bráhman, and asked me the reason why the fish laughed. I replied that I would tell him after I had thought over the matter; and after I had gone out Sarasvatí came to me secretly on my thinking of her and gave me this advice; "Take up a position on the top

* Dr. Liebrecht in Orient und Occident, Vol. I, p. 341 compares with this story one in the old French romance of Merlin. There Merlin laughs because the wife of the emperor Julius Cæsar had twelve young men disguised as ladies-in-waiting. Benfey, in a note on Dr. Liebrecht's article, compares with the story of Merlin one by the Countess D'Aulnoy, No. 36 of the Pentamerone of Basile, Straparola IV. I, and a story in the Śuka Saptati. This he quotes from the translation of Demetrios Galanos. In this some cooked fish laugh so that the whole town hears them. The reason is the same as in the story of Merlin and in our text.

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of this palm tree at night so as not to be observed, and thou shalt without doubt hear the reason why the fish laughed." Hearing this I went at night to that very place, and ensconced myself on the top of the palm tree, and saw a terrible female Rákshasa coming past with her children; when they asked her for food, she said, "Wait, and I will give you to-morrow morning the flesh of a Bráhman, he was not killed to-day."* They said to their mother, "Why was he not killed to-day?" Then she replied, "He was not executed because a fish in the town, though dead, laughed when it saw him." The sons said, "Why did the fish laugh?" She continued, "The fish of course said to himself—all the king's wives are dissolute, for in every part of this harem there are men dressed up as women, and nevertheless while these escape, an innocent Bráhman is to be put to death—and this tickled the fish so that he laughed. For demons assume these disguises, insinuating themselves into everything, and laughing at the exceeding want of discernment of kings." After I had heard that speech of the female Rákshasa I went away from thence, and in the morning I informed the king why the fish laughed. The king after detecting in the harem those men clothed as women, looked upon me with great respect, and released that Bráhman from the sentence of death.

I was disgusted by seeing this and other lawless proceedings on the part of the king, and, while I was in this frame of mind, there came to court a new painter. He painted on a sheet of canvass the principal queen and Yogananda, and that picture of his looked as if it were alive, it only lacked speech and motion. And the king being delighted loaded that painter with wealth, and had the painting set up on a wall in his private apartments. Now one day when I entered into the king's private apartments, it occurred to me that the painting of the queen did not represent all her auspicious marks; from the arrangement of the other marks I conjectured by means of my acuteness that there ought to be a spot where the girdle comes, and I painted one there. Then I departed after thus giving the

* Cp. the following passage in a Danish story called Svend's exploits, in Thorpe's Yuletide Stories, page 341. Just as he was going to sleep, twelve crows came flying and perched in the elder trees over Svend's head. They began to converse together, and the one told the other what had happened to him that day. When they were about to fly away, one crow said, "I am so hungry; where shall I get something to eat?" "We shall have food enough to-morrow when father has killed Svend," answered the crow's brother. "Dost thou think then that such a miserable fellow dares fight with our father?" said another. "Yes, it is probable enough that he will, but it will not profit him much as our father cannot be overcome but with the Man of the Mount's sword, and that hangs in the mound, within seven locked doors, before each of which are two fierce dogs that never sleep." Svend thus learned that he should only be sacrificing his strength and life in attempting a combat with the dragon, before he had made himself master of the Man of the Mount's sword.

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queen all her lucky marks. Then Yogananda entered and saw that spot, and asked his chamberlains who had painted it. And they indicated me to him as the person who had painted it. Yogananda thus reflected while burning with anger; "No one except myself knows of that spot, which is in a part of the queen's body usually concealed, then how can this Vararuchi have come thus to know it?* No doubt he has secretly corrupted my harem, and this is how he came to see there those men disguised as women." Foolish men often find such coincidences. Then of his own motion he summoned Śakatála, and gave him the following order: "You must put Vararuchi to death for seducing the queen." Śakatála said, "Your Majesty's orders shall be executed," and went out of the palace, reflecting, "I should not have power to put Vararuchi to death, for he possesses god-like force of intellect; and he delivered me from calamity; moreover he is a Bráhman, therefore I had better hide him and win him over to my side." Having formed this resolution, he came and told me of the king's causeless wrath which had ended in his ordering my execution, and thus concluded, "I will have some one else put to death in order that the news may get abroad, and do you remain hidden in my house to protect me from this passionate king." In accordance with this proposal of his, I remained concealed in his house, and he had some one else put to death at night in order that the report of my death might be spread.† When he had in this way displayed his statecraft, I said to him out of affection, "You have shewn yourself an unrivalled minister in that you did not attempt to put me to death; for I cannot be slain, since I have a Rákshasa to friend, and he will come, on being only thought of, and at my request will devour the whole world. As for this king he is a friend of mine, being a Bráhman named Indradatta, and he ought not to be slain." Hearing this, that minister said—"Shew me the Rákshasa." Then I shewed him that Rákshasa who came with a thought; and on beholding him, Śakatála was astonished and terrified. And when the Rákshasa had disappeared, Śakatála again asked me—"How did the Rákshasa become your friend?" Then I said—"Long ago the heads of the police as they went through the city night after night on inspecting duty, perished one by one. On hearing that, Yogananda made me head of the police, and as I was on my rounds at night, I saw a Rákshasa roaming about, and he said to me, "Tell me, who is considered the best-looking woman in this city?" When I heard that, I burst out laughing and said—"You fool, any woman is good-looking to the man who admires her." Hearing my answer, he said—"You are the only man that has beaten me." And now that I had escaped death by solving his riddle,‡

* Compare the "mole cinque-spotted" in Cymbeline.

† Compare Measure for Measure.

‡ Cp. the story of Œdipus and the Mahábhárata, Vanaparvan, C. 312. where

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he again said to me, "I am pleased with you, henceforth you are my friend, and I will appear to you when you call me to mind." Thus he spoke and disappeared, and I returned by the way that I came. Thus the Rákshasa has become my friend, and my ally in trouble. When I had said this, S'akatála made a second request to me, and I shewed him the goddess of the Ganges in human form who came when I thought of her. And that goddess disappeared when she had been gratified by me with hymns of praise. But S'akatála became from thenceforth my obedient ally.

Now once on a time that minister said to me when my state of concealment weighed upon my spirits; "why do you, although you know all things, abandon yourself to despondency? Do you not know that the minds of kings are most undiscerning, and in a short time you will be cleared from all imputations;* in proof of which listen to the following tale:—

The story of S'ivavarman.

There reigned here long ago a king named Á dityavarman, and he had a very wise minister, named S'ivavarman. Now it came to pass that one of that king's queens became pregnant, and when he found it out, the king said to the guards of the harem, "It is now two years since I entered this place, then how has this queen become pregnant? Tell me." Then they said, "No man except your minister S'ivavarman is allowed to enter here, but he enters without any restriction." When he heard that, the king thought,—"Surely he is guilty of treason against me, and yet if I put him to death publicly, I shall incur reproach,"—thus reflecting, that king sent that S'ivavarman on some pretext to Bhogavarman a neighbouring chief,† who was an ally of his, and immediately afterwards the king secretly sent off a messenger to the same chief, bearing a letter by which he was ordered to put the minister to death. When a week had elapsed after the minister's departure, that queen tried to escape out of fear, and was taken by the guards with a man in woman's attire, then Á dityavarman when he heard of it was filled with remorse, and asked himself why he had causelessly brought about the death of so excellent a minister. In the meanwhile S'ivavarman reached the Court of Bhogavarman, and that messenger came bringing the letter; and fate would have it so that after Bhogavarman had read the letter he told to S'ivavarman in secret the order he had received to put him to death.

The excellent minister S'ivavarman in his turn said to that chief,—

Yudhisthira is questioned by a Yaksha. Benfey compares Mahábhárata XIII (IV, 206) 5883-5918 where a Bráhman seized by a Rákshasa escaped in the same way.

* Reading *chuddhis* for the *chudis* of Dr. Brockhaus' text.

† *Sâmanta* seems to mean a feudatory or dependent prince.

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"put me to death ; if you do not, I will slay myself with my own hand." When he heard that, Bhogavarman was filled with wonder, and said to him, "What does all this mean ? Tell me Bráhman, if you do not, you will lie under my curse." Then the minister said to him, "King, in whatever land I am slain, on that land God will not send rain for twelve years." When he heard that, Bhogavarman debated with his minister,—"that wicked king desires the destruction of our land, for could he not have employed secret assassins to kill his minister? So we must not put this minister to death, moreover we must prevent him from laying violent hands on himself." Having thus deliberated and appointed him guards, Bhogavarman sent Śivavarman out of his country that moment ; so that minister by means of his wisdom returned alive, and his innocence was established from another quarter, for righteousness cannot be undone.

In the same way your innocence will be made clear, Kátyáyana ; remain for a while in my house ; this king too will repent of what he has done. When Śakatála said this to me, I spent those days concealed in his house, waiting my opportunity.

Then it came to pass that one day, O Káṇabhúti, a son of that Yogananda named Hiraṇyagupta went out hunting, and when he had somehow or other been carried to a great distance by the speed of his horse, while he was alone in the wood the day came to an end; and then he ascended a tree to pass the night. Immediately afterwards a bear, which had been terrified by a lion, ascended the same tree ; he seeing the prince frightened, said to him with a human voice, "Fear not, thou art my friend," and thus promised him immunity from harm. Then the prince confiding in the bear's promise went to sleep, while the bear remained awake. Then the lion below said to the bear, "Bear, throw me down this man, and I will go away." Then the bear said, "Villain, I will not cause the death of a friend." When in course of time the bear went to sleep while the prince was awake, the lion said again, "Man, throw me down the bear." When he heard that, the prince, who through fear for his own safety wished to propitiate the lion, tried to throw down the bear, but wonderful to say, it did not fall, since Fate caused it to awake. And then that bear said to the prince, "become insane, thou betrayer of thy friend,"* laying upon him a curse destined not to end until a third person guessed the whole transaction. Accordingly the prince, when he reached his palace in the morning went out of his mind, and Yogananda seeing it, was immediately plunged in despondency ; and said, "If Vararuchi were alive at this moment, all this matter would be known ;" curse on my readiness to have him put to death !

* Benfey considers that this story was originally Buddhistic. A very similar story is quoted by him from the Karmaśataka. (Panchatantra I, p. 209) cp. also c. 65 of this work.

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Śakatála, when he heard this exclamation of the king's, thought to himself, "Ha! here is an opportunity obtained for bringing Kátyáyana out of concealment, and he being a proud man will not remain here, and the king will repose confidence in me." After reflecting thus, he implored pardon, and said to the king, "O King, cease from despondency, Vararuchi remains alive." Then Yogananda said, "Let him be brought quickly." Then I was suddenly brought by Śakatála into the presence of Yogananda and beheld the prince in that state; and by the favour of Sarasvatí I was enabled to reveal the whole occurrence; and I said, "King, he has proved a traitor to his friend"; then I was praised by that prince who was delivered from his curse; and the king asked me how I had managed to find out what had taken place. Then I said, "King, the minds of the wise see everything by inference from signs, and by acuteness of intellect. So I found out all this in the same way as I found out that mole." When I had said this, that king was afflicted with shame. Then without accepting his munificence, considering myself to have gained all I desired by the clearing of my reputation, I went home: for to the wise character is wealth. And the moment I arrived, the servants of my house wept before me, and when I was distressed at it Upavarsha came to me and said, "Upakośá, when she heard that the king had put you to death, committed her body to the flames, and then your mother's heart broke with grief." Hearing that, senseless with the distraction produced by recently aroused grief, I suddenly fell on the ground like a tree broken by the wind: and in a moment I tasted the relief of loud lamentations; whom will not the fire of grief, produced by the loss of dear relations, scorch? Varsha came and gave me sound advice in such words as these, "The only thing that is stable in this ever-changeful world is instability, then why are you distracted though you know this delusion of the Creator"? By the help of these and similar exhortations I at length, though with difficulty, regained my equanimity; then with heart disgusted with the world, I flung aside all earthly lords, and choosing self-restraint for my only companion, I went to a grove where asceticism was practised.

Then, as days went by, once on a time a Bráhman from Ayodhyá came to that ascetic-grove while I was there: I asked him for tidings about Yogananda's government, and he recognizing me told me in sorrowful accents the following story:

"Hear what happened to Nanda after you had left him. Śakatála after waiting for it a long time, found that he had now obtained an opportunity of injuring him. While thinking how he might by some device get Yogananda killed, he happened to see a Bráhman named Cháṇakya digging up the earth in his path; he said to him, "Why are you digging up the earth?" The Bráhman, whom he had asked, said, I am rooting up a plant

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of *darbha* grass here, because it has pricked my foot.* When he heard that, the minister thought that Bráhman who formed such stern resolves out of anger, would be the best instrument to destroy Nanda with. After asking his name he said to him, "Bráhman, I assign to you the duty of performing a *s'ráddha* on the thirteenth day of the lunar fortnight, in the house of king Nanda; you shall have one hundred thousand gold pieces by way of fee, and you shall sit at the board above all others; in the meanwhile come to my house." Saying this, S'akatála took that Bráhman to his house, and on the day of the *s'ráddha* he showed the Bráhman to the king, and he approved of him. Then Cháṇakya went and sat at the head of the table during the *s'ráddha*, but a Bráhman named Subandhu desired that post of honour for himself. Then S'akatála went and referred the matter to king Nanda, who answered, "Let Subandhu sit at the head of the table, no one else deserves the place." Then S'akatála went, and, humbly bowing through fear, communicated that order of the king's to Cháṇakya, adding, "it is not my fault." Then that Cháṇakya, being, as it were, inflamed all over with wrath, undoing the lock of hair on the crown of his head, made this solemn vow, "Surely this Nanda must be destroyed by me within seven days, and then my anger being appeased I will bind up my lock." When he had said this, Yogananda was enraged; so Cháṇakya escaped unobserved, and S'akatála gave him refuge in his house. Then being supplied by S'akatála with the necessary instruments, that Bráhman Cháṇakya went somewhere and performed a magic rite; in consequence of this rite Yogananda caught a burning fever, and died when the seventh day arrived; and S'akatála, having slain Nanda's son Hiraṇyagupta, bestowed the royal dignity upon Chandragupta a son of the previous Nanda. And after he had requested Cháṇakya, equal in ability to Brihaspati,† to be Chandragupta's prime-minister, and established him in the office, that minister, considering that all his objects had been accomplished, as he had wreaked his vengeance on Yogananda, despondent through sorrow for the death of his sons, retired to the forest."‡

After I had heard this, O Káṇabhuti, from the mouth of that Bráhman, I became exceedingly afflicted, seeing that all things are unstable; and on account of my affliction I came to visit this shrine of Durgá, and through her favour having beheld you, O my friend, I have remembered my former birth.

* Probably his foot bled, and so he contracted defilement.

† The preceptor of the gods.

‡ See the Mudrá Rákshasa for another version of this story. (Wilson, Hindu Theatre, Vol. II.) Wilson remarks that the story is also told differently in the Puránas.

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And having obtained divine discernment I have told you the great tale: now as my curse has spent its strength, I will strive to leave the body; and do you remain here for the present, until there comes to you a Bráhman named Gunáḍhya, who has forsaken the use of three languages,* surrounded with his pupils, for he like myself was cursed by the goddess in anger, being an excellent Gaṇa Mályaván by name, who for taking my part has become a mortal. To him you must tell this tale originally told by Siva, then you shall be delivered from your curse, and so shall he.

Having said all this to Káṇabhúti, that Vararuchi set forth for the holy hermitage of Badariká in order to put off his body. As he was going along he beheld on the banks of the Ganges a vegetable-eating† hermit, and while he was looking on, that hermit's hand was pricked with *kuśa* grass. Then Vararuchi turned his blood, as it flowed out, into sap‡ through his magic power, out of curiosity, in order to test his egotism; on beholding that, the hermit exclaimed, "Ha! I have attained perfection;" and so he became puffed up with pride. Then Vararuchi laughed a little and said to him, "I turned your blood into sap in order to test you, because even now, O hermit, you have not abandoned egotism. Egotism is in truth an obstacle in the road to knowledge hard to overcome, and without knowledge liberation cannot be attained even by a hundred vows. But the perishable joys of Svarga cannot attract the hearts of those who long for liberation, therefore, O hermit, endeavour to acquire knowledge by forsaking egotism." Having thus read that hermit a lesson, and having been praised by him prostrate in adoration, Vararuchi went to the tranquil site of the hermitage of Badarí.§ There he, desirous of putting off his mortal condition, resorted for protection with intense devotion to that goddess who only can protect, and she manifesting her real form to him told him the secret of that meditation which arises from fire, to help him to put off the body. Then Vararuchi having consumed his body by that form of meditation, reached his own heavenly home; and henceforth that Káṇabhuti remained in the Vindhya forest eager for his desired meeting with Gunáḍhya.

* Sanskrit, Prákrit and his own native dialect.

† I change Dr. Brockhaus's *Śákásana* into *Śáḳáśana*.

‡ As, according to my reading, he ate vegetables, his blood was turned into the juice of vegetables. Dr. Brockhaus translates *machte dass das herausströmende Blut zu Krystallen sich bildete.*

§ A celebrated place of pilgrimage near the source of the Ganges, the Bhadrinath of modern travellers. (Monier Williams, *s. v.*)

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CHAPTER VI.

Then that Mályaván wandering about in the wood in human form, passing under the name of Gunáḍhya, having served the king Sátaváhana, and having, in accordance with a vow, abandoned in his presence the use of Sanskrit and two other languages, with sorrowful mind came to pay a visit to Durgá, the dweller in the Vindhya hills; and by her orders he went and beheld Káṇabhúti. Then he remembered his origin and suddenly, as it were, awoke from sleep; and making use of the Paiśácha language, which was different from the three languages he had sworn to forsake, he said to Káṇabhúti, after telling him his own name; "Quickly tell me that tale which you heard from Pushpadanta, in order that you and I together, my friend, may escape from our curse." Hearing that, Káṇabhúti bowed before him, and said to him in joyful mood, "I will tell you the story, but great curiosity possesses me, my lord, first tell me all your adventures from your birth, do me this favour." Thus being entreated by him, Gunáḍhya proceeded to relate as follows:

In Pratishṭhána* there is a city named Supratishṭhita; in it there dwelt once upon a time an excellent Bráhman named Somaśarman, and he, my friend, had two sons Vatsa and Gulmaka, and he had also born to him a third child, a daughter named S'rutárthá. Now in course of time, that Bráhman and his wife died, and those two sons of his remained taking care of their sister. And she suddenly became pregnant. Then Vatsa and Gulma began to suspect one another, because no other man came in their sister's way: thereupon S'rutárthá, who saw what was in their minds, said to those brothers,—"Do not entertain evil suspicions, listen, I will tell you the truth; there is a prince of the name of Kírtisena, brother's son to Vásuki, the king of the Nágas;† he saw me when I was going to bathe, thereupon he was overcome with love, and after telling me his lineage and his name, made me his wife by the Gándharva marriage; he belongs to the Bráhman race, and it is by him that I am pregnant." When they heard this speech of their sister's, Vatsa and Gulma said, "What confidence can we repose in all this?" Then she silently called to mind that Nága prince,

* Pratishṭhána according to Wilson is celebrated as the capital of Sáliváhana. It is identifiable with Peytan on the Godávarí, the Bathana or Paithana of Ptolemy,—the capital of Siripolemaios. Wilson identifies this name with Sáliváhana, but Dr. Rost remarks that Lassen more correctly identifies it with that of Srí Pulimán of the Andhra dynasty who reigned at Pratishṭhána after the overthrow of the house of Sálivahaná about 130 A. D.

† Fabulous serpent-demons having the head of a man with the tail of a serpent.—(Monier Williams, *s. v.*)

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and immediately he was thought upon, he came and said to Vatsa and Gulma, "In truth I have made your sister my wife, she is a glorious heavenly nymph fallen down to earth in consequence of a curse, and you too have descended to earth for the same reason, but a son shall without fail be born to your sister here, and then you and she together shall be freed from your curse." Having said this he disappeared, and in a few days from that time, a son was born to S'rutárthá; know me my friend as that son.* At that very time a divine voice was heard from heaven, "This child that is born is an incarnation of virtue, and he shall be called Gunádya,† and is of the Bráhman caste. Thereupon my mother and uncles, as their curse had spent its force, died, and I for my part became inconsolable. Then I flung aside my grief, and though a child I went in the strength of my self-reliance to the Deccan to acquire knowledge. Then, having in course of time learned all sciences, and become famous, I returned to my native land to exhibit my accomplishments; and when I entered after a long absence into the city of Supratishṭhita, surrounded by my disciples, I saw a wonderfully splendid scene. In one place chanters were intoning according to prescribed custom the hymns of the Sáma Veda, in another place Bráhmans were disputing about the interpretation of the sacred books, in another place gamblers were praising gambling in these deceitful words, "Whoever knows the art of gambling, has a treasure in his grasp," and in another place, in the midst of a knot of merchants, who were talking to one another about their skill in the art of making money, a certain merchant spoke as follows:

Story of the Mouse-merchant.

It is not very wonderful that a thrifty man should acquire wealth by wealth; but I long ago achieved prosperity without any wealth to start with. My father died before I was born, and then my mother was deprived by wicked relations of all she possessed. Then she fled through fear of them, watching over the safety of her unborn child, and dwelt in the house of Kumáradatta a friend of my father's, and there the virtuous woman gave birth to me, who was destined to be the means of her future maintenance; and so she reared me up by performing menial drudgery. And as she was so poor, she persuaded a teacher by way of charity to give me some instruction in writing and ciphering. Then she said to me, "You are the son of a merchant, so you must now engage in trade, and there is a very rich merchant in this country called Viśákhila; he is in the habit of lending capital to poor men of good family, go and entreat him to give you something to start with." Then I went to his house, and he at the very moment I entered, said in a rage to some merchant's son; "you see this

* It seems to me that *tvam* in Dr. Brockhaus' text must be a misprint for *tam*.

† *I. e.*, rich in virtues, and good qualities.

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dead mouse here upon the floor, even that is a commodity by which a capable man would acquire wealth, but I gave you, you good-for-nothing fellow, many *dínárs*,* and so far from increasing them, you have not even been able to preserve what you got." When I heard that, I suddenly said to that Viśákhila, "I hereby take from you that mouse as capital advanced;" saying this I took the mouse up in my hand, and wrote him a receipt for it, which he put in his strong box, and off I went. The merchant for his part burst out laughing. Well, I sold that mouse to a certain merchant as cat's-meat for two handfuls of gram, then I ground up that gram, and taking a pitcher of water, I went and stood on the cross-road in a shady place, outside the city; there I offered with the utmost civility the water and gram to a band of wood-cutters;† every wood-cutter gave me as a token of gratitude two pieces of wood; and I took those pieces of wood and sold them in the market; then for a small part of the price which I got for them, I bought a second supply of gram, and in the same way on a second day I obtained wood from the wood-cutters. Doing this every day I gradually acquired capital, and I bought from those wood-cutters all their wood for three days. Then suddenly there befell a dearth of wood on account of heavy rains, and I sold that wood for many hundred *paṇas*, with that wealth I set up a shop, and engaging in traffic, I have become a very wealthy man by my own ability. Then I made a mouse of gold, and gave it to that Viśákhila, then he gave me his daughter; and in consequence of my history I am known in the world by the name of Mouse. So without a coin in the world I acquired this prosperity. All the other merchants then, when they heard this story, were astonished. How can the mind help being amazed at pictures without walls?‡

Story of the chanter of the Sáma Veda.

In another place a Bráhman who had got eight gold *máshas* as a present, a chanter of the Sáma Veda, received the following piece of advice from a man who was a bit of a *roué*, "You get enough to live upon by your position as a Bráhman, so you ought now to employ this gold for the purpose of learning the way of the world in order that you may become a knowing fellow." The fool said "Who will teach me?" Thereupon the *roué* said to him, "This lady§ named Chaturiká, go to her house." The

* From the Greek δηνάριον = *denarius*. (Monier Williams *s. v.*) *Dramma* = Gr. δραχμὴ is used in the Panchatantra; see Dr. Bühler's Notes to Panchatantra, IV and V, Note on P. 40, l. 3.

† Literally wood-carriers.

‡ He had made money without capital, so his achievements are compared to pictures suspended in the air?

§ ἑταίρα.

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Bráhman said, "What am I to do there"? The *roué* replied—"Give her gold, and in order to please her make use of some *sáma*."* When he heard this, the chanter went quickly to the house of Chaturiká; when he entered, the lady advanced to meet him and he took a seat. Then that Bráhman gave her the gold and faltered out the request, "Teach me now for this fee the way of the world." Thereupon the people who were there began to titter, and he, after reflecting a little, putting his hands together in the shape of a cow's ear, so that they formed a kind of pipe, began, like a stupid idiot, to chant with a shrill sound the Sáma Veda, so that all the *roués* in the house came together to see the fun; and they said "Whence has this jackal blundered in here? Come, let us quickly give him the half-moon† on his throat." Thereupon the Bráhman supposing that the half-moon meant an arrow with a head of that shape, and afraid of having his head cut off, rushed out of the house, bellowing out, "I have learnt the way of the world;" then he went to the man who had sent him, and told him the whole story. He replied "when I told you to use *sáma*, I meant coaxing and wheedling; what is the propriety of introducing the Veda in a matter of this kind? The fact is, I suppose, that stupidity is engrained in a man who muddles his head with the Vedas?" So he spoke, bursting with laughter all the while, and went off to the lady's house, and said to her, "Give back to that two-legged cow his gold-fodder." So she laughing gave back the money, and when the Bráhman got it, he went back to his house as happy as if he had been born again.

Witnessing strange scenes of this kind at every step, I reached the palace of the king which was like the court of Indra. And then I entered it, with my pupils going before to herald my arrival, and saw the king Sátaváhana sitting in his hall of audience upon a jewelled throne, surrounded by his ministers, Śarvavarman and his colleagues, as Indra is by the gods. After I had blessed him and had taken a seat, and had been honoured by the king, Śarvavarman and the other ministers praised me in the following words, "This man, O king, is famous upon the earth as skilled in all lore, and therefore his name Guṇádhya‡ is a true index of his nature." Sátaváhana hearing me praised in this style by his ministers, was pleased with me and immediately entertained me honourably, and appointed me to the office of Minister. Then I married a wife, and lived there comfortably, looking after the king's affairs and instructing my pupils.

* The *vita* or *roué* meant "conciliation" but the chanter of the Sáma Veda took it to mean "hymn."

† *I. e.*, seize him with curved hand, and fling him out neck and crop. The Precentor supposed them to mean a crescent-headed arrow.

‡ *I. e.*, rich in accomplishments.

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Once, as I was roaming about at leisure on the banks of the Godávarí out of curiosity, I beheld a garden called Devíkṛiti, and seeing that it was an exceedingly pleasant garden, like an earthly Nandana,* I asked the gardener how it came there, and he said to me, "My lord, according to the story which we hear from old people, long ago there came here a certain Bráhman who observed a vow of silence and abstained from food, he made this heavenly garden with a temple; then all the Bráhmans assembled here out of curiosity, and that Bráhman being persistently asked by them told his history. There is in this land a province called Vakakachchha on the banks of the Narmadá, in that district I was born as a Bráhman, and in former times no one gave me alms, as I was lazy as well as poor; then in a fit of annoyance I quitted my house being disgusted with life, and wandering round the holy places, I came to visit the shrine of Durgá the dweller in the Vindhya hills, and having beheld that goddess, I reflected, 'People propitiate with animal offerings this giver of boons, but I will slay myself here, stupid beast that I am.' Having formed this resolve, I took in hand a sword to cut off my head. Immediately that goddess being propitious, herself said to me, 'Son, thou art perfected, do not slay thyself, remain near me;' thus I obtained a boon from the goddess and attained divine nature; from that day forth my hunger and thirst disappeared; then once on a time, as I was remaining there, that goddess herself said to me, 'Go, my son, and plant in Pratishṭhána a glorious garden;' thus speaking, she gave me, with her own hands, heavenly seed; thereupon I came here and made this beautiful garden by means of her power; and this garden you must keep in good order. Having said this, he disappeared. In this way this garden was made by the goddess long ago, my lord." When I had heard from the gardener this signal manifestation of the favour of the goddess, I went home penetrated with wonder.

The story of Sátaváhana.

When Gunáḍhya had said this, Káṇabhúti asked, "Why, my lord, was the king called Sátaváhana?" Then Gunáḍhya said, Listen, I will tell you the reason. There was a king of great power named Dvípikarṇi. He had a wife named Śaktimatí, whom he valued more than life, and once upon a time a snake bit her as she was sleeping in the garden. Thereupon she died, and that king thinking only of her, though he had no son, took a vow of perpetual chastity. Then once upon a time the god of the moony crest said to him in a dream—"While wandering in the forest thou shalt behold a boy mounted on a lion, take him and go home, he shall be thy son." Then the king woke up, and rejoiced remembering that dream, and one day in his passion for the chase he went to a distant wood; there in the middle of the day that king beheld on the bank of a lotus-lake a boy

* Indra's pleasure-ground or Elysium.

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splendid as the sun, riding on a lion ; the lion desiring to drink water set down the boy, and then the king remembering his dream slew it with one arrow. The creature thereupon abandoned the form of a lion, and suddenly assumed the shape of a man ; the king exclaimed, "Alas! what means this? tell me!" and then the man answered him—"O king, I am a Yaksha of the name of Sáta, an attendant upon the god of wealth ; long ago I beheld the daughter of a Ṛishi bathing in the Ganges ; she too, when she beheld me, felt love arise in her breast, like myself : then I made her my wife by the Gándharva form of marriage ; and her relatives, finding it out, in their anger cursed me and her, saying, "You two wicked ones, doing what is right in your own eyes, shall become lions." The hermit-folk appointed that her curse should end when she gave birth to offspring, and that mine should continue longer, until I was slain by thee with an arrow. So we became a pair of lions ; she in course of time became pregnant, and then died after this boy was born, but I brought him up on the milk of other lionesses, and lo! to-day I am released from my curse having been smitten by thee with an arrow. Therefore receive this noble son which I give thee, for this thing was foretold long ago by those hermit-folk." Having said this that Guhyaka named Sáta disappeared,* and the king taking the boy went home ; and because he had ridden upon Sáta he gave the boy the name of Sátaváhana, and in course of time he established him in his kingdom. Then, when that king Dvípikarni went to the forest, this Sátaváhana became sovereign of the whole earth.

Having said this in the middle of his tale in answer to Káṇabhúti's question, the wise Gunáḍhya again called to mind and went on with the main thread of his narrative. Then once upon a time, in the spring festival that king Sátaváhana went to visit the garden made by the goddess, of which I spake before. He roamed there for a long time like Indra in the garden of Nandana, and descended into the water of the lake to amuse himself in company with his wives. There he sprinkled his beloved ones sportively with water flung by his hands, and was sprinkled by them in return like an elephant by its females. His wives with faces, the eyes of which were slightly reddened by the collyrium washed into them, and which were streaming with water, and with bodies the proportions of which were revealed by their clinging garments, pelted him vigorously ; and as the wind strips the creepers in the forest of leaves and flowers, so he made his fair ones who fled into the adjoining shrubbery lose the marks on their foreheads† and their ornaments. Then one of his queens tardy

* Guhyaka here synonymous with Yaksha. The Guhyakas like the Yakshas are attendants upon Kuvera the god of wealth.

† The *tilaka* a mark made upon the forehead or between the eyebrows with coloured earths, sandal-wood, &c., serving as an ornament or a sectarial distinction. Monier Williams *s. v.*

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with the weight of her breasts, with body tender as a *s'iríśha* flower, became exhausted with the amusement; she not being able to endure more, said to the king who was sprinkling her with water,—"do not pelt me with water-drops;" on hearing that, the king quickly had some sweetmeats* brought; then the queen burst out laughing and said again—"king, what do we want with sweetmeats in the water? For I said to you, do not sprinkle me with water-drops. Do you not even understand the coalescence of the words *má* and *udaka*, and do you not know that chapter of the grammar,—how can you be such a blockhead?" When the queen, who knew grammatical treatises, said this to him, and the attendants laughed, the king was at onee overpowered with secret shame; he left off romping in the water and immediately entered his own palace unperceived, crestfallen, and full of self-contempt. Then he remained lost in thought, bewildered, averse to food and other enjoyments, and, like a picture, even when asked a question, he answered nothing. Thinking that his only resource was to acquire learning or die, he flung himself down on a couch, and remained in an agony of grief. Then all the king's attendants, seeing that he had suddenly fallen into such a state, were utterly beside themselves to think what it could mean. Then I and S'arvavarman came at last to hear of the king's condition, and by that time the day was almost at an end. So perceiving that the king was still in an unsatisfactory condition, we immediately summoned a servant of the king named Rájahansa. And he when asked by us about the state of the king's health, said this—"I never before in my life saw the king in such a state of depression: and the other queens told me with much indignation that he had been humiliated to-day by that superficial blue-stocking, the daughter of Vishṇuśakti." When S'arvavarman and I had heard this from the mouth of the king's servant, we fell into a state of despondency, and thus reflected in our dilemma; "If the king were afflicted with bodily disease, we might introduce the physicians, but if his disease is mental it is impossible to find the cause of it. For there is no enemy in his country the thorns of which are destroyed, and these subjects are attached to him; no dearth of any kind is to be seen; so how can this sudden melancholy of the king's have arisen?" After we had debated to this effect, the wise S'arvavarman said as follows—"I know the cause, this king is distressed by sorrow for his own ignorance, for he is always expressing a desire for culture, saying 'I am a blockhead;' I long ago detected this desire of his, and we have heard that the occasion of the present fit is his having been humiliated by the queen." Thus we debated with one another and after

* The negative particle *má* coalesces with *udakaih* (the plural instrumental case of *udaka*) into *modakaih*, and *modakaih* (the single word) means "with sweetmeats."

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we had passed that night, in the morning we went to the private apartments of the sovereign. There, though strict orders had been given that no one was to enter, I managed to get in with difficulty, and after me Śarvavarman slipped in quickly. I then sat down near the king and asked him this question—"Why, O king, art thou without cause thus despondent?" Though he heard this, Sátaváhana nevertheless remained silent, and then Śarvavarman uttered this extraordinary speech, "King, thou didst long ago say to me, 'Make me a learned man.' Thinking upon that I employed last night a charm to produce a dream.* Then I saw in my dream a lotus fallen from heaven, and it was opened by some heavenly youth, and out of it came a divine woman in white garments, and immediately, O king, she entered thy mouth. When I had seen so much I woke up, and I think without doubt that the woman who visibly entered thy mouth was Sarasvatí. As soon as Śarvavarman had in these terms described his dream, the king broke his silence and said to me with the utmost earnestness,—"In how short a time can a man, who is diligently taught, acquire learning? Tell me this. For without learning all this regal splendour has no charms for me. What is the use of rank and power to a blockhead? They are like ornaments on a log of wood." Then I said, "King, it is invariably the case that it takes men twelve years to learn grammar, the gate to all knowledge. But I, my sovereign, will teach it you in six years." When he heard that, Śarvavarman suddenly exclaimed in a fit of jealousy—"How can a man accustomed to enjoyment endure hardship for so long? So I will teach you grammar, my prince, in six months." When I heard this promise which it seemed impossible to make good, I said to him in a rage, "If you teach the king in six months, I renounce at once and for ever Sanskṛit, Prakṛit, and the vernacular dialect, these three languages which pass current among men;† then Śarvavarman said—"And if I do not do this, I Śarvavarman, will carry your shoes on my head for twelve years." Having said this he went out; I too went home; and the king for his part was comforted, expecting that he would attain his object by means of one of us two. Now Śarvavarman being in a dilemma, seeing that his promise was one very difficult to perform, and regretting what he had done, told the whole story to his wife, and she grieved to hear it said to him, "My lord, in this difficulty there is no way of escape for you except the favour of the Lord Kártikeya.‡ "It is so," said Śarvavarman and determined to implore it. Accord-

* So explained by Böhtlingk and Roth *s. v.* ep. Taranga 72 sl. 103.

† He afterwards learns to speak in the language of the Piśáchas, goblins, or ogres.

‡ Called also Kumára. This was no doubt indicated by the Kumára or boy, who opened the lotus.

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ingly in the last watch of the night, Śarvavarman set out fasting for the shrine of the god. Now I came to hear of it by means of my secret emissaries, and in the morning I told the king of it; and he, when he heard it, wondered what would happen. Then a trusty Rájpút called Sinhagupta said to him, "When I heard, O king, that thou wast afflicted I was seized with great despondency. Then I went out of this city, and was preparing to cut off my own head before the goddess Durgá in order to ensure thy happiness. Then a voice from heaven forbade me, saying, 'Do not so, the king's wish shall be fulfilled.' Therefore, I believe, thou art sure of success." When he had said this, that Sinhagupta took leave of the king, and rapidly despatched two emissaries after Śarvavarman; who feeding only on air, observing a vow of silence, steadfast in resolution, reached at last the shrine of the Lord Kártikeya. There, pleased with his penance that spared not the body, Kártikeya favoured him according to his desire; then the two spies sent by Sinhagupta came into the king's presence and reported the minister's success. On hearing that news the king was delighted and I was despondent, as the *cháṭaka* joys, and the swan grieves, on seeing the cloud.* Then Śarvavarman arrived successful by the favour of Kártikeya, and communicated to the king all the sciences, which presented themselves to him on his thinking of them. And immediately they were revealed to the king Sátaváhana. For what cannot the grace of the Supreme Lord accomplish? Then the kingdom rejoiced on hearing that the king had thus obtained all knowledge, and there was high festival kept throughout it; and that moment banners were flaunted from every house, and being fanned by the wind, seemed to dance. Then Śarvavarman was honoured with abundance of jewels fit for a king by the sovereign, who bowed humbly before him, calling him his spiritual preceptor, and he was made governor of the territory called Vakakachchha, which lies along the bank of the Narmadá. The king being highly pleased with that Rájpút Sinhagupta, who first heard by the mouth of his spies, that the boon had been obtained from the six-faced god,† made him equal to himself in splendour and power. And that queen too, the daughter of Vishṇuśakti, who was the cause of his acquiring learning, he exalted at one bound above all the queens, through affection anointing‡ her with his own hand.

* The *cháṭaka* lives on rain-drops, but the poor swan has to take a long journey to the Mánasa lake beyond the snowy hills, at the approach of the rainy season.

† Kártikeya.

‡ More literally sprinkling her with water.

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CHAPTER VII.

Then, having taken a vow of silence, I came into the presence of the sovereign, and there a certain Bráhman recited a *śloka* he had composed, and the king himself addressed him correctly in the Sanskṛit language; and the people who were present in court were delighted when they witnessed that. Then the king said deferentially to Śarvavarman—"Tell me thyself after what fashion the god shewed thee favour." Hearing that, Śarvavarman proceeded to relate to the king the whole story of Kártikeya's favourable acceptance of him.

"I went, O king, on that occasion fasting and silent from this place, so when the journey came to an end, being very despondent, and emaciated with my severe austerities, worn out I fell senseless on the ground. Then, I remember, a man with a spear in his hand came and said to me in distinct accents, 'Rise up, my son, everything shall turn out favourably for thee.' By that speech I was, as it were, immediately bedewed with a shower of nectar, and I woke up, and seemed free from hunger and thirst and in good ease. Then I approached the neighbourhood of the god's temple, overpowered with the weight of my devotion, and after bathing I entered the inner shrine of the god in a state of agitated suspense. Then that Lord Skanda* gave me a sight of himself within, and thereupon Sarasvatí in visible shape entered my mouth. So that holy god, manifested before me, recited the *sútra* beginning 'the traditional doctrine of letters.' On hearing that, I, with the levity which is so natural to mankind, guessed the next *sútra* and uttered it myself. Then that god said to me, 'if thou hadst not uttered it thyself, this grammatical treatise would have supplanted that of Paṇini. As it is, on account of its conciseness, it shall be called Kátantra, and Kálápaka, from the tail (*kalápa*) of the peacock on which I ride.' Having said this, that god himself in visible form revealed to me that new and short grammar,† and then added this besides; 'That king of thine in a former birth was himself a holy sage, a pupil of the hermit Bharadvája, named Krishṇa, great in austerity: and he, having beheld a

* Skanda is another name of Kártikeya.

† This grammar is extensively in use in the eastern parts of Bengal. The rules are attributed to Śarvavarmá, by the inspiration of Kártikeya, as narrated in the text. The *vritti* or gloss is the work of Durgá Singh and that again is commented on by Trilochana Dása and Kavirája. Vararuchi is the supposed author of an illustration of the Conjugations and Srípati Varmá of a Supplement. Other Commentaries are attributed to Gopí Nátha, Kula Chandra and Viśveśvara. (Note in Wilson's Essays, Vol. I. p. 183.)

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hermit's daughter who loved him in return, suddenly felt the smart of the wound which the shaft of the flowery-arrowed god inflicts. So, having been cursed by the hermits, he has now become incarnate here, and that hermit's daughter has become incarnate as his queen.

So this king Sátaváhana, being an incarnation of a holy sage,* when he beholds thee, will attain a knowledge of all the sciences according to thy wish. For the highest matters are easily acquired by great-souled ones, having been learnt in a former birth, the real truth of them being recalled by their powerful memories.'† When the god had said this, he disappeared, and I went out, and there grains of rice were presented me by the god's servants. Then I proceeded to return, O king, and wonderful to say, though I consumed those grains on my journey day after day, they remained as numerous as ever." When he had related his adventure, Sarvavarman ceased speaking, and king Sátaváhana in cheerful mood rose up and went to bathe.

Then I, being excluded from business by my vow of silence, took leave, with a low bow only, of that king who was very averse to part with me, and went out of that town, accompanied by only two disciples, and, with my mind bent on the performance of austerities, came to visit the shrine of the dweller in the Vindhya hills, and having been directed by the goddess in a dream to visit thee, I entered for that purpose this terrible Vindhya forest. A hint given by a Pulinda enabled me to find a caravan, and so somehow or other, by the special favour of destiny, I managed to arrive here, and beheld this host of Piśáchas, and by hearing from a distance their conversation with one another, I have contrived to learn this Paiśácha language, which has enabled me to break my vow of silence; I then made use of it to ask after you, and, hearing that you had gone to Ujjayiní, I waited here until your return; on beholding you I welcomed you in the fourth language, (the speech of the Piśáchas), and then I called to mind my origin; this is the story of my adventures in this birth.

When Guṇádhya had said this, Káṇabhúti said to him,—"hear, how your arrival was made known to me last night. I have a friend, a Rákshasa of the name of Bhútivarman, who possesses heavenly insight; and I went to a garden in Ujjayiní, where he resides. On my asking him when my own curse would come to an end, he said, we have no power in the day, wait, and I will tell you at night. I consented and when night came on, I asked him earnestly the reason why goblins‡ delighted in disporting

* Ṛishis.

† *Sanskára* means tendency produced by some past influence, often works in a former birth. .

‡ For the idea cp. Shakespear, Hamlet, Act I. Sc. 1. (towards the end) and numerous other passages in the same author.

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themselves then, as they were doing. Then Bhútivarman said to me, 'Listen, I will relate what I heard Śiva say in a conversation with Brahmá. Rákshasas, Yakshas, and Piśáchas have no power in the day, being dazed with the brightness of the sun, therefore they delight in the night. And where the gods are not worshipped, and the Bráhmans, in due form, and where men eat contrary to the holy law, there also they have power. Where there is a man who abstains from flesh, or a virtuous woman, there they do not go. They never attack chaste men, heroes, and men awake.'* When he said this on that occasion Bhútivarman continued, 'Go, for Guṇádhya has arrived, the destined means of thy release from the curse.' So hearing this, I have come, and I have seen thee, my lord; now I will relate to thee that tale which Pushpadanta told; but I feel curiosity on one point; tell me why he was called Pushpadanta and thou Mályaván."

Hearing this question from Káṇabhúti, Guṇádhya said to him. On the bank of the Ganges there is a district granted to Bráhmans by royal charter, named Bahusuvarṇaka, and there lived there a very learned Bráhman named Govindadatta, and he had a wife Agnidattá who was devoted to her husband. In course of time that Bráhman had five sons by her. And they, being handsome but stupid, grew up insolent fellows. Then a guest came to the house of Govindadatta, a Bráhman Vaiśvánara by name, like a second god of fire.† As Govindadatta was away from home when he arrived, he came and saluted his sons, and they only responded to his salute with a laugh; then that Bráhman in a rage prepared to depart from his house. While he was in this state of wrath Govindadatta came, and asked the cause, and did his best to appease him, but the excellent Bráhman nevertheless spoke as follows—"Your sons have become outcasts, as being blockheads, and you have lost caste by associating with them, therefore I will not eat in your house; if I did so, I should not be able to purify myself by any expiatory ceremony." Then Govindadatta said to him with an oath, "I will never even touch these wicked sons of mine." His hospitable wife also came and said the same to her guest; then Vaiśvánara was with difficulty induced to accept their hospitality. One of Gurudatta's sons, named Devadatta, when he saw that, was grieved at his father's sternness, and thinking a life of no value which was thus branded by his parents, went in a state of despondency to the hermitage of Badariká to perform penance; there he first ate leaves, and afterwards he fed only on smoke, persevering in a long course of austerities in order to propitiate the husband of Umá.‡ So Śambhu,‡ won over by his severe austerities, mani-

Story of Pushpadanta.

* Brockhaus renders it *Fromme, Helden* und *Weise.*

† Vaiśvánara is an epithet of Agni or Fire.

‡ Śiva.

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fested himself to him, and he craved a boon from the god, that he might ever attend upon him. Śambhu thus commanded him—"Acquire learning, and enjoy pleasures on the earth, and after that thou shalt attain all thy desire." Then he, eager for learning, went to the city of Pátaliputra, and according to custom waited on an instructor named Vedakumbha. When he was there, the wife of his preceptor distracted by passion, which had arisen in her heart, made violent love to him; alas! the fancies of women are ever inconstant! Accordingly Devadatta left that place, as his studies had been thus interfered with by the god of love, and went to Pratishṭhána with unwearied zeal. There he repaired to an old preceptor named Mantrasvámin, with an old wife, and acquired a perfect knowledge of the sciences. And after he had acquired learning, the daughter of the king Suśarman, Śrí by name, cast eyes upon the handsome youth, as the goddess Śrí upon Vishṇu. He also beheld that maiden at a window, looking like the presiding goddess of the moon, roaming through the air in a magic chariot. Those two were, as it were, fastened together by that look which was the chain of love, and were unable to separate. The king's daughter made him a sign to come near with one finger, looking like Love's command in fleshly form. Then he came near her, and she came out of the women's apartments, and took with her teeth a flower and threw it down to him. He, not understanding this mysterious sign made by the princess, puzzled as to what he ought to do, went home to his preceptor. There he rolled on the ground unable to utter a word, being consumed within with burning pain, like one dumb and distracted; his wise preceptor guessing what was the matter by these love-symptoms, artfully questioned him, and at last he was with difficulty persuaded to tell the whole story. Then the clever preceptor guessed the riddle, and said to him,* "By letting drop a flower with her tooth she made a sign to you, that you were to go to this temple rich in flowers called Pushpadanta, and wait there: so you had better go now." When he heard this and knew the meaning of the sign, the youth forgot his grief. Then he went into that temple and remained there. The princess on her part also went there, giving as an excuse that it was the eighth day of the month, and then entered the inner shrine in order to present herself alone before the god; then she touched her lover who was behind the panel of the door, and he suddenly springing up threw his arms round her neck. She exclaimed, "this is strange; how did you guess the meaning of that sign of mine?" He replied, "it was my preceptor that found it out, not I." Then the princess flew into a passion and said, "Let me go, you are a dolt," and immediately rushed out of the temple, fearing that her secret would be discovered. Devadatta on his part went away, and thinking in solitude on his beloved, who was no sooner seen

* Cp. the 1st story in the Vetála Panchavinśati, Chapter 75 of this work.

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than lost to his eyes, was in such a state that the taper of his life was well nigh melted away in the fire of bereavement. Śiva, who had been before propitiated by him, commanded an attendant of his, of the name of Panchaśikha, to procure for him the desire of his heart. That excellent Gaṇa thereupon came, and consoled him, and caused him to assume the dress of a woman, and he himself wore the semblance of an aged Bráhman. Then that worthy Gaṇa went with him to king Suśarman the father of that bright-eyed one, and said to him ; "My son has been sent away somewhere, I go to seek him : accordingly I deposit with thee this daughter-in-law of mine, keep her safely, O king." Hearing that, king Suśarman afraid of a Bráhman's curse, took the young man and placed him in his daughter's guarded seraglio, supposing him to be a woman. Then after the departure of Panchaśikha, the Bráhman dwelt in woman's clothes in the seraglio of his beloved, and became her trusted confidante. Once on a time the princess was full of regretful longing at night, so he discovered himself to her and secretly married her by the Gándharva form of marriage. And when she became pregnant, that excellent Gaṇa came on his thinking of him only, and carried him away at night without its being perceived. Then he quickly rent off from the young man his woman's dress, and in the morning Panchaśikha resumed the semblance of a Bráhman ; and going with the young man to the king Suśarman he said ; "O king, I have this day found my son : so give me back my daughter-in-law." Then the king, supposing that she had fled somewhere at night, alarmed at the prospect of being cursed by the Bráhman, said this to his ministers. "This is no Bráhman, this is some god come to deceive me, for such things often happen in this world.

Story of king Śivi.

So in former times there was a king named Śivi, self-denying, compassionate, generous, resolute, the protector of all creatures ; and in order to beguile him Indra assumed the shape of a hawk, and swiftly pursued Dharma,* who by magic had transformed himself into a dove. The dove in terror went and took refuge in the bosom of Śivi. Then the hawk addressed the king with a human voice ; 'O king, this is my natural food, surrender the dove to me, for I am hungry. Know that my death will immediately follow if you refuse my prayer ; in that case where will be your righteousness ?' Then Śivi said to the god,—'this creature has fled to me for protection, and I cannot abandon it, therefore I will give you an equal weight of some other kind of flesh.' The hawk said, 'if this be so, then give me your own flesh.' The king, delighted, consented to do so. But as fast as he cut off his flesh and threw it on the scale, the dove seemed to weigh more and more in the balance. Then the king threw his whole body on to the scale, and thereupon a celestial voice was heard, 'Well done ! this

* The god of justice.

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is equal in weight to the dove.' Then Indra and Dharma abandoned the form of hawk and dove, and being highly pleased restored the body of king Śivi whole as before, and, after bestowing on him many other blessings, they both disappeared. In the same way this Bráhman is some god that has come to prove me."*

Having said this to his ministers, that king Suśarman of his own motion said to that excellent Gaṇa that had assumed the form of a Bráhman, prostrating himself before him in fear, "Spare me; that daughter-in-law of thine was carried off last night. She has been taken somewhere or other by magic arts, though guarded night and day." Then the Gaṇa, who had assumed the Bráhman's semblance, pretending to be with difficulty won over to pity him, said, "If this be so, king, give thy daughter in marriage to my son." When he heard this, the king afraid of being cursed, gave his own daughter to Devadatta: then Panchaśikha departed. Then Devadatta having recovered his beloved, and that in an open manner, flourished in the power and splendour of his father-in-law who had no son but him. And in course of time Suśarman anointed the son of his daughter by Devadatta, Mahídhara by name, as successor in his room, and retired to the forest. Then having seen the prosperity of his son, Devadatta considered that he had attained all his objects, and he too with the princess retired to the forest. There he again propitiated Śiva, and having laid aside his mortal body, by the special favour of the god he attained the position of a Gaṇa. Because he did not understand the sign given by the flower dropped from the tooth of his beloved, therefore he became known by the name of Pushpadanta in the assembly of the Gaṇas. And his wife became a door-keeper in the house of the goddess, under the name of Jayá: this is how he came to be called Pushpadanta: now hear the origin of my name.

Long ago I was a son of that same Bráhman called Govindadatta the father of Devadatta, and my name was Somadatta. I left my home indignant for the same reason as Devadatta, and I performed austerities on the Himálaya continually striving to propitiate Śiva with offerings of many garlands. The god of the moony crest, being pleased, revealed himself to me in the same way as he did to my brother, and I chose the privilege of attending upon him as a Gaṇa, not being desirous of lower pleasures. The husband of the daughter of the mountain, that mighty god, thus addressed

* Benfey considers this story as Buddhistic in its origin. In the "Memoires Sur les Contrées Occidentales traduits du Sanscrit par Hiouen Thsang et du Chinois par Stanislas Julien" we are expressly told that Gautama Buddha gave his flesh to the hawk as Śivi in a former state of existence. It is told of many other persons, see Benfey's Panchatantra, Vol. I, p. 388, cp. also Campbell's West Highland Tales, p. 239, Vol. I, Tale XVI.

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me; "Because I have been worshipped by thee with garlands of flowers growing in trackless forest-regions, brought with thy own hand, therefore thou shalt be one of my Gaṇas, and shalt bear the name of Mályaván." Then I cast off my mortal frame, and immediately attained the holy state of an attendant on the god. And so my name of Mályaván was bestowed upon me by him who wears the burden of the matted locks,* as a mark of his special favour. And I, that very Mályaván, have once more, O Káṇabhúti, been degraded to the state of a mortal, as thou seest, owing to the curse of the daughter of the mountain, therefore do thou now tell me the tale told by Śiva, in order that the state of curse of both of us may cease.

Note to Chapter VII.

"Rakshasas, Yakshas, and Piśáchas have no power in the day, being dazed with the brightness of the sun therefore they delight in the night."

Farmer commenting on Hamlet, Act I, Sc. I, 150, quotes the following lines of Prudentius *Ad Gallicinium*. Ferunt vagantes dæmonas, Lætos tenebris noctium, Gallo canente exterritos, Sparsim timere et cedere. Hoc esse signum præscii Norunt repromissæ spei, Qua nos soporis liberi Speramus adventum Dei. Douce quotes from another hymn said to have been composed by Saint Ambrose and formerly used in the Salisbury service. Præco diei jam sonat, Noctis profundæ pervigil; Nocturna lux viantibus, A nocte noctem segregans. Hoc excitatus Lucifer Solvit polum caligine; Hoc omnis errorum cohors Viam nocendi deserit. Gallo canente spes redit &c.

CHAPTER VIII.

In accordance with this request of Guṇáḍhya that heavenly tale consisting of seven stories was told by Káṇabhúti in his own language, and Guṇáḍhya for his part using the same Paiśácha language threw them into seven hundred thousand couplets in seven years; and that great poet, for fear that the Vidyádharas should steal his composition, wrote it with his own blood in the forest, not possessing ink. And so the Vidhyádharas, Siddhas and other demigods came to hear it, and the heaven above where Káṇabhúti was reciting, was, as it were, continually covered with a canopy. And Káṇabhúti, when he had seen that great tale composed by Guṇáḍhya, was released from his curse and went to his own place. There were also other Piśáchas that accompanied him in his wanderings: they too all of them attained heaven, having heard that heavenly tale. Then that great poet

* *I. e.*, Śiva.

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Guṇáḍhya began to reflect, "I must make this Great Tale* of mine current on the earth, for that is the condition that the goddess mentioned when she revealed how my curse would end. Then how shall I make it current? To whom shall I give it?" Then his two disciples that had followed him, one of whom was called Guṇadeva, and the other Nandideva said to him, "The glorious Sátaváhana alone is a fit person to give this poem to, for being a man of taste he will diffuse the poem far and wide, as the wind diffuses the perfume of the flower." "So be it," said Guṇáḍhya, and gave the book to those two accomplished disciples and sent them to that king with it; and went himself to that same Pratishṭhána, but remained outside the city in the garden planted by the goddess, where he arranged that they should meet him. And his disciples went and showed the poem to king Sátaváhana, telling him at the same time that it was the work of Guṇáḍhya. When he heard that Paiśácha language and saw that they had the appearance of Piśáchas, that king, led astray by pride of learning, said with a sneer, "The seven hundred thousand couplets are a weighty authority, but the Paiśácha language is barbarous, and the letters are written in blood; away with this Paiśácha tale." Then the two pupils took the book, and returned by the way which they came, and told the whole circumstance to Guṇáḍhya. Guṇáḍhya for his part, when he heard it, was immediately overcome with sorrow; who indeed is not inly grieved when scorned by a competent authority? Then he went with his disciples to a craggy hill at no great distance, in an unfrequented but pleasant spot, and first prepared a consecrated fire cavity. Then he took the leaves one by one, and after he had read them aloud to the beasts and birds, he flung them into the fire while his disciples looked on with tearful eyes. But he reserved one story, consisting of one hundred thousand couplets, containing the history of Naraváhanadatta, for the sake of his two disciples, as they particularly fancied it. And while he was reading out and burning that heavenly tale, all the deer, boars, buffaloes and other wild animals, came there, leaving the pasturage, and formed a circle around him, listening with tears in their eyes, unable to quit the spot.†

In the meanwhile king Sátaváhana fell sick. And the physicians said that his illness was due to eating meat wanting in nutritive qualities. And when the cooks were scolded for it, they said—"The hunters bring in to us flesh of this kind." And when the hunters were taken to task, they said,—"On a hill not very far from here there is a Bráhman reading, who throws into the fire every leaf as soon as he has read it; so all the animals go there and listen without ever grazing, they never wander anywhere else, consequently this flesh of theirs is wanting in nutritive properties on ac-

* Vṛihat Kathá.

† Compare the story of Orpheus.

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count of their going without food." When he heard this speech of the hunters he made them shew him the way, and out of curiosity went in person to see Guṇáḍhya, and he beheld him owing to his forest life overspread with matted locks, that looked like the smoke of the fire of his curse, that was almost extinguished.

Then the king recognized him as he stood in the midst of the weeping animals, and after he had respectfully saluted him, he asked him for an explanation of all the circumstances. That wise Bráhman then related to the king in the language of the demons his own history as Pushpadanta, giving an account of the curse and all the circumstances which originated the descent of the tale to earth. Then the king, discovering that he was an incarnation of a Gaṇa, bowed at his feet, and asked him for that celestial tale that had issued from the mouth of Śiva. Then Guṇáḍhya said to that king Sátaváhana; "O king I have burnt six tales containing six hundred thousand couplets; but here is one tale consisting of a hundred thousand couplets, take that:* and these two pupils of mine shall explain it to you." So spake Guṇáḍhya and took leave of the king, and then by strength of devotion laid aside his earthly body, and released from the curse ascended to his own heavenly home. Then the king took that tale which Guṇáḍhya had given, called Vṛihat Kathá, containing the adventures of Naraváhanadatta, and went to his own city. And there he bestowed on Guṇadeva and Nandideva, the pupils of the poet who composed that tale, lands, gold, garments, beasts of burden, palaces, and treasures. And having recovered the sense of that tale with their help, Sátaváhana composed the book named Kathápíṭha, in order to shew how the tale came to be first made known in the Paiśácha language. Now that tale was so full of various interest, that men were so taken up with it as to forget the tales of the gods, and after producing that effect in the city it attained uninterrupted renown in the three worlds.

* It is unnecessary to remind the reader of the story of the Sibyl.

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BOOK II.

CALLED KATHÁMUKHA.

This nectarous tale sprang in old time from the mouth of Śiva, set in motion by his love for the daughter of the Himálaya, as the nectar of immortality sprang from the sea, when churned by the mountain Mandara. Those who drink eagerly the nectar of this tale, have all impediments removed and gain prosperity, and by the favour of Śiva attain, while living upon earth, the high rank of gods.

CHAPTER IX.

May the water of Śiva's sweat, fresh from the embrace of Gaurí,* which the god of love when afraid of the fire of Śiva's eye, employs as his aqueous weapon, protect you.

Listen to the following tale of the Vidyádharas, which the excellent Gaṇa Pushpadanta heard on mount Kailása from the god of the matted locks, and which Káṇabhúti heard on the earth from the same Pushpadanta after he had become Vararuchi, and which Guṇádhya heard from Káṇabhúti, and Sátaváhana heard from Guṇádhya.

Story of Udayana king of Vatsa.

There is a land famous under the name of Vatsa, that appears as if it had been made by the Creator as an earthly rival to dash the pride of heaven. In the centre of it is a great city named Kauśámbí, the favourite dwelling-place of the goddess of prosperity; the ear-ornament, so to speak, of the earth. In it dwelt a king named Śatáníka, sprung from the Páṇḍava family, he was the son of Janamejaya, and the grandson of king Parikshit, who was the great-grandson of Abhimanyu. The first progenitor of his race was Arjuna, the might of whose strong arms was tested in a struggle with the mighty arms of Śiva;† his wife was the earth, and also Vish-

* *I. e.*, Durgá.

† I believe this refers to Arjuna's combat with the god when he had assumed the form of a Kiráta or mountaineer. Śiva is here called Tripurári, the enemy or destroyer of Tripura. Dr. Brockhaus renders it quite differently.

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ṇumatí his queen ; the first produced jewels, but the second did not produce a son. Once on a time, as that king was roaming about in his passion for the chase, he made acquaintance in the forest with the hermit Śándilya. That worthy sage finding out that the king desired a son, came to Kauśámbí and administered to his queen an artfully prepared oblation* consecrated with mystic verses. Then he had a son born to him called Sahasráníka. And his father was adorned by him as excellence is by modesty. Then in course of time Śatáníka made that son crown-prince and though he still enjoyed kingly pleasures, ceased to trouble himself about the cares of government. Then a war arose between the gods and Asuras, and Indra sent Mátali as a messenger to that king begging for aid. Then he committed his son and his kingdom to the care of his principal minister, who was called Yogandhara, and his Commander-in-chief, whose name was Supratíka, and went to Indra with Mátali to slay the Asuras in fight. That king, having slain many Asuras, of whom Yamadanshṭra was the chief, under the eyes of Indra, met death in that very battle. The king's body was brought back by Mátali, and the queen burnt herself with it, and the royal dignity descended to his son Sahasráníka. Wonderful to say, when that king ascended his father's throne, the heads of the kings on every side of his dominions were bent down with the weight. Then Indra sent Mátali, and brought to heaven that Sahasráníka, as being the son of his friend, that he might be present at the great feast which he was holding to celebrate his victory over his foes. There the king saw the gods, attended by their fair ones, sporting in the garden of Nandana, and desiring for himself a suitable wife, fell into low spirits. Then Indra, perceiving this desire of his, said to him ; "King, away with despondency, this desire of thine shall be accomplished. For there has been born upon the earth one, who was long ago ordained a suitable match for thee. For listen to the following history, which I now proceed to relate to thee.

"Long ago I went to the court of Brahmá in order to visit him, and a certain Vasu named Vidhúma followed me. While we were there, an Apsaras† named Alambushá came to see Brahmá, and her robe was blown aside by the wind. And the Vasu, when he beheld her, was overpowered by love, and the Apsaras too had her eyes immediately attracted by his form. The lotus-sprung god,‡ when he beheld that, looked me full in the face, and I, knowing his meaning, in wrath cursed those two, 'Be born, you two, shameless creatures, into the world of mortals, and there become man and

* Composed of rice, milk, sugar and spices.

† Certain female divinities who reside in the sky and are the wives of the Gandharvas. Monier Williams, *s. v.*

‡ Brahmá. He emerges from a lotus growing from the navel of Vishṇu.

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wife.' That Vasu has been born as thou, Sahasráníka, the son of Satáníka, an ornament to the race of the moon. And that Apsaras too has been born in Ayodhyá as the daughter of king Kṛitavarman, Mṛigávatí by name, she shall be thy wife." By these words of Indra the flame of love was fanned in the passionate* heart of the king and burst out into full blaze; as a fire when fanned by the wind. Indra then dismissed the king from heaven with all due honour in his own chariot, and he set out with Mátali† for his capital. But as he was starting, the Apsaras Tilottamá said to him out of affection, "King I have somewhat to say to thee, wait a moment." But he, thinking on Mṛigávatí, went off without hearing what she said, then Tilottamá in her rage cursed him; "King, thou shalt be separated for fourteen years from her who has so engrossed thy mind that thou dost not hear my speech." Now Mátali heard that curse, but the king, yearning for his beloved, did not. In the chariot he went to Kauśámbí but in spirit he went to Ayodhyá. Then the king told with longing heart, all that he had heard from Indra with reference to Mṛigávatí, to his ministers, Yogandhara and the others: and not being able to endure delay, he sent an ambassador to Ayodhyá to ask her father Kṛitavarman for the hand of that maiden. And Kṛitavarman having heard from the ambassador his commission, told in his joy the queen Kalávatí, and then she said to him—"King we ought certainly to give Mṛigávatí to Sahasráníka, and, I remember, a certain Bráhman told me this very thing in a dream"; then in his delight the king showed to the ambassador Mṛigávatí's wonderful skill in dancing, singing, and other accomplishments, and her matchless beauty; so the king Kṛitavarman gave to Sahasráníka that daughter of his who was unequalled as a mine of graceful arts, and who shone like an incarnation of the moon; that marriage of Sahasráníka and Mṛigávatí was one in which the good qualities of either party supplemented those of the other, and might be compared to the union of learning and intelligence.

Not long after sons were born to the king's ministers; Yogandhara had a son born to him named Yaugandharáyana; and Supratíka had a son born to him named Rumanvat. And to the king's master of the revels was born a son named Vasantaka. Then in a few days Mṛigávatí became slightly pale and promised to bear a child to king Sahasráníka. And then she asked the king, who was never tired of looking at her, to gratify her longing by filling a tank full of blood for her to bathe in. Accordingly the king, who was a righteous man, in order to gratify her desire, had a tank filled with the juice of lac and other red extracts, so that it seemed to be full of blood. And while she was bathing in that lake, and covered

* In the word *sasneha* there is probably a pun; *sneha* meaning love, and also oil.

† The charioteer of Indra.

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with red dye, a bird of the race of Garuḍa* suddenly pounced upon her and carried her off thinking she was raw flesh. As soon as she was carried away in some unknown direction by the bird, the king became distracted, and his self-command forsook him as if in order to go in search of her. His heart was so attached to his beloved that it was in very truth carried off by that bird, and thus he fell senseless upon the earth. As soon as he had recovered his senses, Mátali, who had discovered all by his divine power, descended through the air and came where the king was. He consoled the king, and told him the curse of Tilottamá with its destined end, as he had heard it long ago, and then he took his departure. Then the king tormented with grief lamented on this wise; "Alas my beloved, that wicked Tilottamá has accomplished her desire." But having learned the facts about the curse, and having received advice from his ministers, he managed, though with difficulty, to retain his life through hope of a future reunion.

But that bird, which had carried off Mṛigávatí, as soon as it found out that she was alive, abandoned her, and as fate would have it, left her on the mountain where the sun rises. And when the bird let her drop and departed, the queen, distracted with grief and fear, saw that she was left unprotected on the slope of a trackless mountain. While she was weeping in the forest, alone, with one garment only to cover her, an enormous serpent rose up and prepared to swallow her. Then she, for whom prosperity was reserved in the future, was delivered by some heavenly hero that came down and slew the serpent, and disappeared almost as soon as he was seen. Thereupon she, longing for death, flung herself down in front of a wild elephant, but even he spared her as if out of compassion. Wonderful was it that even a wild beast did not slay her when she fell in his way! Or rather it was not to be wondered at. What cannot the will of Śiva effect?

Then the girl tardy with the weight of her womb, desiring to hurl herself down from a precipice, and thinking upon that lord of hers, wept aloud; and a hermit's son, who had wandered there in search of roots and fruits, hearing that, came up, and found her looking like the in-

* This is the Roc or Rokh of Arabian romance, agreeing in the multiplicity of individuals as well as their propensity for raw flesh.

(See Sindbad's Voyages ed. Langlès, p. 149.) The latter characteristic, to the subversion of all poetical fancies, has acquired, it may be supposed, for the Adjutant (Ardea Argila) the name of Garuda. A *wundervogel* is the property of all people, and the Garuda of the Hindoos is represented by the Eorosh of the Zend, Simoorgh of the Persians, the Anka of the Arabs, the Kerkes of the Turks, the Kirni of the Japanese, the sacred dragon of the Chinese, the Griffin of Chivalry, the Phœnix of classical fable, the wise and ancient bird that sits upon the ash Yggdrasil of the Edda, and according to Faber with all the rest is a misrepresentation of the holy cherubim that guarded the gate of Paradise. Some writers have even traced the twelve knights of the round table to the twelve Rocs of Persian story. (Wilson's Essays, Vol. I, pp. 192, 193, note.)

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carnation of sorrow. And he, after questioning the queen about her adventures, and comforting her as well as he could, with a heart melted with compassion led her off to the hermitage of Jamadagni. There she beheld Jamadagni, looking like the incarnation of comfort, whose brightness so illumined the eastern mountain that it seemed as if the rising sun ever rested on it. When she fell at his feet, that hermit who was kind to all that came to him for help, and possessed heavenly insight, said to her who was tortured with the pain of separation; "Here there shall be born to thee, my daughter, a son that shall uphold the family of his father, and thou shalt be reunited to thy husband, therefore weep not." When that virtuous woman heard that speech of the hermit's, she took up her abode in that hermitage, and entertained hope of a reunion with her beloved. And some days after, the blameless one gave birth to a charmingly beautiful son, as association with the good produces good manners. At that moment a voice was heard from heaven; "an august king of great renown has been born, Udayana by name, and his son shall be monarch of all the Vidyádharas." That voice restored to the heart of Mṛigávatí joy which she had long forgotten. Gradually that boy grew up to size and strength in that grove of asceticism, accompanied by his own excellent qualities as playmates. And the heroic child had the sacraments appropriate to a member of the warrior-caste performed for him by Jamadagni, and was instructed by him in the sciences, and the practice of archery. And out of love for him Mṛigávatí drew off from her own wrist, and placed on his, a bracelet marked with the name of Sahasráníka. Then that Udayana roaming about once upon a time in pursuit of deer, beheld in the forest a snake that had been forcibly captured by a Śavara.* And he, feeling pity for the beautiful snake, said to that Śavara, "Let go this snake to please me." Then that Śavara said, "My lord, this is my livelihood, for I am a poor man, and I always maintain myself by exhibiting dancing snakes. The snake I previously had having died, I searched through this great wood, and, finding this one, overpowered him by charms and captured him." When he heard this, the generous Udayana gave that Śavara the bracelet which his mother had bestowed on him, and persuaded him to set the snake at liberty. The Śavara took the bracelet and departed, and then the snake being pleased with Udayana bowed before him and said as follows, "I am the eldest brother of Vásuki,† called Vasunemi: receive from me, whom thou hast preserved, this lute, sweet in the sounding of its strings, divided according to the division of the quarter-tones;

* A wild mountaineer. Dr. Bühler observes that the names of these tribes are used very vaguely in Sanskṛit story-books.

† Sovereign of the snakes.

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and betel leaf, together with the art of weaving unfading garlands, and adorning the forehead with marks that never become indistinct." Then Udayana furnished with all these, and dismissed by the snake, returned to the hermitage of Jamadagni, raining nectar, so to speak, into the eyes of his mother.

In the meanwhile that Śavara who had lighted on this forest, and while roaming about in it had obtained the bracelet from Udayana by the will of fate, was caught attempting to sell this ornament marked with the king's name in the market, and was arrested by the police, and brought up in court before the king. Then king Sahasráníka himself asked him in sorrow whence he had obtained the bracelet. Then that Śavara told him the whole story of his obtaining possession of the bracelet, beginning with his capture of the snake upon the eastern mountain. Hearing that from the Śavara, and beholding that bracelet of his beloved, king Sahasráníka ascended the swing of doubt.

Then a divine voice from heaven delighted the king who was tortured with the fire of separation, as the rain-drops delight the peacock when afflicted with the heat, uttering these words—"Thy curse is at an end, O king, and that wife of thine Mṛigávatí is residing in the hermitage of Jamadagni together with thy son." Then that day at last came to an end, though made long by anxious expectation, and on the morrow that king Sahasráníka, making the Śavara show him the way, set out with his army for that hermitage on the eastern mountain, in order quickly to recover his beloved wife.

CHAPTER X.

After he had gone a long distance the king encamped that day in a certain forest on the border of a lake. He went to bed weary, and in the evening he said to Sangataka a story-teller who had come to him on account of the pleasure he took in his service; "Tell me some tale that will gladden my heart, for I am longing for the joy of beholding the lotus-face of Mṛigávatí." Then Sangataka said, King why do you grieve without cause? The union with your queen, which will mark the termination of your curse, is nigh at hand. Human beings experience many unions and separations: and I will tell you a story to illustrate this; listen, my lord!

Story of Śridatta and Mṛigánkavatí.

Once on a time there lived in the country of Málava a Bráhman named Yajnasoma. And that good man had two sons born to him, beloved by men. One of them was known as Kálanemi and the second was named

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Vigatabhaya. Now, when their father had gone to heaven, those two brothers, having passed through the age of childhood, went to the city of Pátaliputra to acquire learning. And when they had completed their studies, their teacher Devaśarman gave them his own two daughters, like another couple of sciences incarnate in bodily form.

Then seeing that the householders around him were rich, Kálanemi through envy made a vow and propitiated the goddess of Fortune with burnt-offerings. And the goddess being satisfied appeared in bodily form and said to him—"Thou shalt obtain great wealth and a son who shall rule the earth; but at last thou shalt be put to death like a robber, because thou hast offered flesh in the fire with impure motives." When she had said this, the goddess disappeared; and Kálanemi in course of time became very rich; moreover after some days a son was born to him. So the father, whose desires were now accomplished, called that son Śrídatta,* because he had been obtained by the favour of the goddess of Fortune. In course of time Śrídatta grew up, and though a Bráhman, became matchless upon earth in the use of weapons, and in boxing and wrestling.

Then Kálanemi's brother Vigatabhaya went to a foreign land, having become desirous of visiting places of pilgrimage, through sorrow for his wife, who died of the bite of a snake.

Moreover the king of the land, Vallabhaśakti, who appreciated good qualities, made Śrídatta the companion of his son Vikramaśakti. So he had to live with a haughty prince, as the impetuous Bhíma lived in his youth with Duryodhana. Then two Kshatriyas, natives of Avanti, Báhuśálin and Vajramushṭi became friends of that Bráhman's. And some other men from the Deccan, sons of ministers, having been conquered by him in wrestling, resorted to him out of spontaneous friendship, as they knew how to value merit. Mahábala and Vyághrabhaṭa and also Upendrabala and a man named Nishṭhuraka became his friends. One day, as years rolled on, Śrídatta, being in attendance on the prince, went with him and those friends to sport on the bank of the Ganges; then the prince's own servants made him king, and at the same time Śrídatta was chosen king by his friends. This made the prince angry, and in over-weening confidence he at once challenged that Bráhman hero to fight. Then being conquered by him in wrestling, and so disgraced, he made up his mind that this rising hero should be put to death. But Śrídatta found out that intention of the prince's, and withdrew in alarm with those friends of his from his presence. And as he was going along, he saw in the middle of the Ganges a woman being dragged under by the stream, looking like the goddess of Fortune in the middle of the sea. And then he plunged in to pull her out of the water, leaving Báhuśálin and his five other friends on the bank. Then that woman,

* *I. e.*, given by Fortune.

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though he seized her by the hair, sank deep in the water; and he dived as deep in order to follow her. And after he had dived a long way, he suddenly saw a splendid temple of Śiva, but no water and no woman.* After beholding that wonderful sight, being wearied out he paid his adorations to the god with the bull-blazoned banner, and spent that night in a beautiful garden attached to the temple. And in the morning that lady was seen by him having come to worship the god Śiva, like the incarnate splendour of beauty attended by all womanly perfections. And after she had worshipped the god, the moon-faced one departed to her own house, and Śrídatta for his part followed her. And he saw that palace of hers resembling the city of the gods, which the haughty beauty entered hurriedly in a contemptuous manner. And without deigning to address him, the graceful lady sat down on a sofa in the inner part of the house, waited upon by thousands of women. And Śrídatta also took a seat near her; then suddenly that virtuous lady began to weep. The tear-drops fell in an unceasing shower on her bosom, and that moment pity entered into the heart of Śrídatta. And then he said to her, "Who art thou, and what is thy sorrow? Tell me, fair one, for I am able to remove it." Then she said reluctantly, "We are the thousand granddaughters of Bali† the king of the Daityas, and I am the eldest of all, and my name is Vidyutprabhá. That grandfather of ours was carried off by Vishṇu to long imprisonment, and the same hero slew our father in a wrestling-match. And after he had slain him, he excluded us from our own city, and he placed a lion in it to prevent us from entering. The lion occupies that place, and grief our hearts. It is a Yaksha that was made a lion by the curse of Kuvera, and long ago it was predicted that the Yaksha's curse should end when he was conquered by some mortal; so Vishṇu deigned to inform us on our humbly asking him how we might be enabled to enter our city. Therefore subdue that lion our enemy; it was for that reason, O hero, that I enticed you hither. And when you have overcome him you will obtain from him a sword named Mṛigánka, by the virtue of which you shall conquer the world and become a king." When he heard that, Śrídatta agreed to undertake the adventure, and after that day had passed, on the morrow he took those Daitya maidens with him as guides, and went to that city, and there he overcame in wrestling that haughty lion. He being freed from his curse

* Cp. the story of Sattvaśíla, which is the seventh tale in the Vetála Panchavinśati, and will be found in Chapter 81 of this work. Cp. also the story of Śaktideva in Book V. ch. 26, and Ralston's remarks on it in his Russian Folk-Tales, p. 99.

† Vishṇu assumed the form of a dwarf and appeared before Bali, and asked for as much land as he could step over. On Bali's granting it, Vishṇu dilating himself, in two steps deprived him of heaven and earth, but left the lower regions still in his dominion.

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assumed a human form, and out of gratitude gave his sword to the man who had put an end to his curse, and then disappeared together with the burden of the sorrow of the great Asura's daughter. Then that Śrídatta, together with the Daitya's daughter, who was accompanied by her younger sisters, entered that splendid city which looked like the serpent Ananta* having emerged from the earth. And that Daitya maiden gave him a ring that destroyed the effect of poison. Then that young man remaining there fell in love with her. And she cunningly said to him, "Bathe in this tank, and when you dive in, take with you this sword† to keep off the danger of crocodiles." He consented, and diving into the tank, rose upon that very bank of the Ganges from which he first plunged in. Then he, seeing the ring and the sword, felt astonishment at having emerged from the lower regions, and despondency at having been tricked by the Asura maid. Then he went towards his own house to look for his friends, and as he was going he saw on the way his friend Nishṭhuraka. Nishṭhuraka came up to him and saluted him, and quickly took him aside into a lonely place, and when asked by him for news of his relations, gave him this answer; "On that occasion when you plunged into the Ganges we searched for you many days, and out of grief we were preparing to cut off our heads, but a voice from heaven forbade that attempt of ours saying, 'My sons, do no rash act, your friend shall return alive.' And then we were returning into the presence of your father, when on the way a man hurriedly advanced to meet us and said this—'You must not enter this city at present, for the king of it Vallabhaśakti is dead, and the ministers have with one accord conferred the royal dignity on Vikramaśakti; now the day after he was made king he went to the house of Kálanemi, and full of wrath asked him where his son Śrídatta was, and he replied—'I do not know.' Then the king in a rage, supposing he had concealed his son, had him put to death by impalement as a thief. When his wife saw that, her heart broke. Men of cruel deeds must always pile one evil action upon another in long succession; and so Vikramaśakti is searching for Śrídatta to slay him, and you are his friends, therefore leave this place.' When the man had given us this warning, Báhuśálin and his four companions being grieved went by common consent to their own home in Ujjayiní. And they left me here in concealment, my friend, for your sake. So come, let us go to that very place to meet our friends." Having heard this from Nishṭhuraka, and having bewailed his parents, Śrídatta cast many a look at his sword, as if reposing in that his hope of vengeance; then the hero, biding his time, set out accompanied by Nishṭhuraka for that city of Ujjayiní in order to meet his friends.

* *Ananta*, endless, or infinite, is a name of the thousand-headed serpent Śesha.

† Reading *khadgam* for the *khadge* of Dr. Brockhaus's text.

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And as he was relating to his friend his adventures from the time of his plunging into the stream, Śrídatta beheld a woman weeping in the road; when she said, "I am a woman going to Ujjayiní and I have lost my way," Śrídatta out of pity made her journey along with him. He and Nishṭhuraka, together with that woman, whom he kept with him out of compassion, halted that day in a certain deserted town. There he suddenly woke up in the night and beheld that the woman had slain Nishṭhuraka, and was devouring his flesh with the utmost delight. Then he rose up drawing his sword Mṛigánka, and that woman assumed her own terrible form, that of a Rákshasí,* and he seized that night-wanderer by her hair, to slay her. That moment she assumed a heavenly shape and said to him, "Slay me not, mighty hero, let me go, I am not a Rákshasí; the hermit Viśvámitra imposed this condition on me by a curse. For once when he was performing austerities from a desire to attain the position of the god of wealth, I was sent by the god to impede him. Then finding that I was not able to seduce him with my alluring form, being abashed, I assumed in order to terrify him a formidable shape. When he saw this, that hermit laid on me a curse suitable to my offence, exclaiming—'Wicked one, become a Rákshasí and slay men.' And he appointed that my curse should end when you took hold of my hair; accordingly I assumed this detestable condition of a Rákshasí, and I have devoured all the inhabitants of this town; now to-day after a long time you have brought my curse to an end in the manner foretold; therefore receive now some boon." When he heard that speech of hers, Śrídatta said respectfully, "Mother grant that my friend may be restored to life. What need have I of any other boon?" "So be it," said she, and after granting the boon disappeared. And Nishṭhuraka rose up again alive without a scratch on his body. Then Śrídatta set out the next morning with him, delighted and astonished, and at last reached Ujjayiní. There he revived by his appearance the spirits of his friends, who were anxiously expecting him, as the arrival of the cloud revives the peacocks. And after he had told all the wonders of his adventures, Báhuśálin went through the usual formalities of hospitality, taking him to his own home. There Śrídatta was taken care of by the parents of Báhuśálin, and lived with his friends as comfortably as if he were in his own house.

Once on a time, when the great feast of spring-tide† had arrived, he went with his friends to behold some festal rejoicings in a garden. There he beheld a maiden, the daughter of king Bimbaki, who had come to see the show, looking like the goddess of the Splendour of Spring present in bodily form. She, by name Mṛigánkavatí, that moment penetrated into his heart, as if through the openings left by the expansion of his eye. Her

* Female demon. The Rákshasas are often called "night-wanderers."

† Or more literally of the month Chaitra, *i. e.*, March-April.

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passionate look too, indicative of the beginning of love, fixed on him, went and returned like a confidante. When she entered a thicket of trees, Srídatta not beholding her, suddenly felt his heart so empty that he did not know where he was. His friend Báhuśalin, who thoroughly understood the language of gestures, said to him, "My friend, I know your heart, do not deny your passion, therefore, come, let us go to that part of the garden where the king's daughter is." He consented and went near her accompanied by his friend. That moment a cry was heard there, which gave great pain to the heart of Srídatta, "Alas the princess has been bitten by a snake!" Báhuśálin then went and said to the chamberlain—"My friend here possesses a ring that counteracts the effects of poison, and also healing spells." Immediately the chamberlain came, and bowing at his feet, quickly led Srídatta to the princess. He placed the ring on her finger, and then muttered his spells so that she revived. Then all the attendants were delighted, and loud in praise of Srídatta, and the king Bimbaki hearing the circumstances came to the place. Accordingly Srídatta returned with his friends to the house of Báhuśálin without taking back the ring. And all the gold and other presents, which the delighted king sent to him there, he handed over to the father of Báhuśálin. Then, thinking upon that fair one, he was so much afflicted, that his friends became utterly bewildered as to what to do with him. Then a dear friend of the princess, Bhávaniká by name, came to him on pretence of returning the ring; and said to him, "That friend of mine, illustrious Sir, has made up her mind, that either you must save her life by becoming her husband, or she will be married to her grave." When Bhávaniká had said this, Srídatta and Báhuśálin and the others quickly put their heads together and came to the following resolution, "We will carry off this princess secretly by a stratagem, and will go unperceived from here to Mathurá and live there." The plan having been thoroughly talked over, and the conspirators having agreed with one another what each was to do in order to carry it out, Bhávaniká then departed. And the next day Báhuśálin, accompanied by three of his friends, went to Mathurá on pretext of trafficking, and as he went he posted in concealment at intervals swift horses for the conveyance of the princess. But Srídatta then brought at eventide a woman with her daughter into the palace of the princess, after making them both drink spirits, and then Bhávaniká, on pretence of lighting up the palace, set fire to it, and secretly conveyed the princess out of it; and that moment Srídatta, who was remaining outside, received her, and sent her on to Báhuśálin, who had started in the morning, and directed two of his friends to attend on her and also Bhávaniká. Now that drunken woman and her daughter were burnt in the palace of the princess, and people supposed that the princess had been burnt with her friend.

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But Śrídatta took care to show himself in the morning, as before, in the city; then on the second night, taking with him his sword Mṛigánka, he started to follow his beloved, who had set out before him. And in his eagerness he accomplished a great distance that night, and when the morning watch* had passed, he reached the Vindhya forest. There he first beheld unlucky omens, and afterwards he saw all those friends of his together with Bhávaniká lying in the road gashed with wounds. And when he came up all distracted, they said to him, "We were robbed to-day by a large troop of horsemen that set upon us. And after we were reduced to this state, one of the horsemen threw the terrified princess on his horse and carried her off. So before she has been carried to a great distance, go in this direction, do not remain near us, she is certainly of more importance than we." Being urged on with these words by his friends, Śrídatta rapidly followed after the princess, but could not help frequently turning round to look at them. And after he had gone a considerable distance, he caught up that troop of cavalry, and he saw a young man of the warrior caste in the midst of it. And he beheld that princess held by him upon his horse. So he slowly approached that young warrior; and when soft words would not induce him to let the princess go, he hurled him from his horse with a blow of his foot, and dashed him to pieces on a rock. And after he had slain him, he mounted on his horse and slew a great number of the other horsemen who charged him in anger. And then those who remained alive, seeing that the might which the hero displayed was more than human, fled away in terror; and Śrídatta mounted on the horse with the princess Mṛigánkavatí and set out to find those friends of his. And after he had gone a little way, he and his wife got off the horse which had been severely wounded in the fight, and soon after it fell down and died. And then his beloved Mṛigánkavatí, exhausted with fear and exertion, became very thirsty. And leaving her there, he roamed a long distance hither and thither, and while he was looking for water the sun set. Then he discovered that, though he had found water, he had lost his way, and he passed that night in the wood roaming about, moaning aloud like a Chakraváka.† And in the morning he reached that place, which was easy to recognise by the carcass of the horse. And nowhere there did he behold his beloved princess. Then in his distraction he placed his sword Mṛigánka on the ground, and climbed to the top of a tree, in order to cast his eye in all directions for her. That very moment a certain S'avara chieftain passed that way; and he came up and took the sword from the foot of the tree. Beholding that S'avara

* At nine o'clock in the morning.

† Anas Casarca, commonly called the Brahmany duck. The male has to pass the night separated from its female: if we are to trust the unanimous testimony of Hindu poets.

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chieftain, S'rídatta came down from the top of the tree, and in great grief asked him for news of his beloved. The S'avara chieftain said—"Leave this place and come to my village; I have no doubt she whom you seek has gone there; and I shall come there and return you this sword." When the S'avara chieftain urged him to go with these words, S'rídatta, being himself all eagerness, went to that village with the chief's men. And there those men said to him,—"Sleep off your fatigue,"—and when he reached the house of the chief of the village, being tired he went to sleep in an instant. And when he woke up he saw his two feet fastened with fetters, like the two efforts he had made in order to obtain his beloved, which failed to reach their object. Then he remained there weeping for his darling, who, like the course of destiny, had for a moment brought him joy, and the next moment blasted his hopes.

One day a serving maid of the name of Mochaniká came to him and said,—Illustrious Sir, unwittingly you have come hither to your death? For the S'avara chieftain has gone somewhither to accomplish certain weighty affairs, and when he returns, he will offer you to Chaṇḍiká.* For with that object he decoyed you here by a stratagem from this slope of the wild Vindhya hill, and immediately threw you into the chains in which you now are. And it is because you are intended to be offered as a victim to the goddess, that you are continually served with garments and food. But I know of only one expedient for delivering you, if you agree to it. This S'avara chieftain has a daughter named Sundarí, and she having seen you is becoming exceedingly love-sick; marry her who is my friend, then you will obtain deliverance.† When she said this to him, S'rídatta consented, desiring to be set at liberty, and secretly made that S'undarí his wife by the Gándharva form of marriage. And every night she removed his chains and in a short time Sundarí became pregnant. Then her mother, having heard the whole story from the mouth of Mochaniká, out of love for her son-in-law S'rídatta, went and of her own accord said to him—"My son, S'richaṇḍa the father of Sundarí is a wrathful man, and will show thee no mercy. Therefore depart, but thou must not forget Sundarí." When his mother-in-law had said this, she set him at liberty, and S'rídatta departed after telling Sundarí that the sword, which was in her father's possession, really belonged to himself.

So he again entered full of anxiety that forest, in which he had before wandered about, in order again to search for traces of Mṛigávatí. And having seen an auspicious omen he came to that same place, where that

* A name of Durgá. Cp. Prescott's account of the human sacrifices in Mexico, Vol. I pp. 62, 63.

† This incident reminds us of the fifth tale in Wright's Gesta Romanorum.

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horse of his died before, and whence his wife was carried off. And there he saw near* him a hunter coming towards him, and when he saw him he asked him for news of that gazelle-eyed lady. Then the hunter asked him "Are you Śrídatta?" and he sighing replied "I am that unfortunate man." Then that hunter said, "Listen, friend, I have somewhat to tell you. I saw that wife of yours wandering hither and thither lamenting your absence, and having asked her her story, and consoled her, moved with compassion I took her out of this wood to my own village. But when I saw the young Pulindas† there, I was afraid, and I took her to a village named Nágasthala near Mathurá. And then I placed her in the house of an old Bráhman named Viśvadatta commending her with all due respect to his care. And thence I came here having learnt your name from her lips. Therefore you had better go quickly to Nágasthala to search for her." When the hunter had told him this, Śrídatta quickly set out, and he reached Nágasthala in the evening of the second day. Then he entered the house of Viśvadatta and when he saw him said, "Give me my wife who was placed here by the hunter." Viśvadatta when he heard that, answered him, "I have a friend in Mathurá a Bráhman, dear to all virtuous men, the spiritual preceptor and minister of the king Śúrasena. In his care I placed your wife. For this village is an out-of-the-way place and would not afford her protection. So go to that city to-morrow morning, but to-day rest here." When Viśvadatta said this, he spent that night there, and the next morning he set off, and reached Mathurá on the second day. Being weary and dusty with the long journey, he bathed outside that city in the pellucid water of a lake. And he drew out of the middle of the lake a garment placed there by some robbers, not suspecting any harm. But in one corner of the garment, which was knotted up, a necklace was concealed.‡ Then Śrídatta took that garment, and in his eagerness to meet his wife did not notice the necklace, and so entered the city of Mathurá. Then the city police recognized the garment, and finding the necklace, arrested Śrídatta as a thief, and carried him off, and brought him before the chief magistrate exactly as he was found, with the garment in his possession; by him he was handed up to the king, and the king ordered him to be put to death.

Then, as he was being led off to the place of execution with the drum being beaten behind him,§ his wife Mṛigánkavati saw him in the distance. She went in a state of the utmost distraction and said to the chief minister, in whose house she was residing, "Yonder is my husband being led off

* Or it may mean "from a distance," as Dr. Brockhaus takes it.

† *Pulinda*, name of a savage tribe.

‡ A common way of carrying money in India at the present day.

§ Compare the last Scene of the Toy Cart in the 1st volume of Wilson's Hindu Theatre.

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to execution." Then that minister went and ordered the executioners to desist, and, by making a representation to the king, got Śrídatta pardoned, and had him brought to his house. And when Śrídatta reached his house, and saw that minister, he recognised him and fell at his feet, exclaiming, "What! is this my uncle Vigatabhaya, who long ago went to a foreign country, and do I now by good luck find him established in the position of a minister?" He too recognised to his astonishment Śrídatta as his brother's son, and embraced him, and questioned him about all his adventures. Then Śrídatta related to his uncle his whole history beginning with the execution of his father. And he, after weeping, said to his nephew in private, "Do not despond, my son, for I once brought a female Yaksha into subjection by means of magic; and she gave me, though I have no son, five thousand horses and seventy millions of gold pieces: and all that wealth is at your disposal." After telling him this, his uncle brought him his beloved, and he, having obtained wealth, married her on the spot. And then he remained there in joy, united with that beloved Mṛigánkavatí as a bed of white lotuses* with the night. But even when his happiness was at its full, anxiety for Báhuśálin and his companions clouded his heart, as a spot of darkness does the full moon. Now one day his uncle said secretly to Śrídatta: "my son, the king Śúrasena has a maiden daughter, and in accordance with his orders I have to take her to the land of Avanti to give her away in marriage; so I will take her away on that very pretext, and marry her to you. Then, when you have got possession of the force that follows her, with mine already at your disposal, you will soon gain the kingdom that was promised you by the goddess Śrí." Having resolved on this, and having taken that maiden, Śrídatta and his uncle set out with their army and their attendants. But as soon as they had reached the Vindhya forest, before they were aware of the danger, a large army of brigands set upon them showering arrows. After routing Śrídatta's force, and seizing all the wealth, they bound Śrídatta himself, who had fainted from his wounds, and carried him off to their village. And they took him to the awful temple of Durgá, in order to offer him up in sacrifice, and, as it were, summoned Death with the sound of their gongs. There Sundarí saw him, one of his wives, the daughter of the chief of the village, who had come with her young son to visit the shrine of the goddess. Full of joy she ordered the brigands, who were between her and her husband, to stand aside, and then Śrídatta entered her palace with her. Immediately Śrídatta obtained the sovereignty of that village, which Sundarí's father, having no son, bequeathed to her when he went to heaven. So Śrídatta recovered his wife and his sword Mṛigánka, and also his uncle and

* The esculent white lotus (Sanskrit *kumuda*) expands its petals at night, and closes them in the daytime.

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his followers, who had been overpowered by the robbers. And, while he was in that town, he married the daughter of S'úrasena, and became a great king there. And from that place he sent ambassadors to his two fathers-in-law, to Bimbaki, and king S'úrasena. And they, being very fond of their daughters, gladly recognised him as a connection, and came to him accompanied by the whole of their armies. And his friends Báhuśálin and the others, who had been separated from him, when they heard what had happened, came to him with their wounds healed and in good health. Then the hero marched, united with his fathers-in-law, and made that Vikramaśakti, who had put his father to death, a burnt-offering in the flame of his wrath. And then S'rídatta, having gained dominion over the sea-encircled earth, and deliverance from the sorrow of separation, joyed in the society of Mrigánkavatí. Even so, my king, do men of firm resolution cross the calamitous sea of separation and obtain prosperity.

After hearing this tale from Sangataka, the king Sahasráníka, though longing for the sight of his beloved one, managed to get through that night on the journey. Then, engrossed with his desire, sending his thoughts on before, in the morning Sahasráníka set out to meet his darling. And in a few days he reached that peaceful hermitage of Jamadagni, in which even the deer laid aside their wantonness. And there he beheld with reverence that Jamadagni, the sight of whom was sanctifying, like the incarnate form of penance, who received him hospitably. And the hermit handed over to him that queen Mṛigávatí with her son, regained by the king after long separation, like tranquillity accompanied with joy. And that sight which the husband and wife obtained of one another, now that the curse had ceased, rained, as it were, nectar into their eyes, which were filled with tears of joy. And the king embracing that son Udayana, whom he now beheld for the first time, could with difficulty let him go, as he was, so to speak, riveted to his body with his own hairs that stood erect from joy.* Then king Sahasráníka took his queen Mṛigávatí with Udayana, and, bidding adieu to Jamadagni, set out from that tranquil hermitage for his own city, and even the deer followed him as far as the border of the hermitage with tearful eyes. Beguiling the way by listening to the adventures of his beloved wife during the period of separation, and by relating his own, he at length reached the city of Kauśámbí, in which triumphal arches were erected and banners displayed. And he entered that city in company with his wife and child, being, so to speak, devoured† by the eyes of the citizens, that had the fringe of their lashes elevated. And immediately the king appointed his son Udayana crown-prince, being incited to it by his excellent qualities.

* In Sanskrit poetry horripilation is often said to be produced by joy. I have here inserted the words "from joy" in order to make the meaning clear.

† Literally drunk in.

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And he assigned to him as advisers the sons of his own ministers, Vasantaka and Rumaṇvat and Yaugandharáyaṇa. Then a rain of flowers fell, and a celestial voice was heard—"By the help of these excellent ministers, the prince shall obtain dominion over the whole earth." Then the king devolved on his son the cares of empire, and enjoyed in the society of Mṛigávatí the long-desired pleasures of the world. At last the desire of earthly enjoyment, beholding suddenly that old age, the harbinger of composure had reached the root of the king's ear,* became enraged and fled far from him. Then that king Sahasráníka established in his throne his excellent son Udayana,† whom the subjects loved so well, to ensure the world's prosperity, and accompanied by his ministers, and his beloved wife, ascended the Himálaya to prepare for the last great journey.

CHAPTER XI.

Then Udayana took the kingdom of Vatsa, which his father had bequeathed to him, and, establishing himself in Kauśámbí, ruled his subjects well. But gradually he began to devolve the cares of empire upon his ministers, Yaugandharáyana and others, and gave himself up entirely to pleasures. He was continually engaged in the chase, and day and night he played on the melodious lute which Vásuki‡ gave him long ago; and he subdued evermore infuriated wild elephants, overpowered by the fascinating spell of its strings' dulcet sound, and, taming them, brought them home. That king of Vatsa drank wine adorned by the reflection of the moon-faces of fair women, and at the same time robbed his minister's faces of their cheerful hue.§ Only one anxiety had he to bear, he kept thinking, "Nowhere is a wife found equal to me in birth and personal appearance, the maiden named Vásavadattá alone has a liking for me, but how is she to be obtained?" Chaṇḍamahásena also in Ujjayiní thought; "There is no suitable husband to be found for my daughter in the world, except one Udayana by name, and he has ever been my enemy. Then how can I make him my

* Alluding to his grey hairs. In all eastern stories the appearance of the first grey hair is a momentous epoch. The point of the whole passage consists in the fact that *jará*, old age, is feminine in form.

† There is a pun between the name of the king Udayana and prosperity (*udaya*).

‡ Not Vásuki, but his eldest brother.

§ *Chháyá* means "colour;" he drank their colour, *i. e.*, made them pale. It also means "reflection in the wine."

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son-in-law and my submissive ally? There is only one device which can effect it. He wanders about alone in the forest capturing elephants, for he is a king addicted to the vice of hunting; I will make use of this failing of his to entrap him and bring him here by a stratagem: and, as he is acquainted with music, I will make this daughter of mine his pupil, and then his eye will without doubt be charmed with her, and he will certainly became my son-in-law, and my obedient ally. No other artifice seems applicable in this case for making him submissive to my will." Having thus reflected, he went to the temple of Durgá, in order that his scheme might be blessed with success, and, after worship and praise, offered a prayer to the goddess. And there he heard a bodiless voice saying, "This desire of thine, O king, shall shortly be accomplished." Then he returned satisfied, and deliberated over that very matter with the minister Buddhadatta* saying—"That prince is elated with pride, he is free from avarice, his subjects are attached to him, and he is of great power, therefore he cannot be reached by any of the four usual expedients beginning with negotiation, nevertheless let negotiation be tried first.† Having thus deliberated, the king gave this order to an ambassador, "Go and give the king of Vatsa this message from me; 'My daughter desires to be thy pupil in music, if thou love us, come here and teach her.'" When sent off by the king with this message, the ambassador went and repeated it to the king of Vatsa in Kauśámbí exactly as it was delivered; and the king of Vatsa, after hearing this uncourteous message from the ambassador, repeated it in private to the minister Yaugandharáyana, saying "Why did that monarch send me that insolent message? What can be the villain's object in making such a proposal?" When the king asked him this question, the great minister Yaugandharáyana, who was stern to his master for his good, thus answered him; "Your reputation for vice‡ has shot up in the earth like a creeper, and this, O king, is its biting bitter fruit. For that king Chaṇḍa-mahásena, thinking that you are the slave of your passions, intends to ensnare you by means of his beautiful daughter, throw you into prison, and so make you his unresisting instrument. Therefore abandon kingly

* *i. e.*, given by Buddha.

† The four Upáyas or means of success are *sáman*, negotiation, which his pride would render futile, *dána*, giving, which appeals to avarice, *bheda*, sowing dissension, which would be useless where a king is beloved by his subjects, and *daṇḍa*, open force, of no use in the case of a powerful king like Udayana.

‡ The chief vices of kings denounced by Hindu writers on statecraft are: Hunting, gambling, sleeping in the day, calumny, addiction to women, drinking spirits, dancing, singing, and instrumental music, idle roaming, these proceed from the love of pleasure, others proceed from anger, *viz.*, tale-bearing, violence, insidious injury, envy, detraction, unjust seizure of property, abuse, assault. See Monier Williams s. v. *vyasana*

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vices, for kings that fall into them are easily captured by their enemies, even as elephants are taken in pits." When his minister had said this to him, the resolute king of Vatsa sent in return an ambassador to Chaṇḍamahásena with the following reply, "If thy daughter desires to become my pupil, then send her here." When he had sent this reply, that king of Vatsa said to his ministers—"I will march and bring Chaṇḍamahásena here in chains." When he heard that, the head minister Yaugandharáyana said—"That is not a fitting thing to do, my king, nor is it in thy power to do it. For Chaṇḍamahásena is a mighty monarch, and not to be subdued by thee. And in proof of this, hear his whole history, which I now proceed to relate to thee."

Story of king Chaṇḍamahásena.

There is in this land a city named Ujjayiní, the ornament of the earth, that, so to speak, laughs to scorn with its palaces of enamelled whiteness* Amarávatí, the city of the gods. In that city dwells S'iva himself, the lord of existence, under the form of Mahákála,† when he desists from the kingly vice of absenting himself on the heights of mount Kailása. In that city lived a king named Mahendravarman, best of monarchs, and he had a son like himself, named Jayasena. Then to that Jayasena was born a son named Mahásena, matchless in strength of arm, an elephant among monarchs. And that king, while cherishing his realm, reflected, "I have not a sword worthy of me, nor a wife of good family." Thus reflecting that monarch went to the temple of Durgá, and there he remained without food, propitiating for a long time the goddess. Then he cut off pieces of his own flesh, and offered a burnt-offering with them, whereupon the goddess Durgá being pleased appeared in visible shape and said to him, "I am pleased with thee, receive from me this excellent sword, by means of its magic power thou shalt be invincible to all thy enemies. Moreover thou shalt soon obtain as a wife Angáravatí, the daughter of the Asura Angáraka, the most beautiful maiden in the three worlds. And since thou didst here perform this very cruel penance, therefore thy name shall be Chaṇḍamahásena." Having said this and given him the sword, the goddess disappeared. But in the king there appeared joy at the fulfilment of his desire. He now possessed, O king, two jewels, his sword and a furious elephant named Naḍágiri, which were to him what the thunderbolt and Airávaṇa are to Indra. Then that king, delighting in the power of these two, one day went to a great forest to hunt; and there he

* *Sudhádhauta* may mean "white as plaster," but more probably here "whitened with plaster" like the houses in the European quarter of the "City of palaces."

† A *linga* of S'iva in Ujjayiní. S'iva is here compared to an earthly monarch subject to the *vyasana* of roaming. I take it, the poet means, Ujjayiní is a better place than Kailása.

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beheld an enormous and terrible wild boar; like the darkness of the night suddenly condensed into a solid mass in the day time. That boar was not wounded by the king's arrows, in spite of their sharpness, but after breaking the king's chariot* fled and entered a cavern. The king, leaving that car of his, in revengeful pursuit of the boar, entered into that cavern with only his bow to aid him. And after he had gone a long distance, he beheld a great and splendid capital, and astonished he sat down inside the city on the bank of a lake. While there, he beheld a maiden moving along, surrounded by hundreds of women, like the arrow of love that cleaves the armour of self-restraint. She slowly approached the king, bathing him, so to speak, again and again in a look, that rained in showers the nectar of love.† She said, "who art thou, illustrious sir, and for what reason hast thou entered our home on this occasion?" The king, being thus questioned by her, told her the whole truth; hearing which, she let fall from her eyes a passionate flood of tears, and from her heart all self-control. The king said, "Who art thou, and why dost thou weep?" When he asked her this question, she, being a prisoner to love at his will, answered him, "The boar that entered here is the Daitya Angáraka by name. And I am his daughter, O king, and my name is Angáravatí. And he is of adamantine frame, and has carried off these hundred princesses from the palaces of kings and appointed them to attend on me. Moreover this great Asura has become a Rákshasa owing to a curse, but to-day as he was exhausted with thirst and fatigue, even when he found you, he spared you. At present he has put off the form of a boar and is resting in his own proper shape, but when he wakes up from his sleep, he will without fail do you an injury. It is for this reason that I see no hope of a happy issue for you, and so these tear-drops fall from my eyes like my vital spirits boiled with the fire of grief." When he heard this speech of Angáravatí's the king said to her,—"If you love me, do this which I ask you. When your father awakes, go and weep in front of him, and then he will certainly ask you the cause of your agitation; then you must say—If some one were to slay thee, what would become of me?‡ This is the cause of

* Dr. Brockhaus translates it—*Stürzte den Wagen des Königs um.* Can *Syandana* mean horses, like *magni currus Achilli?* If so, *áhatya* would mean, having killed.

† *Rasa* means nectar, and indeed any liquid, and also emotion, passion. The pun is of course most intentional in the original.

‡ Cp. the story of Ohimé in the "Sicilianische Märchen" collected by Laura von Gonzenbach where Maruzza asks Ohimé how it would be possible to kill him. So in Indian Fairy Tales, collected by Miss Stokes, Hiralál Básá persuades Sonahrí Rání to ask his father where he kept his soul. Some interesting remarks on this subject will be found in the notes to this tale (Indian Fairy Tales, p. 260.) See also No. I, in Campbell's Tales of the Western Highlands, and Dr. Reinhold Köhler's remarks in Orient and Occident, Vol. II, p. 100. Cp. also Ralston's Russian Folk-Tales, pp. 80, 81 and 136.

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my grief. If you do this, there will be a happy issue both for you and me." When the king said this to her, she promised him that she would do what he wished. And that Asura maiden, apprehending misfortune, placed the king in concealment, and went near her sleeping father. Then the Daitya woke up, and she began to weep. And then he said to her, "Why do you weep, my daughter?" She with affected grief said to him, "If some one were to slay thee, what would become of me?" Then he burst out laughing and said;—"Who could possibly slay me, my daughter, for I am cased in adamant all over, only in my left hand is there an unguarded place, but that is protected by the bow." In these words the Daitya consoled his daughter, and all this was heard by the king in his concealment. Immediately afterwards the Dánava rose up and took his bath, and proceeded in devout silence to worship the god Śiva; at that moment the king appeared with his bow bent, and rushing up impetuously towards the Daitya, challenged him to fight. He, without interrupting his devout silence, lifted his left hand towards the king and made a sign that he must wait for a moment. The king for his part, being very quick of hand, immediately smote him with an arrow in that hand which was his vital part. And that great Asura Angáraka, being pierced in a vital spot, immediately uttered a terrible cry and fell on the ground, and exclaimed, as his life departed,—"If that man, who has slain me when thirsty, does not offer water to my manes every year, then his five ministers shall perish." After he had said this, that Daitya died, and the king, taking his daughter Angáravatí as a prize, returned to Ujjayiní. There the king Chaṇḍamahásena married that Daitya maiden, and two sons were born to him, the first named Gopálaka, and the second Pálaka; and when they were born, he held a feast in honour of Indra on their account. Then Indra, being pleased, said to that king in a dream, "By my favour thou shalt obtain a matchless daughter." Then in course of time a graceful daughter was born to that king, like a second and more wonderful shape of the moon made by the Creator. And on that occasion a voice was heard from heaven;—"She shall give birth to a son, who shall be a very incarnation of the god of love, and king of the Vidyádharas." Then the king gave that daughter the name of Vásavadattá, because she was given by Indra being pleased with him. And that maiden still remains unmarried in the house of her father, like the goddess of prosperity in the hollow cavity of the ocean before it was churned. That king Chaṇḍamahásena cannot indeed be conquered by you, O king, in the first place because he is so powerful, and in the next place because his realm is situated in a difficult country. Moreover he is ever longing to give you that daughter of his in marriage, but being a proud monarch, he desires the triumph of himself and his adherents. But, I think, you must certainly marry that Vásavadattá. When he heard this, that king of Vatsa immediately lost his heart to Vásavadattá.

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CHAPTER XII.

In the meanwhile the ambassador, sent by the king of Vatsa in answer to Chaṇḍamahásena's embassy, went and told that monarch his master's reply. Chaṇḍamahásena for his part, on hearing it, began to reflect—"It is certain that that proud king of Vatsa will not come here. And I cannot send my daughter to his court, such conduct would be unbecoming; so I must capture him by some stratagem and bring him here as a prisoner." Having thus reflected and deliberated with his ministers, the king had made a large artificial elephant like his own, and, after filling it with concealed warriors, he placed it in the Vindhya forest. There the scouts kept in his pay by the king of Vatsa, who was passionately fond of the sport of elephant-catching, discerned it from a distance;* and they came with speed and informed the king of Vatsa in these words: "O king, we have seen a single elephant roaming in the Vindhya forest, such that nowhere else in this wide world is his equal to be found, filling the sky with his stature, like a moving peak of the Vindhya range."

Then the king rejoiced on hearing this report from the scouts, and he gave them a hundred thousand gold pieces by way of reward. The king spent that night in thinking; "If I obtain that mighty elephant, a fit match for Naḍágiri, then that Chaṇḍamahásena will certainly be in my power, and then he will of his own accord give me his daughter Vásavadattá." So in the morning he started for the Vindhya forest, making these scouts shew him the way, disregarding, in his ardent desire to capture the elephant, the advice of his ministers. He did not pay any attention to the fact, that the astrologers said, that the position of the heavenly bodies at the moment of his departure portended the acquisition of a maiden together with imprisonment. When the king of Vatsa reached the Vindhya forest, he made his troops halt at a distance through fear of alarming that elephant, and accompanied by the scouts only, holding in his hand his melodious lute, he entered that great forest boundless as his own kingly vice. The king saw on the southern slope of the Vindhya range that elephant looking like a real one, pointed out to him by his scouts from a distance. He slowly approached it, alone, playing on his lute, thinking how he should bind it, and singing in melodious tones. As his mind was fixed on his

* They would not go near for fear of disturbing it. Wild elephants are timid, so there is more probability in this story, than in that of the Trojan horse. Even now scouts who mark down a wild beast in India, almost lose their heads with excitement.

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music, and the shades of evening were setting in, that king did not perceive that the supposed wild elephant was an artificial one. The elephant too for its part, lifting up its ears and flapping them, as if through delight in the music, kept advancing and then retiring, and so drew the king to a great distance. And then, suddenly issuing from that artificial elephant, a body of soldiers in full armour surrounded that king of Vatsa. When he beheld them, the king in a rage drew his hunting knife, but while he was fighting with those in front of him, he was seized by others coming up behind. And those warriors with the help of others, who appeared at a concerted signal, carried that king of Vatsa into the presence of Chaṇḍamahásena. Chaṇḍamahásena for his part came out to meet him with the utmost respect, and entered with him the city of Ujjayiní. Then the newly arrived king of Vatsa was beheld by the citizens, like the moon, pleasing to the eyes, though spotted with humiliation. Then all the citizens, suspecting that he was to be put to death, through regard for his virtues assembled and determined to commit suicide.* Then the king Chaṇḍamahásena put a stop to the agitation of the citizens, by informing them that he did not intend to put the monarch of Vatsa to death, but to win him over. So the king made over his daughter Vásavadattá on the spot to the king of Vatsa, to be taught music, and said to him—"Prince, teach this lady music; in this way you will obtain a happy issue to your adventure, do not despond." But when he beheld that fair lady, the mind of the king of Vatsa was so steeped in love that he put out of sight his anger: and her heart and mind turned towards him together; her eye was then averted through modesty, but her mind not at all. So the king of Vatsa dwelt in the concert-room of Chaṇḍamahásena's palace, teaching Vásavadattá to sing, with his eyes ever fixed on her. In his lap was his lute, in his throat the quarter-tone of vocal music, and in front of him stood Vásavadattá delighting his heart. And that princess Vásavadattá was devoted in her attentions to him, resembling the goddess of Fortune in that she was firmly attached to him, and did not leave him though he was a captive.

In the meanwhile the men who had accompanied the king returned to Kauśámbí, and the country, hearing of the captivity of the monarch, was thrown into a state of great excitement. Then the enraged subjects, out of love for the king of Vatsa, wanted to make a general† assault on Ujjayiní. But Rumaṇvat checked the impetuous fury of the subjects by telling them that Chaṇḍamahásena was not to be overcome by force, for he was a mighty monarch, and besides that an assault was not advisable, for it might endanger the safety of the king of Vatsa; but their object must be attained by policy. Then the calm and resolute Yaugandharáyaṇa, seeing that the

* *I. e.*, they sat in Dharna outside the door of the palace.

† Perhaps we should read *samantatah*, one word.

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country was loyal, and would not swerve from its allegiance, said to Rumaṇvat and the others; "All of you must remain here, ever on the alert; you must guard this country, and when a fit occasion comes you must display your prowess; but I will go accompanied by Vasantaka only, and will without fail accomplish by my wisdom the deliverance of the king and bring him home. For he is a truly firm and resolute man whose wisdom shines forth in adversity, as the lightning flash is especially brilliant during pelting rain. I know spells for breaking through walls, and for rending fetters, and receipts for becoming invisible, serviceable at need." Having said this, and entrusted to Rumaṇvat the care of the subjects, Yaugandharáyaṇa set out from Kauśámbí with Vasantaka. And with him he entered the Vindhya forest, full of life* like his wisdom, intricate and trackless as his policy. Then he visited the palace of the king of the Pulindas, Pulindaka by name, who dwelt on a peak of the Vindhya range, and was an ally of the king of Vatsa. He first placed him, with a large force at his heels, in readiness to protect the king of Vatsa when he returned that way, and then he went on accompanied by Vasantaka and at last arrived at the burning-ground of Mahákála in Ujjayiní, which was densely tenanted by vampires† that smelt of carrion, and hovered hither and thither, black as night, rivalling the smoke-wreaths of the funeral pyres. And there a Bráhman-Rákshasa of the name of Yogeśvara immediately came up to him, delighted to see him, and admitted him into his friendship; then Yaugandharáyaṇa by means of a charm, which he taught him, suddenly altered his shape. That charm immediately made him deformed, hunch-backed, and old, and besides gave him the appearance of a madman, so that he produced loud laughter in those who beheld him. And in the same way Yaugandharáyaṇa, by means of that very charm, gave Vasantaka a body full of outstanding veins, with a large stomach, and an ugly mouth with projecting teeth; then he sent Vasantaka on in front to the gate of the king's palace, and entered Ujjayiní with such an appearance as I have described. There he, singing and dancing, surrounded by Bráhman boys, beheld with curiosity by all, made his way to the king's palace. And there he excited by that behaviour the curiosity of the king's wives, and was at

* *Sattva*, when applied to the forest, means animal, when applied to wisdom, it means excellence.

† *Vetála* is especially used of a goblin that tenants dead bodies. See Colonel R. Burton's Tales of Vikramáditya and the Vampire. They will be found in the 12th book of this work. In the Vth Chapter of Ralston's Russian Folk-Tales will be found much interesting information with regard to the Slavonic superstitions about Vampires. They resemble very closely those of the Hindus. See especially p. 311. "At cross-roads, or in the neighbourhood of cemeteries, an animated corpse of this description often lurks, watching for some unwary traveller whom it may be able to slay and eat."

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last heard of by Vásavadattá. She quickly sent a maid and had him brought to the concert-room. For youth is twin-brother to mirth. And when Yaugandharáyaṇa came there and beheld the king of Vatsa in fetters, though he had assumed the appearance of a madman, he could not help shedding tears. And he made a sign to the king of Vatsa, who quickly recognized him, though he had come in disguise. Then Yaugandharáyaṇa by means of his magic power made himself invisible to Vásavadattá and her maids. So the king alone saw him, and they all said with astonishment, "that maniac has suddenly escaped somewhere or other." Then the king of Vatsa hearing them say that, and seeing Yaugandharáyaṇa in front of him, understood that this was due to magic, and cunningly said to Vásavadattá; "Go my good girl, and bring the requisites for the worship of Sarasvatí." When she heard that, she said, "So I will," and went out with her companions. Then Yaugandharáyaṇa approached the king and communicated to him, according to the prescribed form, spells for breaking chains; and at the same time he furnished him with other charms for winning the heart of Vásavadattá, which were attached to the strings of the lute; and informed him that Vasantaka had come there and was standing outside the door in a changed form, and recommended him to have that Bráhman summoned to him; at the same time he said—"When this lady Vásavadattá shall come to repose confidence in you, then you must do what I tell you, at the present remain quiet." Having said this, Yaugandharáyaṇa quickly went out, and immediately Vásavadattá entered with the requisites for the worship of Sarasvatí. Then the king said to her, "There is a Bráhman standing outside the door, let him be brought in to celebrate this ceremony in honour of Sarasvatí, in order that he may obtain a sacrificial fee." Vásavadattá consented, and had Vasantaka, who wore a deformed shape, summoned from the door into the music-hall. And when he was brought and saw the king of Vatsa, he wept for sorrow, and then the king said to him, in order that the secret might not be discovered, "O Bráhman, I will remove all this deformity of thine produced by sickness; do not weep, remain here near me." And then Vasantaka said—"It is a great condescension on thy part, O king." And the king seeing how he was deformed could not keep his countenance. And when he saw that, Vasantaka guessed what was in the king's mind, and laughed so that the deformity of his distorted face was increased; and thereupon Vásavadattá, beholding him grinning like a doll, burst out laughing also, and was much delighted; then the young lady asked Vasantaka in fun the following question: "Bráhman, what science are you familiar with, tell us?" So he said, "Princess, I am an adept at telling tales." Then she said "Come, tell me a tale." Then in order to please that princess, Vasantaka told the following tale, which was charming by its comic humour and variety.

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Story of Rúpiṇiká.

There is in this country a city named Mathurá, the birthplace of Kṛishṇa, in it there was a *hetæra* known by the name of Rúpiṇiká; she had for a mother an old *kuṭṭiní* named Makaradanshṭrá, who seemed a lump of poison in the eyes of the young men attracted by her daughter's charms. One day Rúpiṇiká went at the time of worship to the temple to perform her duty,* and beheld from a distance a young man. When she saw that handsome young fellow, he made such an impression upon her heart, that all her mother's instructions vanished from it. Then she said to her maid, "Go and tell this man from me, that he is to come to my house to-day." The maid said, "So I will," and immediately went and told him. Then the man thought a little and said to her; "I am a Bráhman named Lohajangha; I have no wealth; then what business have I in the house of Rúpiṇiká which is only to be entered by the rich." The maid said,—"My mistress does not desire wealth from you,"—whereupon Lohajangha consented to do as she wished. When she heard that from the maid, Rúpiṇiká went home in a state of excitement, and remained with her eyes fixed on the path by which he would come. And soon Lohajangha came to her house, while the *kuṭṭiní* Makaradanshṭrá looked at him, and wondered where he came from. Rúpiṇiká, for her part, when she saw him, rose up to meet him herself with the utmost respect, and clinging to his neck in her joy, led him to her own private apartments. Then she was captivated with Lohajangha's wealth of accomplishments, and considered that she had been only born to love him. So she avoided the society of other men, and that young fellow lived with her in her house in great comfort. Rúpiṇiká's mother, Makaradanshṭrá, who had trained up many *hetæræ*, was annoyed when she saw this, and said to her in private; "My daughter, why do you associate with a poor man? *Hetæræ* of good taste embrace a corpse in preference to a poor man. What business has a *hetæra* like you with affection? How have you come to forget that great principle? The light of a red† sunset lasts but a short time, and so does the splendour of a *hetæra* who gives way to affection. A *hetæra*, like an actress, should exhibit an assumed affection in order to get wealth; so forsake this pauper, do not ruin yourself." When she heard this speech of her mother's, Rúpiṇiká said in a rage, "Do not talk in this way, for I love him more than my life. And as for wealth, I have plenty, what do I want with more? So you must not speak to me again, mother, in this way." When she heard this, Makaradanshṭrá was in a rage, and she remained thinking over some device for getting rid of this Lohajangha. Then she saw coming along the road a certain Rájpút, who had spent all his wealth, surrounded by retainers with

* Such people dance in temples I believe.

† *Ráginí* means affectionate and also red.

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swords in their hands. So she went up to him quickly and taking him aside, said—"My house is beset by a certain poor lover. So come there yourself to-day, and take such order with him that he shall depart from my house, and do you possess my daughter." "Agreed," said the Rájpút, and entered that house. At that precise moment Rúpiṇiká was in the temple, and Lohajangha meanwhile was absent somewhere, and suspecting nothing, he returned to the house a moment afterwards. Immediately the retainers of the Rájpút ran upon him, and gave him severe kicks and blows on all his limbs, and then they threw him into a ditch full of all kinds of impurities, and Lohajangha with difficulty escaped from it. Then Rúpiṇiká returned to the house, and when she heard what had taken place, she was distracted with grief, so the Rájpút, seeing that, returned as he came.

Lohajangha, after suffering this brutal outrage by the machinations of the *kuṭṭiní*, set out for some holy place of pilgrimage, in order to leave his life there, now that he was separated from his beloved. As he was going along in the wild country,* with his heart burning with anger against the *kuṭṭiní*, and his skin with the heat of the summer, he longed for shade. Not being able to find a tree, he lighted on the body of an elephant, which had been stripped of all its flesh† by jackals making their way into it by the hind-quarters; accordingly Lohajangha being worn out crept into this carcase, which was a mere shell, as only the skin remained, and went to sleep in it, as it was kept cool by the breeze which freely entered. Then suddenly clouds arose from all sides, and began to pour down a pelting shower of rain; that rain made the elephant's skin contract so that no aperture was left, and immediately a copious inundation came that way, and carrying off the elephant's hide swept it into the Ganges; so eventually the inundation bore it into the sea. And there a bird of the race of Garuḍa saw that hide, and supposing it to be carrion, took it to the other side of the sea; there it tore open the elephant's hide with its claws, and, seeing that there was a man inside it, fled away. But Lohajangha was awaked by the bird's pecking and scratching, and came out through the aperture made by its beak. And finding that he was on the other side of the sea, he was astonished, and looked upon the whole thing as a day-dream; then he saw there to his terror two horrible Rákshasas, and those two for their part contemplated him from a distance with feelings of fear. Remem-

* *Ataví* is generally translated "forest." I believe the English word "forest" does not necessarily imply trees, but it is perhaps better to avoid it here.

† For the *vritam* of the text I read *kritam*. Cp. this incident with Joseph's adventure in the 6th story of the Sicilianische Märchen. He is sewn up in a horse's skin, and carried by ravens to the top of a high mountain. There he stamps and finds a wooden trap-door under his feet. In the notes Dr. Köhler refers to this passage, Campbell No. 44, the Story of Sindbad and other parallels,

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bering how they were defeated by Ráma, and seeing that Lohajangha was also a man who had crossed the sea, they were once more alarmed in their hearts. So, after they had deliberated together, one of them went off immediately and told the whole occurrence to king Vibhíshaṇa; king Vibhíshaṇa too, as he had seen the prowess of Ráma, being terrified at the arrival of a man, said to that Rákshasa; "Go, my good friend, and tell that man from me in a friendly manner, that he is to do me the favour of coming to my palace." The Rákshasa said, "I will do so," and timidly approached Lohajangha, and told him that request of his sovereign's. Lohajangha for his part accepted that invitation with unruffled calm, and went to Lanká with that Rákshasa and his companion. And when he arrived in Lanká, he was astonished at beholding numerous splendid edifices of gold, and entering the king's palace, he saw Vibhíshaṇa. The king welcomed the Bráhman who blessed him in return, and then Vibhishaṇa said, "Bráhman, how did you manage to reach this country?" Then the cunning Lohajangha said to Vibhíshaṇa—"I am a Bráhman of the name of Lohajangha residing in Mathurá; and I, Lohajangha being afflicted at my poverty, went to the temple of the god, and remaining fasting, for a long time performed austerities in the presence of Náráyaṇa.* Then the adorable Hari* commanded me in a dream, saying, 'Go thou to Vibhíshaṇa, for he is a faithful worshipper of mine, and he will give thee wealth.' Then, I said, 'Vibhíshaṇa is where I cannot reach him'—but the lord continued, 'To-day shalt thou see that Vibhíshaṇa.' So the lord spake to me, and immediately I woke up and found myself upon this side of the sea. I know no more." When Vibhíshaṇa heard this from Lohajangha, reflecting that Lanká was a difficult place to reach, he thought to himself—"Of a truth this man possesses divine power." And he said to that Bráhman,—"Remain here, I will give you wealth." Then he committed him to the care of the man-slaying Rákshasas as an inviolable deposit; and sent some of his subjects to a mountain in his kingdom called Swarṇamúla, and brought from it a young bird belonging to the race of Garuḍa; and he gave it to that Lohajangha, (who had to take a long journey to Mathurá,) to ride upon, in order that he might in the meanwhile break it in. Lohajangha for his part mounted on its back, and riding about on it in Lanká, rested there for some time, being hospitably entertained by Vibhíshaṇa.

One day he asked the king of the Rákshasas, feeling curiosity on the point, why the whole ground of Lanká was made of wood; and Vibhíshaṇa when he heard that, explained the circumstance to him, saying, "Bráhman, if you take any interest in this matter, listen, I will explain it to you. Long ago Garuḍa the son of Kaśyapa, wishing to redeem his mother from her slavery to the snakes, to whom she had been subjected in accordance

* Names of Vishṇu, who became incarnate in the hero Kṛishṇa.

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with an agreement,* and preparing to obtain from the gods the nectar which was the price of her ransom, wanted to eat something which would increase his strength, and so he went to his father, who being importuned said to him, "My son, in the sea there is a huge elephant, and a huge tortoise. They have assumed their present forms in consequence of a curse: go and eat them." Then Garuḍa went and brought them both to eat, and then perched on a bough of the great wishing-tree of paradise. And when that bough suddenly broke with his weight, he held it up with his beak, out of regard to the Bálakhilyas† who were engaged in austerities underneath it. Then Garuḍa, afraid that the bough would crush mankind, if he let it fall at random, by the advice of his father brought the bough to this uninhabited part of the earth, and let it drop. Lanká was built on the top of that bough, therefore the ground here is of wood." When he heard this from Vibhíshaṇa, Lohajangha was perfectly satisfied.

Then Vibhíshaṇa gave to Lohajangha many valuable jewels, as he desired to set out for Mathurá. And out of his devotion to the god Vishṇu, who dwells at Mathurá, he entrusted to the care of Lohajangha a lotus, a club, a shell, and a discus all of gold, to be offered to the god; Lohajangha took all these. and mounted the bird given to him by Vibhíshaṇa, that could accomplish a hundred thousand *yojanas*,‡ and rising up into the air in Lanká, he crossed the sea and without any difficulty arrived at Mathurá. And there he descended from the air in an empty convent outside the town, and deposited there his abundant treasure, and tied up that bird. And then he went into the market and sold one of his jewels, and bought garments and scented unguents, and also food. And he ate the food in that convent where he was, and gave some to his bird; and he adorned himself with the garments, unguents, flowers and other decorations. And when night came, he mounted that same bird and went to the house of Rúpiṇiká, bearing in his hand the shell, discus and mace; then he hovered over it in the air, knowing the place well, and made a low deep sound, to attract the attention of his beloved, who was alone. But Rúpiṇiká, as soon as she heard that sound, came out, and saw hovering in the air by night a being like Náráyana, gleaming with jewels. He said to her, "I am Hari come hither for thy sake;" whereupon she bowed with her face to the earth and said—

* See Chapter 22 śl. 181 and ff. Kaśyapa's two wives disputed about the colour of the sun's horses. They agreed that whichever was in the wrong should become a slave to the other. Kadrú, the mother of the snakes, won by getting her children to darken the horses. So Garuḍa's mother Vinatá became a slave.

† Divine personages of the size of a thumb; sixty thousand were produced from Brahmá's body and surrounded the chariot of the sun.

‡ A *yojana* is probably 9 miles, some say 2½, some 4 or 5. See Monier Williams *s. v.*

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"May the god have mercy upon me!" Then Lohajangha descended and tied up his bird, and entered the private apartments of his beloved hand in hand with her. And after remaining there a short time, he came out, and mounting the bird as before, went off through the air.* In the morning Rúpiṇiká remained observing an obstinate silence, thinking to herself—"I am the wife of the god Vishṇu, I must cease to converse with mortals." And then her mother Makaradanshṭrá said to her,—"Why do you behave in this way, my daughter?" And after she had been perseveringly questioned by her mother, she caused to be put up a curtain between herself and her parent, and told her what had taken place in the night, which was the cause of her silence. When the *kuṭṭiní* heard that, she felt doubt on the subject, but soon after at night she saw that very Lohajangha mounted on the bird, and in the morning Makaradanshṭrá came secretly to Rúpiṇiká, who still remained behind the curtain, and inclining herself humbly, preferred to her this request; "Through the favour of the god, thou, my daughter, hast obtained here on earth the rank of a goddess, and I am thy mother in this world, therefore grant me a reward for giving thee birth; entreat the god that, old as I am, with this very body I may enter Paradise; do me this favour." Rúpiṇiká consented and requested that very boon from Lohajangha, who came again at night disguised as Vishṇu. Then Lohajangha, who was personating the god, said to that beloved of his—"Thy mother is a wicked woman, it would not be fitting to take her openly to Paradise, but on the morning of the eleventh day the door of heaven is opened, and many of the Gaṇas, Śiva's companions, enter into it before any one else is admitted. Among them I will introduce this mother of thine, if she assume their appearance. So, shave her head with a razor, in such a manner that five locks shall be left, put a necklace of sculls round her neck, and stripping off her clothes, paint one side of her body with lamp-black, and the other with red lead,† for when she has in this way been made to resemble a Gaṇa, I shall find it an easy matter to get her into heaven." When he had said this, Lohajangha remained a short time, and then departed. And in the morning Rúpiṇiká attired her mother as he had directed; and then she remained with her mind entirely fixed on Paradise. So, when night came, Lohajangha appeared again, and Rúpiṇiká handed over her mother to

* Compare the 5th story in the first book of the Panchatantra, in Benfey's translation.

Benfey shews that this story found its way into Mahometan collections, such as the Thousand and one Nights, and the Thousand and one Days, as also into the Decamerone of Boccaccio, and other European story-books, Vol. I, p. 159, and ff.

The story, as given in the Panchatantra, reminds us of the Squire's Tale in Chaucer.

† Thus she represented the Arddhanáríśvara, or Śiva half male, and half female, which compound figure is to be painted in this manner.

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him. Then he mounted on the bird, and took the *kuṭṭiní* with him naked, and transformed as he had directed, and he flew up rapidly with her into the air. While he was in the air, he beheld a lofty stone pillar in front of a temple, with a discus on its summit. So he placed her on the top of the pillar, with the discus as her only support,* and there she hung like a banner to blazon forth his revenge for his ill-usage. He said to her—"Remain here a moment while I bless the earth with my approach," and vanished from her sight. Then beholding a number of people in front of the temple, who had come there to spend the night in devout vigils before the festive procession, he called aloud from the air—"Hear, ye people, this very day there shall fall upon you here the all-destroying goddess of Pestilence, therefore fly to Hari for protection." When they heard this voice from the air, all the inhabitants of Mathurá who were there, being terrified, implored the protection of the god, and remained devoutly muttering prayers to ward off calamity. Lohajangha, for his part, descended from the air, and encouraged them to pray, and after changing that dress of his, came and stood among the people, without being observed. The *kuṭṭiní* thought, as she sat upon the top of the pillar,—"the god has not come as yet, and I have not reached heaven." At last feeling it impossible to remain up there any longer, she cried out in her fear, so that the people below heard; "Alas! I am falling, I am falling." Hearing that, the people in front of the god's temple were beside themselves, fearing that the destroying goddess was falling upon them, even as had been foretold, and said, "O goddess, do not fall, do not fall." So those people of Mathurá, young and old, spent that night in perpetual dread that the destroying goddess would fall upon them, but at last it came to an end; and then beholding that *kuṭṭiní* upon the pillar in the state described,† the citizens and the king recognized her at once; all the people thereupon forgot their alarm, and burst out laughing, and Rúpiṇiká herself at last arrived having heard of the occurrence. And when she saw it, she was abashed, and with the help of the people, who were there, she managed to get that mother of hers down from the top of the pillar immediately: then that *kuṭṭiní* was asked by all the people there, who were filled with curiosity, to tell them the whole story, and she

* She held on to it by her hands.

† Wilson remarks that this presents some analogy to the story in the Decamerone (Nov. 7 Gior. 8) of the scholar and the widow "la quale egli con un suo consiglio, di mezzo Luglio, ignuda, tutto un dí fa stare in su una torre." It also bears some resemblance to the story of the Master Thief in Thorpe's Yule-tide Stories, page 272. The Master thief persuades the priest that he will take him to heaven. He thus induces him to get into a sack, and then he throws him into the goose-house, and when the geese peck him, tells him that he is in purgatory. The story is Norwegian. See also Sir G. W. Cox's Mythology of the Aryan Nations, Vol. 1. p. 127.

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did so. Thereupon the king, the Bráhmans, and the merchants, thinking that that laughable incident must have been brought about by a sorcerer or some person of that description, made a proclamation, that whoever had made a fool of the *kuṭṭiní*, who had deceived innumerable lovers, was to shew himself, and he would receive a turban of honour on the spot. When he heard that, Lohajangha made himself known to those present, and being questioned, he related the whole story from its commencement. And he offered to the god the discus, shell, club, and lotus of gold, the present which Vibhíshaṇa had sent, and which aroused the astonishment of the people. Then all the people of Mathurá, being pleased, immediately invested him with a turban of honour, and by the command of the king, made that Rúpiṇiká a free woman. And then Lohajangha, having wreaked upon the *kuṭṭiní* his wrath caused by her ill-usage of him, lived in great comfort in Mathurá with that beloved of his, being very well off by means of the large stock of jewels which he brought from Lanká.

Hearing this tale from the mouth of the transformed Vasantaka, Vásavadattá who was sitting at the side of the fettered king of Vatsa, felt extreme delight in her heart.

CHAPTER XIII.

As time went on, Vásavadattá began to feel a great affection for the king of Vatsa, and to take part with him against her father. Then Yaugandharáyaṇa again came in to see the king of Vatsa, making himself invisible to all the others, who were there. And he gave him the following information in private in the presence of Vasantaka only; "King, you were made captive by king Chaṇḍamahásena by means of an artifice. And he wishes to give you his daughter, and set you at liberty, treating you with all honour; so let us carry off his daughter and escape. For in this way we shall have revenged ourselves upon the haughty monarch, and we shall not be thought lightly of in the world for want of prowess. Now the king has given that daughter of his, Vásavadattá, a female elephant called Bhadravatí. And no other elephant but Naḍágiri is swift enough to catch her up, and he will not fight when he sees her. The driver of this elephant is a man here called Ashádhaka, and him I have won over to our side by giving him much wealth. So you must mount that elephant with Vásavadattá, fully armed, and start from this place secretly by night. And you must have the superintendent of the royal elephants here made drunk with wine, in order that he may not perceive what is about to take place, for he

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understands every sign that elephants give. I, for my part, will first repair to your ally Pulindaka in order that he may be prepared to guard the road by which you escape." When he had said this, Yaugandharáyaṇa departed. So the king of Vatsa stored up all his instructions in his heart; and soon Vásavadattá came to him. Then he made all kinds of confidential speeches to her, and at last told her what Yaugandharáyaṇa had said to him. She consented to the proposal, and made up her mind to start, and causing the elephant driver Áshádhaka to be summoned, she prepared his mind for the attempt, and on the pretext of worshipping the gods, she gave the superintendent of the elephants, with all the elephant drivers, a supply of spirits, and made them drunk. Then in the evening, which was disturbed with the echoing roar of clouds,* Áshádhaka brought that female elephant ready harnessed, but she, while she was being harnessed, uttered a cry, which was heard by the superintendent of the elephants, who was skilled in elephants' language; and he faltered out in a voice indistinct from excessive intoxication,—"the female elephant says, she is going sixty-three *yojanas* to-day." But his mind in his drunken state was not capable of reasoning, and the elephant-drivers, who were also intoxicated, did not even hear what he said. Then the king of Vatsa broke his chains by means of the charms, which Yaugandharáyaṇa had given him, and took that lute of his, and Vásavadattá of her own accord brought him his weapons, and then he mounted the female elephant with Vasantaka. And then Vásavadattá mounted the same elephant with her friend and confidante Káncanamálá; then the king of Vatsa went out from Ujjayiní with five persons in all, including himself and the elephant-driver, by a path which the infuriated elephant clove through the rampart.

And the king attacked and slew the two warriors who guarded that point, the Rájpúts Vírabáhu and Tálabhaṭa. Then the monarch set out rapidly on his journey in high spirits, mounted on the female elephant, together with his beloved, Áshádhaka holding the elephant-hook; in the meanwhile in Ujjayiní the city-patrol beheld those guards of the rampart lying dead, and in consternation reported the news to the king at night. Chaṇḍamahásena enquired into the matter, and found out at last that the king of Vatsa had escaped, taking Vásavadattá with him. Then the alarm spread through the city, and one of his sons named Pálaka mounted Naḍágiri and pursued the king of Vatsa. The king of Vatsa for his part, combated him with arrows as he advanced, and Naḍágiri, seeing that female elephant, would not attack her. Then Pálaka, who was ready to listen to reason, was induced to desist from the pursuit by his brother Gopálaka, who had his father's interests at heart; then the king of Vatsa boldly con-

* τηρήσαντες νύκτα χειμέριον ὕδατι καὶ ἀνέμῳ καὶ ἅμ' ἀσέληνον ἐξῆεσαν. Thucyd. III. 22.

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tinued his journey, and as he journeyed, the night gradually came to an end. So by the middle of the day the king had reached the Vindhya forest, and his elephant having journeyed sixty-three *yojanas*, was thirsty. So the king and his wife dismounted, and the female elephant having drunk water, owing to its being bad, fell dead on the spot. Then the king of Vatsa and Vásavadattá, in their despair, heard this voice coming from the air—" I, O king, am a female Vidyádhara named Máyávatí, and for this long time I have been a female elephant in consequence of a curse ; and to-day, O lord of Vatsa, I have done you a good turn, and I will do another to your son that is to be : and this queen of yours Vásavadattá is not a mere mortal ; she is a goddess for a certain cause incarnate on the earth." Then the king regained his spirits, and sent on Vasantaka to the plateau of the Vindhya hills to announce his arrival to his ally Pulindaka ; and as he was himself journeying along slowly on foot with his beloved, he was surrounded by brigands, who sprang out from an ambuscade. And the king, with only his bow to help him, slew one hundred and five of them before the eyes of Vásavadattá. And immediately the king's ally Pulindaka came up, together with Yaugandharáyaṇa, Vasantaka shewing them the way. The king of the Bheels ordered the surviving brigands* to desist, and after prostrating himself before the king of Vatsa, conducted him with his beloved to his own village. The king rested there that night with Vásavadattá, whose foot had been cut with a blade of forest grass, and early in the morning the general Rumaṇvat reached him, who had before been summoned by Yaugandharáyaṇa, who sent a messenger to him. And the whole army came with him, filling the land as far as the eye could reach, so that the Vindhya forest appeared to be besieged. So that king of Vatsa entered into the encampment of his army, and remained in that wild region to wait for news from Ujjayiní. And, while he was there, a merchant came from Ujjayiní, a friend of Yaugandharáyaṇa's, and when he had arrived reported these tidings, " The king Chaṇḍamahásena is pleased to have thee for a son-in-law, and he has sent his warder to thee. The warder is on the way, but he has stopped short of this place, however, I came secretly on in front of him, as fast as I could, to bring your Highness information."

When he heard this, the king of Vatsa rejoiced, and told it all to Vásavadattá, and she was exceedingly delighted. Then Vásavadattá, having abandoned her own relations, and being anxious for the ceremony of marriage, was at the same time bashful and impatient : then she said, in order

* The word *dasyu* here means savage, barbarian. These wild mountain tribes called indiscriminately Śavaras, Pulindas, Bhillas &c., seem to have been addicted to cattle-lifting and brigandage. So the word *dasyu* comes to mean robber. Even the virtuous Śavara prince described in the story of Jímútaváhana plunders a caravan.

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to divert her thoughts, to Vasantaka who was in attendance—"Tell me some story." Then the sagacious Vasantaka told that fair-eyed one the following tale in order to increase her affection for her husband.

Story of Devasmitá.

There is a city in the world famous under the name of Támraliptá, and in that city there was a very rich merchant named Dhanadatta. And he, being childless, assembled many Bráhmans and said to them with due respect; "Take such steps as will procure me a son soon." Then those Bráhmans said to him: "This is not at all difficult, for Bráhmans can accomplish all things in this world by means of ceremonies in accordance with the scriptures. To give you an instance there was in old time a king who had no sons, and he had a hundred and five wives in his harem. And by means of a sacrifice to procure a son, there was born to him a son named Jantu, who was like the rising of the new moon to the eyes of his wives. Once on a time an ant bit the boy on the thigh as he was crawling about on his knees, so that he was very unhappy and sobbed loudly. Thereupon the whole harem was full of confused lamentation, and the king himself shrieked out 'My son! my son!' like a common man. The boy was soon comforted, the ant having been removed, and the king blamed the misfortune of his only having one son as the cause of all his grief. And he asked the Bráhmans in his affliction if there was any expedient by which he might obtain a large number of children. They answered him,—'O king, there is one expedient open to you; you must slay this son and offer up all his flesh in the fire. By smelling the smell of that sacrifice all thy wives will obtain sons.' When he heard that, the king had the whole ceremony performed as they directed; and he obtained as many sons as he had wives. So we can obtain a son for you also by a burnt-offering." When they had said this to Dhanadatta, the Bráhmans, after a sacrificial fee had been promised them, performed a sacrifice: then a son was born to that merchant. That son was called Guhasena, and he gradually grew up to man's estate. Then his father Dhanadatta began to look out for a wife for him.

Then his father went with that son of his to another country, on the pretence of traffic, but really to get a daughter-in-law, there he asked an excellent merchant of the name of Dharmagupta to give him his daughter named Devasmitá for his son Guhasena. But Dharmagupta, who was tenderly attached to his daughter, did not approve of that connexion, reflecting that the city of Támraliptá was very far off. But when Devasmitá beheld that Guhasena, her mind was immediately attracted by his virtues, and she was set on abandoning her relations, and so she made an assignation with him by means of a confidante, and went away from that country at night with her beloved and his father. When they reached Támraliptá they were married, and the minds of the young couple were firmly knit

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together by the bond of mutual love. Then Guhasena's father died, and he himself was urged by his relations to go to the country of Kaṭáha* for the purpose of trafficking; but his wife Devasmitá was too jealous to approve of that expedition, fearing exceedingly that he would be attracted by some other lady. Then, as his wife did not approve of it, and his relations kept inciting him to it, Guhasena, whose mind was firmly set on doing his duty, was bewildered. Then he went and performed a vow in the temple of the god, observing a rigid fast, trusting that the god would shew him some way out of his difficulty. And his wife Devasmitá also performed a vow with him; then Śiva was pleased to appear to that couple in a dream; and giving them two red lotuses the god said to them,—"take each of you one of these lotuses in your hand. And if either of you shall be unfaithful during your separation, the lotus in the hand of the other shall fade, but not otherwise†." After hearing this, the two woke up, and each

* Cathay?

† Compare the rose garland in the story of the Wright's Chaste Wife; edited for the early English Text Society by Frederick J. Furnivall, especially lines 58 and ff.

"Wete thou wele withowtyn fable
"Alle the whyle thy wife is stable
"The chaplett wolle holde hewe;
"And yf thy wyfe use putry
"Or tolle eny man to lye her by
Then wolle yt change hewe,
And by the garland thou may see,
Fekylle or fals yf that sche be,
Or elles yf she be true.

See also note in Wilson's Essays on Sanskṛit Literature, Vol. I, p. 218. He tells us that in Perce Forest the lily of the Kathá Sarit Ságara is represented by a rose. In Amadis de Gaul it is a garland which blooms on the head of her that is faithful, and fades on the brow of the inconstant. In Les Contes à rire, it is also a flower. In Ariosto, the test applied to both male and female is a cup, the wine of which is spilled by the unfaithful lover. This fiction also occurs in the romances of Tristan, Perceval and La Morte d 'Arthur, and is well known by La Fontaine's version, La Coupe Enchantée. In la Lai du Corn, it is a drinking-horn. Spenser has derived his girdle of Florimel from these sources or more immediately from the Fabliau, Le Manteau mal taillé or Le Court Mantel, an English version of which is published in Percy's Reliques, the Boy and the Mantel (Vol. III.) In the Gesta Romanorum (c. 69) the test is the whimsical one of a shirt, which will neither require washing nor mending as long as the wearer is constant. (Not the wearer only but the wearer and his wife). Davenant has substituted an emerald for a flower.

The bridal stone,
And much renowned, because it chasteness loves,
And will, when worn by the neglected wife,
Shew when her absent lord disloyal proves
By faintness and a pale decay of life.

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beheld in the hand of the other a red lotus, and it seemed as if they had got one another's hearts. Then Guhasena set out, lotus in hand, but Devasmitá remained in the house with her eyes fixed upon her flower. Guhasena for his part quickly reached the country of Kaṭáha, and began to buy and sell jewels there. And four young merchants in that country, seeing that that unfading lotus was ever in his hand, were greatly astonished. Accordingly they got him to their house by an artifice, and made him drink a great deal of wine, and then asked him the history of the lotus, and he being intoxicated told them the whole story. Then those four young merchants, knowing that Guhasena would take a long time to complete his sales and purchases of jewels and other wares, planned together, like rascals as they were, the seduction of his wife out of curiosity, and eager to accomplish it set out quickly for Támraliptá without their departure being noticed. There they cast about for some instrument, and at last had recourse to a female ascetic of the name of Yogakaraṇḍiká, who lived in a sanctuary of Buddha; and they said to her in an affectionate manner, "Reverend madam, if our object is accomplished by your help, we will give you much wealth." She answered them; "No doubt, you young men desire some woman in this city, so tell me all about it, I will procure you the object of your desire, but I have no wish for money; I have a pupil of distinguished ability named Siddhikarí; owing to her kindness I have obtained untold wealth." The young merchants asked—"How have you obtained untold wealth by the assistance of a pupil?" Being asked this question, the female ascetic said,—"If you feel any curiosity about the matter, listen, my sons, I will tell you the whole story."

Story of the cunning Siddhikarí.

Long ago a certain merchant came here from the north; while he was dwelling here, my pupil went and obtained, with a treacherous object, the position of a serving-maid in his house, having first altered her appearance, and after she had gained the confidence of that merchant, she stole all his hoard of gold from his house, and went off secretly in the morning twilight. And as she went out from the city moving rapidly through fear, a certain Ḍomba* with his drum in his hand, saw her, and pursued her at full speed with the intention of robbing her. When she had reached the foot of a Nyagrodha tree, she saw that he had come up with her, and so the cunning Siddhikarí said this to him in a plaintive manner, "I have had a jealous quarrel with my husband, and I have left

I may remark that there is a certain resemblance in this story to that of Shakespeare's Cymbeline, which is founded on the 9th Story of the 2nd day in the Decamerone, and to the 7th Story in Gonzenbach's Sicilianische Märchen.

* A man of low caste now called Ḍom. They officiate as executioners.

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his house to die, therefore my good man, make a noose for me to hang myself with." Then the Ḍomba thought, "Let her hang herself, why should I be guilty of her death, especially as she is a woman," and so he fastened a noose for her to the tree. Then Siddhikarí, feigning ignorance, said to the Ḍomba, "How is the noose slipped round the neck? shew me, I entreat you." Then the Ḍomba placed the drum under his feet, and saying,—"This is the way we do the trick"—he fastened the noose round his own throat; Siddhikarí for her part smashed the drum to atoms with a kick, and that Ḍomba hung till he was dead.* At that moment the merchant arrived in search of her, and beheld from a distance Siddhikarí, who had stolen from him untold treasures, at the foot of the tree. She too saw him coming, and climbed up the tree without being noticed, and remained there on a bough, having her body concealed by the dense foliage. When the merchant came up with his servants, he saw the Ḍomba hanging by his neck, but Siddhikarí was nowhere to be seen. Immediately one of his servants said "I wonder whether she has got up this tree," and proceeded to ascend it himself. Then Siddhikarí said—"I have always loved you, and now you have climbed up where I am, so all this wealth is at your disposal, handsome man, come and embrace me." So she embraced the merchant's servant, and as she was kissing his mouth, she bit off the fool's tongue. He, overcome with the pain, fell from that tree, spitting blood from his mouth, uttering some indistinct syllables, which sounded like Lalalla. When he saw that, the merchant was terrified, and supposing that his servant had been seized by a demon, he fled from that place, and went to his own house with his attendants. Then Siddhikarí the female ascetic, equally frightened, descended from the top of the tree, and brought home with her all that wealth. Such a person is my pupil, distinguished for her great discernment, and it is in this way, my sons, that I have obtained wealth by her kindness.

When she had said this to the young merchants, the female ascetic shewed to them her pupil who happened to come in at that moment; and said to them, "Now, my sons, tell me the real state of affairs—what woman do you desire? I will quickly procure her for you." When they heard that they said, "procure us an interview with the wife of the merchant Guhasena named Devasmitá." When she heard that, the ascetic undertook to manage that business for them, and she gave those young merchants her own house to reside in. Then she gratified the servants at Guhasena's house with gifts of sweetmeats and other things, and afterwards entered it with her

* Compare the way in which the widow's son, the shifty lad, treats Black Rogue in Campbell's Tales of the Western Highlands (Tale XVII d. Orient und Occident, Vol. II, p. 303.)

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pupil. Then, as she approached the private rooms of Devasmitá, a bitch, that was fastened there with a chain, would not let her come near, but opposed her entrance in the most determined way. Then Devasmitá seeing her, of her own accord sent a maid, and had her brought in, thinking to herself, "What can this person be come for?" After she had entered, the wicked ascetic gave Devasmitá her blessing, and, treating the virtuous woman with affected respect, said to her—"I have always had a desire to see you, but to-day I saw you in a dream, therefore I have come to visit you with impatient eagerness; and my mind is afflicted at beholding you separated from your husband, for beauty and youth are wasted when one is deprived of the society of one's beloved." With this and many other speeches of the same kind she tried to gain the confidence of the virtuous woman in a short interview, and then taking leave of her she returned to her own house. On the second day she took with her a piece of meat full of pepper dust, and went again to the house of Devasmitá, and there she gave that piece of meat to the bitch at the door, and the bitch gobbled it up, pepper and all. Then owing to the pepper dust, the tears flowed in profusion from the animal's eyes, and her nose began to run. And the cunning ascetic immediately went into the apartment of Devasmitá, who received her hospitably, and began to cry. When Devasmitá asked her why she shed tears, she said with affected reluctance: "My friend, look at this bitch weeping outside here. This creature recognized me to-day as having been its companion in a former birth, and began to weep; for that reason my tears gushed through pity." When she heard that, and saw that bitch outside apparently weeping, Devasmitá thought for a moment to herself, "What can be the meaning of this wonderful sight?" Then the ascetic said to her, "My daughter, in a former birth, I and that bitch were the two wives of a certain Bráhman. And our husband frequently went about to other countries on embassies by order of the king. Now while he was away from home, I lived with other men at my pleasure, and so did not cheat the elements, of which I was composed, and my senses, of their lawful enjoyment. For considerate treatment of the elements and senses is held to be the highest duty. Therefore I have been born in this birth with a recollection of my former existence. But she, in her former life, through ignorance, confined all her attention to the preservation of her character, therefore she has been degraded and born again as one of the canine race, however, she too remembers her former birth." The wise Devasmitá said to herself, "This is a novel conception of duty; no doubt this woman has laid a treacherous snare for me"; and so she said to her, "Reverend lady, for this long time I have been ignorant of this duty, so procure me an interview with some charming man."—Then the ascetic said—"There are residing here some young merchants that have come from another country,

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so I will bring them to you." When she had said this, the ascetic returned home delighted, and Devasmitá of her own accord said to her maids: "No doubt those scoundrelly young merchants, whoever they may be, have seen that unfading lotus in the hand of my husband, and have on some occasion or other, when he was drinking wine, asked him out of curiosity to tell the whole story of it, and have now come here from that island to seduce me, and this wicked ascetic is employed by them. So bring quickly some wine mixed with Datura,* and when you have brought it, have a dog's foot of iron made as quickly as possible." When Devasmitá had given these orders, the maids executed them faithfully, and one of the maids, by her orders, dressed herself up to resemble her mistress. The ascetic for her part chose out of the party of four merchants, (each of whom in his eagerness said—"let me go first"—) one individual, and brought him with her. And concealing him in the dress of her pupil, she introduced him in the evening into the house of Devasmitá, and coming out, disappeared. Then that maid, who was disguised as Devasmitá, courteously persuaded the young merchant to drink some of that wine drugged with Datura. That liquor,† like his own immodesty, robbed him of his senses, and then the maids took away his clothes and other equipments and left him stark naked; then they branded him on the forehead with the mark of a dog's foot, and during the night took him and pushed him into a ditch full of filth. Then he recovered consciousness in the last watch of the night, and found himself plunged in a ditch, as it were the hell *Avíchi* assigned to him by his sins. Then he got up and washed himself and went to the house of the female ascetic, in a state of nature, feeling with his fingers the mark on his forehead. And when he got there, he told his friends that he had been robbed on the way, in order that he might not be the only person made ridiculous. And the next morning he sat with a cloth wrapped round his branded forehead, giving as an excuse that he had a headache from keeping awake so long, and drinking too much. In the same way the next young merchant was maltreated, when he got to the house of Devasmitá, and when he returned home naked, he said, "I put on my ornaments there, and as I was coming out I was plundered by robbers." In the morning he also, on the plea of a headache, put a wrapper on to cover his branded forehead.

In the same way all the four young merchants suffered in turns branding and other humiliating treatment, though they concealed the fact. And they went away from the place, without revealing to the female Buddhist ascetic the ill-treatment they had experienced, hoping that she would suffer

* Datura is still employed, I believe, to stupify people whom it is thought desirable to rob.

† I read *iva* for the *eva* of Dr. Brockhaus's text.

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in a similar way. On the next day the ascetic went with her disciple to the house of Devasmitá, much delighted at having accomplished what she undertook to do. Then Devasmitá received her courteously, and made her drink wine drugged with Datura, offered as a sign of gratitude. When she and her disciple were intoxicated with it, that chaste wife cut off their ears and noses, and flung them also into a filthy pool. And being distressed by the thought that perhaps these young merchants might go and slay her husband, she told the whole circumstance to her mother-in-law. Then her mother-in-law said to her,—"My daughter, you have acted nobly, but possibly some misfortune may happen to my son in consequence of what you have done." Then Devasmitá said—I will deliver him even as Śaktimatí in old time delivered her husband by her wisdom. Her mother-in-law asked; "How did Śaktimatí deliver her husband? tell me, my daughter." Then Devasmitá related the following story:

Story of Śaktimatí.

In our country, within the city, there is the shrine of a powerful Yaksha named Maṇibhadra, established by our ancestors. The people there come and make petitions at this shrine, offering various gifts, in order to obtain various blessings. Whenever a man is found at night with another man's wife, he is placed with her within the inner chamber of the Yaksha's temple. And in the morning he is taken away from thence with the woman to the king's court, and his behaviour being made known, he is punished; such is the custom. Once on a time in that city a merchant, of the name of Samudradatta, was found by a city-guard in the company of another man's wife. So he took him and placed him with the woman in that temple of the Yaksha, fastening the door firmly. And immediately the wise and devoted wife of that merchant, whose name was Śaktimatí, came to hear of the occurrence; then that resolute woman, disguising herself, went confidently at night to the temple of the Yaksha, accompanied by her friends, taking with her offerings for the god. When she arrived there, the priest whose business it was to eat the offerings, through desire for a fee, opened the door and let her enter, informing the magistrate of what he had done. And she, when she got inside, saw her husband looking sheepish, with a woman, and she made the woman put on her own dress, and told her to go out. So that woman went out in her dress by night, and got off, but Śaktimati remained in the temple with her husband. And when the king's officers came in the morning to examine the merchant, he was seen by all to be in the company of his own wife.* When he heard

* A precisely similar story occurs in the Bahár Dánish. The turn of the chief incident, although not the same, is similar to that of Nov VII, Part 4 of Bandello's Novelle, or the *Accorto Avvedimento di una Fantesca à liberare la padrona e l' innamorato*

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that, the king dismissed the merchant from the temple of the Yaksha, as it were from the mouth of death, and punished the chief magistrate. So Śaktimatí in old time delivered her husband by her wisdom, and in the same way I will go and save my husband by my discretion.

So the wise Devasmitá said in secret to her mother-in-law, and, in company with her maids, she put on the dress of a merchant. Then she embarked on a ship, on the pretence of a mercantile expedition, and came to the country of Kaṭáha where her husband was. And when she arrived there, she saw that husband of hers, Guhasena, in the midst of a circle of merchants, like consolation in external bodily form. He seeing her afar off in the dress of a man,* as it were, drank her in with his eyes, and thought to himself, "Who may this merchant be that looks so like my beloved wife"? So Devasmitá went and represented to the king that she had a petition to make, and asked him to assemble all his subjects. Then the king full of curiosity assembled all the citizens, and said to that lady disguised as a merchant, "What is your petition?" Then Devasmitá said—There are residing here in your midst four slaves of mine who have escaped, let the king make them over to me. Then the king said to her, "All the citizens are present here, so look at every one in order to recognise him, and take those slaves of yours." Then she seized upon the four young merchants, whom she had before treated in such a humiliating way in her house, and who had wrappers bound round their heads. Then the merchants, who were there, flew in a passion, and said to her, "These are the sons of distinguished merchants, how then can they be your slaves?" Then she answered them, "If you do not believe what I say, examine their foreheads which I marked with a dog's foot." They consented, and removing the head-wrappers of these four, they all beheld the dog's foot on their foreheads. Then all the merchants were abashed, and the king, being astonished, himself asked Devasmitá what all this meant. She told the whole story, and all the people burst out laughing, and the king said to the lady,—"They are your slaves by the best of titles." Then the other merchants paid a large sum of money to that chaste wife, to redeem those four from slavery, and a fine to the king's treasury. Devasmitá received that money, and recovered her husband, and being honoured by all good men, returned then to her own city Támraliptá, and she was never afterwards separated from her beloved.

"Thus, O queen, women of good family ever worship their husbands with chaste and resolute behaviour,† and never think of any other man, for

di quella de la morte. (Wilson's Essays, Vol. I, p. 224.) Cp. also the Mongolian version of the story in Sagas from the Far East, p. 320.

* Cp. the story of the Chest in Campbell's Stories from the Western Highlands. It is the first story in the 2nd volume and contains one or two incidents which remind us of this story.

† I read *mahákulodgatáḥ*.

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to virtuous wives the husband is the highest deity." When Vásavadattá on the journey heard this noble story from the mouth of Vasantaka, she got over the feeling of shame at having recently left her father's house, and her mind, which was previously attached by strong affection to her husband, became so fixed upon him as to be entirely devoted to his service.

Note on Chapter XIII.

With regard to the incident of the bitch and the pepper in the story of Devasmitá see the note in the 1st volume of Wilson's Essays on Sanskrit Literature. He says: "This incident with a very different and much less moral *dénouement* is one of the stories in the Disciplina Clericalis, a collection of stories professedly derived from the Arabian fabulists and compiled by Petrus Alfonsus a converted Jew, who flourished about 1106 and was godson to Alfonso I, king of Arragon. In the Analysis prepared by Mr. Douce, this story is the 12th, and is entitled "Stratagem of an old woman in favour of a young gallant." She persuades his mistress who had rejected his addresses that her little dog was formerly a woman, and so transformed in consequence of her cruelty to her lover. (Ellis's Metrical Romances, I, 130.) This story was introduced into Europe, therefore, much about the time at which it was enrolled among the contents of the Vṛihat Kathá in Cashmir. The metempsychosis is so much more obvious an explanation of the change of forms, that it renders it probable the story was originally Hindu. It was soon copied in Europe, and occurs in Le Grand as *La vieille qui séduisit la jeune fille.* III. 148 [ed. III. Vol. IV. 50]. The parallel is very close and the old woman gives "*une chienne à manger des choses fortement saupoudrées de senève qui lui picotait le palais et les narines et l'animal larmoyait beaucoup.*" She then shows her to the young woman and tells her the bitch was her daughter. "*Son malheur fut d'avoir le cœur dur; un jeune homme l'aimait, elle le rebuta. Le malheureux après avoir tout tenté pour l' attendrir, désespéré de sa dureté en prit tant de chagrin qu'il tomba malade et mourut. Dieu l'a bien vengè; voyez en quel état pour la punir il a reduit ma pauvre fille, et comment elle pleure sa faute.*" The lesson was not thrown away. The story occurs also in the Gesta Romanorum as "The Old Woman and her Dog" [in Bohn's edition it is Tale XXVIII], and it also finds a place where we should little have expected to find it, in the Promptuarium of John Herolt of Basil, an ample repository of examples for composing sermons: the compiler a Dominican friar, professing to imitate his patron saint, who always *abundabat exemplis* in his discourses." [In Bohn's edition we are told that it appears in an English garb amongst a translation of Æsop's Fables published in 1658.] Dr. Rost refers us to Th. Wright, Latin Stories, London, 1842, p. 218. Loiseleur Deslongchamps Essai sur les Fables Indiennes, Paris, 1838, p. 106 ff. F. H. Von der Hagen, Gesammtabenteuer 1850 I, cxii. ff and Grässe, 1. 1, 374 ff.

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CHAPTER XIV.

Accordingly while the king of Vatsa was remaining in that Vindhya forest, the warder of king Chaṇḍamahásena came to him. And when he arrived, he did obeisance to the king and spoke as follows: The king Chaṇḍamahásena sends you this message. You did rightly in carrying off Vásavadattá yourself, for I had brought you to my court with this very object; and the reason I did not myself give her to you, while you were a prisoner, was, that I feared, if I did so, you might not be well disposed towards me. Now, O king, I ask you to wait a little, in order that the marriage of my daughter may not be performed without due ceremonies. For my son Gopálaka will soon arrive in your court, and he will celebrate with appropriate ceremonies the marriage of that sister of his. This message the warder brought to the king of Vatsa, and said various things to Vásavadattá. Then the king of Vatsa, being pleased, determined on going to Kauśámbí with Vásavadattá, who was also in high spirits. He told his ally Pulindaka, and that warder in the service of his father-in-law to await, where they were, the arrival of Gopálaka, and then to come with him to Kauśámbí. Then the great king set out early the next day for his own city with the queen Vásavadattá, followed by huge elephants raining streams of ichor, that seemed like moving peaks of the Vindhya range accompanying him out of affection; he was, as it were, praised by the earth, that outdid the compositions of his minstrels, while it rang with the hoofs of his horses and the tramplings of his soldiers; and by means of the towering clouds of dust from his army, that ascended to heaven, he made Indra fear that the mountains were sporting with unshorn wings.* Then the king reached his country in two or three days, and rested one night in a palace belonging to Rumaṇvat; and on the next day, accompanied by his beloved, he enjoyed after a long absence the great delight of entering Kauśámbí, the people of which were eagerly looking with uplifted faces for his approach. And then that city was resplendent as a wife, her lord having returned after a long absence, beginning her adornment and auspicious bathing vicariously by means of her women; and there the citizens, their sorrow now at an end, beheld the king of Vatsa accompanied by his bride, as peacocks behold a cloud accompanied by lightning;† and the wives of the citizens standing on the tops of the palaces, filled the heaven with their

* Alluding to Indra's having cut the wings of the mountains.

† The peafowl are delighted at the approach of the rainy season, when "their sorrow" comes to an end.

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faces, that had the appearance of golden lotuses blooming in the heavenly Ganges. Then the king of Vatsa entered his royal palace with Vásavadattá, who seemed like a second goddess of royal fortune; and that palace then shone as if it had just awaked from sleep, full of kings who had come to shew their devotion, festive with songs of minstrels.* Not long after came Gopálaka the brother of Vásavadattá, bringing with him the warder and Pulindaka; the king went to meet him, and Vásavadattá received him with her eyes expanded with delight, as if he were a second spirit of joy. While she was looking at this brother, a tear dimmed her eyes lest she should be ashamed; and then she, being encouraged by him with the words of her father's message, considered that her object in life was attained, now that she was reunited to her own relations. Then, on the next day, Gopálaka, with the utmost eagerness, set about the high festival of her marriage with the king of Vatsa, carefully observing all prescribed ceremonies. Then the king of Vatsa received the hand of Vásavadattá, like a beautiful shoot lately budded on the creeper of love. She too, with her eyes closed through the great joy of touching her beloved's hand, having her limbs bathed in perspiration accompanied with trembling, covered all over with extreme horripilation, appeared at that moment as if struck by the god of the flowery bow with the arrow of bewilderment, the weapon of wind, and the water weapon in quick succession;† when she walked round the fire keeping it to the right, her eyes being red with the smoke, she had her first taste, so to speak, of the sweetness of wine and honey.‡ Then by means of the jewels brought by Gopálaka, and the gifts of the kings, the monarch of Vatsa became a real king of kings.§ That bride and bridegroom, after their marriage had been celebrated, first exhibited themselves to the eyes of the people, and then entered their private apartments. Then the king of Vatsa, on the day so auspicious to himself invested Gopálaka and Pulindaka with turbans of honour and other distinctions, and he commissioned Yaugandharáyaṇa and Rumaṇvat to confer appropriate distinctions on the kings who had come to visit him, and on the citizens. Then Yaugandharáyaṇa said to Rumaṇvat; "The king has given us a difficult commission, for men's feelings are hard to discover. And even a child will certainly do mischief if not pleased; to illustrate this point listen to the tale of the child Vinashṭaka, my friend."

* It is often the duty of these minstrels to wake the king with their songs.

† Weapons well known in Hindu mythology. See the 6th act of the Uttara Ráma Charita.

‡ *Sátrapátam akarot* she tested, so to speak. Cp. Taranga 24. Sl. 93. The fact is, the smoke made her eyes as red as if she had been drinking.

§ Or "like Kuvera." There is a pun here.

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Story of the clever deformed child.

Once on a time there was a certain Bráhman named Rudraśarman, and he, when he became a householder, had two wives, and one of his wives gave birth to a son and died; and then the Bráhman entrusted that son to the care of his step-mother; and when he grew to a tolerable stature, she gave him coarse food; the consequence was, the boy became pale, and got a swollen stomach. Then Rudraśarman said to that second wife, "How comes it that you have neglected this child of mine that has lost its mother?" She said to her husband, "Though I take affectionate care of him, he is nevertheless the strange object you see; what am I to do with him?" Whereupon the Bráhman thought, "No doubt it is the child's nature to be like this." For who sees through the deceitfulness of the speeches of women uttered with affected simplicity? Then that child began to go by the name of Bálavinashṭaka* in his father's house, because they said this child *(bála)* is deformed *(vinashṭa.)* Then Bálavinashṭaka thought to himself—"This step-mother of mine is always ill-treating me, therefore I had better be revenged on her in some way"—for though the boy was only a little more than five years old, he was clever enough. Then he said secretly to his father when he returned from the king's court, with half suppressed voice—"Papa, I have two Papas." So the boy said every day, and his father suspecting that his wife had a paramour, would not even touch her. She for her part thought—"Why is my husband angry without my being guilty; I wonder whether Bálavinashṭaka has been at any tricks?" So she washed Bálavinashṭaka with careful kindness, and gave him dainty food, and taking him on her lap, asked him the following question: "My son why have you incensed your father Rudraśarman against me?" When he heard that, the boy said to his step-mother, "I will do more harm to you than that, if you do not immediately cease ill-treating me. You take good care of your own children; why do you perpetually torment me?" When she heard that, she bowed before him, and said with a solemn oath, "I will not do so any more; so reconcile my husband to me." Then the child said to her—"Well, when my father comes home, let one of your maids shew him a mirror, and leave the rest to me." She said, "Very well," and by her orders a maid shewed a mirror to her husband as soon as he returned home. Thereupon the child pointing out the reflection of his father in the mirror, said, "There is my second father." When he heard that, Rudraśarman dismissed his suspicions and was immediately reconciled to his wife, whom he had blamed without cause.

"Thus even a child may do mischief if it is annoyed, and therefore we must carefully conciliate all this retinue." Saying this, Yaugandharáyaṇa with the help of Rumaṇvat, carefully honoured all the people on this the

* Young Deformed.

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king of Vatsa's great day of rejoicing. And they gratified all the kings so successfully that each one of them thought, "These two men are devoted to me alone." And the king honoured those two ministers and Vasantaka with garments, unguents, and ornaments bestowed with his own hand, and he also gave them grants of villages. Then the king of Vatsa, having celebrated the great festival of his marriage, considered all his wishes gratified, now that he was linked to Vásavadattá. Their mutual love, having blossomed after a long time of expectation, was so great, owing to the strength of their passion, that their hearts continually resembled those of the sorrowing Chakravákas, when the night, during which they are separated, comes to an end. And as the familiarity of the couple increased, their love seemed to be ever renewed. Then Gopálaka, being ordered by his father to return to get married himself, went away, after having been entreated by the king of Vatsa to return quickly.

In course of time the king of Vatsa became faithless, and secretly loved an attendant of the harem named Virachitá, with whom he had previously had an intrigue. One day he made a mistake and addressed the queen by her name, thereupon he had to conciliate her by clinging to her feet, and bathed in her tears he was anointed* a fortunate king. Moreover he married a princess of the name of Bandhumatí, whom Gopálaka had captured by the might of his arm, and sent as a present to the queen; and whom she concealed, changing her name to Manjulikâ; who seemed like another Lakshmí issuing from the sea of beauty. Her the king saw, when he was in the company of Vasantaka, and secretly married her by the Gándharva ceremony in a summer-house. And that proceeding of his was beheld by Vásavadattá, who was in concealment, and she was angry, and had Vasantaka put in fetters. Then the king had recourse to the good offices of a female ascetic, a friend of the queen's, who had come with her from her father's court, of the name of Sánkrityánaní. She appeased the queen's anger, and got Bandhumatí presented to the king by the obedient queen, for tender is the heart of virtuous wives. Then the queen released Vasantaka from imprisonment; he came into the presence of the queen and said to her with a laugh, "Bandhumatí did you an injury, but what did I do to you? You are angry with adders† and you kill water-snakes." Then the queen, out of curiosity, asked him to explain that metaphor, and he continued as follows:

Story of Ruru.

Once on a time a hermit's son of the name of Ruru, wandering about at will, saw a maiden of wonderful beauty, the daughter of a heavenly nymph named Menaká by a Vidyádhara, and brought up by a hermit of

* It must be remembered that a king among the Hindus was inaugurated with water, not oil.

† The word "adders" must here do duty for all venomous kinds of serpents.

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the name of Sthúlakeśa in his hermitage. That lady, whose name was Prishaḍvará, so captivated the mind of that Ruru when he saw her, that he went and begged the hermit to give him to her in marriage. Sthúlakeśa for his part betrothed the maiden to him, and when the wedding was nigh at hand, suddenly an adder bit her. Then the heart of Ruru was full of despair, but he heard this voice in the heaven—"O Bráhman raise to life with the gift of half thy own life,* this maiden, whose allotted term is at an end." When he heard that, Ruru gave her the half of his own life, as he had been directed; by means of that she revived, and Ruru married her. Thenceforward he was incensed with the whole race of serpents, and whenever he saw a serpent he killed it, thinking to himself as he killed each one—"This may have bitten my wife." One day a water snake said to him with human voice, as he was about to slay it, "You are incensed against adders, Bráhman, but why do you slay water-snakes? An adder bit your wife, and adders are a distinct species from water-snakes; all adders are venomous, water-snakes are not venomous." When he heard that, he said in answer to the water-snake,—"My friend, who are you?" The water-snake said, "Bráhman, I am a hermit fallen from my high estate by a curse, and this curse was appointed to last till I held converse with you." When he had said this he disappeared, and after that Ruru did not kill water-snakes. So I said this to you metaphorically, "My queen, you are angry with adders and you kill water-snakes." When he had uttered this speech, full of pleasing wit, Vasantaka ceased, and Vásavadattá sitting at the side of her husband was pleased with him. Such soft and sweet tales in which Vasantaka displayed various ingenuity, did the loving Udayana, king of Vatsa, continually make use of to conciliate his angry wife, while he sat at her feet. That happy king's tongue was ever exclusively employed in tasting the flavour of wine, and his ear was ever delighting in the sweet sounds of the lute, and his eye was ever riveted on the face of his beloved.

Note to Chapter XIV.

The practice of walking round an object of reverence with the right hand towards it, which is one of the ceremonies mentioned in our author's account of Vásavadattá's marriage, has been exhaustively discussed by Dr. Samuel Fergusson in his paper—"On the Ceremonial turn called Desiul," published in the Proceedings of the Royal Irish Academy for March 1877. (Vol. I. Ser. II. No. 12.) He shews it to have existed among the ancient Romans as well as the Celts. One of the most striking of his quotations is from the Curculio of Plautus (I. 1. 69.) Phædromus says—*Quo me vortam nescio.* Palinurus jestingly replies—*Si deos salutas dextrovorsum censeo.* Cp. also the following passage of Valerius Flaccus (Argon VIII. 243).

* A similar story is found in the IVth book of the Panchatantra, Fable 5, where Benfey compares the story of Yayáti and his son Puru. Benfey Panchatantra I. 436.

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Inde ubi sacrificas cum conjuge venit ad aras
Æsonides, unaque adeunt pariterque precari
Incipiunt. Ignem Pollux undamque jugalem
Prætulit ut dextrum pariter vertantur in orbem.

The above passage forms a striking comment upon our text. Cp. also Plutarch in this life of Camillus Ταῦτα εἰπὼν, καθάπερ ἐστὶ Ρωμαίοις ἔθος, ἐπευξαμένοις καὶ προσκυνήσασιν, ἐπὶ δεξιὰ ἐξελίττειν, ἐσφάλη περιστρεφόμενος. It is possible that the following passage in Lucretius alludes to the same practice—

Nec pietas ulla est velatum sæpe videri
Vertier ad lapidem atque omnes accedere ad aras.

Dr. Fergusson is of opinion that this movement was a symbol of the cosmical rotation, an imitation of the apparent course of the sun in the heavens. Cp. Hyginus Fable CCV. *Arge venatrix, cum cervum sequeretur, cervo dixisse fertur : Tu licet Solis cursum sequaris, tamen te consequar. Sol, iratus, in cervam eam convertit.* He quotes, to prove that the practice existed among the ancient Celts, Athenæus IV, p. 142, who adduces from Posidonius the following statement "Τοὺς θεοὺς προσκυνοῦσιν ἐπὶ δεξιὰ στρεφόμενοι." The above quotations are but a few scraps from the full feast of Dr. Fergusson's paper. See also the remarks of the Rev. S. Beal in the Indian Antiquary for March 1880, p. 67.

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BOOK III.

CHAPTER XV.

Honour to that conqueror of obstacles whose favour, I ween, even the Creator* implored, in order that he might accomplish the creation of the world without let or hindrance.

That five-arrowed god of love conquers the world, at whose command even Śiva trembles, when he is being embraced by his beloved.

Thus having obtained Vásavadattá, that king of Vatsa gradually became most exclusively devoted to the pleasure of her society. But his prime minister Yaugandharáyaṇa, and his general Rumaṇvat, upheld day and night the burden of his empire. And once upon a time the minister Yaugandharáyaṇa, full of anxiety, brought Rumaṇvat to his house at night and said to him as follows: "This lord of Vatsa is sprung from the Páṇḍava race, and the whole earth is his by hereditary descent, as also the city named of the elephant.† All these this king has abandoned not being desirous of making conquests, and his kingdom has so become confined to this one small corner of the earth. For he certainly remains devoted to women, wine and hunting, and he has delegated to us all the duty of thinking about his kingdom. So we by our own intelligence must take such steps, as that he shall obtain the empire of the whole earth, which is his hereditary right. For, if we do this, we shall have exhibited devotion to his cause, and performed our duty as ministers; for every thing is accomplished by intellect, and in proof of this listen to the following tale:"

Story of the clever physician.

Once on a time there was a king named Mahásena, and he was attacked by another king far superior to him in power. Then the king's ministers met together, and in order to prevent the ruin of his interests, Mahásena was persuaded by them to pay tribute to that enemy. And after he had paid tribute, that haughty king was exceedingly afflicted, think-

* I read *dhátá* for *dhátrá*. † *i. e.* Hastinápura.

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ing to himself, "Why have I made submission to my enemy?" And his sorrow on that account caused an abscess to form in his vitals, and he was so pulled down by the abscess that at last he was at the point of death. Then a certain wise physician considering that that case could not be cured by medicine, said falsely to that king; "O king, your wife is dead." When he heard that, the king suddenly fell on the ground, and owing to the excessive violence of his grief, the abscess burst of itself. And so the king recovered from his disease, and long enjoyed in the society of that queen the pleasures he desired, and conquered his enemies in his turn.*

"So, as that physician did his king a good turn by his wisdom, let us also do our king a good turn, let us gain for him the empire of the earth. And in this undertaking our only adversary is Pradyota, the king of Magadha; for he is a foe in the rear that is always attacking us behind. So we must ask for our sovereign that pearl of princesses, his daughter, named Padmávatí. And by our cleverness we will conceal Vásavadattá somewhere, and setting fire to her house, we will give out everywhere that the queen is burnt. For in no other case will the king of Magadha give his daughter to our sovereign, for when I requested him to do so on a former occasion, he answered—'I will not give my daughter, whom I love more than myself, to the king of Vatsa, for he is passionately attached to his wife Vásavadattá.' Moreover, as long as the queen is alive, the king of Vatsa will not marry any one else; but if a report is once spread that the queen is burnt, all will succeed. And when Padmávatí is secured, the king of Magadha will be our marriage connection, and will not attack us in the rear, but will become our ally. Then we will march to conquer the eastern quarter, and the others in due succession, so we shall obtain for the king of Vatsa all this earth. And if we only exert ourselves, this king will obtain the dominion of the earth, for long ago a divine voice predicted this." When Rumaṇvat heard this speech from the great minister Yaugandharáyaṇa, he feared that the plan would cover them with ridicule, and so he said to him—"Deception practised for the sake of Padmávatí might some day be to the ruin of us both;" in proof of this, listen to the following tale:

Story of the hypocritical ascetic.

On the bank of the Ganges there is a city named Mákandiká; in that city long ago there was a certain ascetic who observed a vow of silence, and he lived on alms, and surrounded by numerous other holy beggars, dwelt in a monastery within the precincts of a god's temple where he had

* Here Wilson observes: The circumstances here related are not without analogies in fact. It is not marvellous therefore that we may trace them in fiction. The point of the story is the same as that of the "Deux Anglais à Paris," a Fabliau, and of "Une femme à l'extremité qui se mit en si grosse colére voyant son mari qui baisait sá servante qu'elle recouvra la santé" of Margaret of Navarre, (Heptameron. Nouvelle 71).

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taken up his abode. Once, when he entered a certain merchant's house to beg, he saw a beautiful maiden coming out with alms in her hand, and the rascal seeing that she was wonderfully beautiful was smitten with love and exclaimed "Ah! Ah! Alas!" And that merchant overheard him. Then taking the alms he had received, he departed to his own house; and then the merchant went there and said to him in his astonishment,—"Why did you to-day suddenly break your vow of silence and say what you did?" When he heard that, the ascetic said to the merchant—"This daughter of yours has inauspicious marks; when she marries, you will undoubtedly perish, wife, sons, and all. So, when I saw her, I was afflicted, for you are my devoted adherent; and thus it was on your account that I broke silence and said what I did. So place this daughter of yours by night in a basket, on the top of which there must be a light, and set her adrift on the Ganges." The merchant said, "So I will," and went away, and at night he did all he had been directed to do out of pure fear. The timid are ever unreflecting. The hermit for his part said at that time to his own pupils, "Go to the Ganges, and when you see a basket floating along with a light on the top of it, bring it here secretly, but you must not open it, even if you hear a noise inside." They said, "We will do so," and off they went; but before they reached the Ganges, strange to say, a certain prince went into the river to bathe. He seeing that basket, which the merchant had thrown in, by the help of the light on it, got his servants to fetch it for him, and immediately opened it out of curiosity. And in it he saw that heart-enchanting girl, and he married her on the spot by the Gándharva ceremony of marriage. And he set the basket adrift on the Ganges, exactly as it was before, putting a lamp on the top of it, and placing a fierce monkey inside it. The prince having departed with that pearl of maidens, the pupils of the hermit came there in the course of their search, and saw that basket, and took it up and carried it to the hermit. Then he being delighted, said to them, "I will take this upstairs and perform incantations with it alone, but you must lie in silence this night." When he had said this, the ascetic took the basket to the top of the monastery, and opened it, eager to behold the merchant's daughter. And then a monkey of terrible appearance sprang out of it,* and rushed upon the ascetic, like his own immoral conduct incarnate in bodily form. The monkey in its fury immediately tore off with its teeth the nose of the wicked ascetic, and his ears with its claws, as if it had been a skilful executioner; and in that state the ascetic ran downstairs, and when his pupils beheld him, they could with difficulty suppress their laughter. And early next morning everybody heard the story, and laughed heartily, but the merchant was delighted, and his daughter also, as she had

* Cp. Sagas from the far East, Tale XI, pp. 123, 124. Here the crime contemplated is murder, and the ape is represented by a tiger.

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obtained a good husband. And even as the ascetic made himself ridiculous, so too may we possibly become a laughing-stock, if we employ deceit, and fail after all. For the separation of the king from Vásavadattá involves many disadvantages. When Rumaṇvat had said this to Yaugandharáyaṇa, the latter answered; "In no other way can we conduct our enterprise successfully, and if we do not undertake the enterprise, it is certain that with this self-indulgent king we shall lose even what territory we have got; and the reputation which we have acquired for statesmanship will be tarnished, and we shall cease to be spoken of as men who shew loyalty to their sovereign. For when a king is one who depends on himself for success, his ministers are considered merely the instruments of his wisdom; and in the case of such monarchs you would not have much to do with their success or failures. But when a king depends on his ministers for success, it is their wisdom that achieves his ends, and if they are wanting in enterprise, he must bid a long farewell to all hope of greatness.* But if you fear the queen's father Chaṇḍamahásena, I must tell you that he and his son and the queen also will do whatever I bid them." When Yaugandharáyaṇa, most resolute among the resolute, had said this, Rumaṇvat, whose heart dreaded some fatal blunder, again said to him; "Even a discerning prince is afflicted by the pain of being separated from a beloved woman, much more will this king of Vatsa be. In proof of what I say, listen to the following tale:"

Story of Unmádiní.†

Once on a time there was a king named Devasena, best of wise men, and the city of Srávastí was his capital. And in that city there was a wealthy merchant, and to him there was born a daughter of unparalleled beauty. And that daughter became known by the name of Unmádiní, because every one, who beheld her beauty, became mad. Her father the merchant thought, "I must not give this daughter of mine to any one without telling the king, or he may be angry." So he went and said to the king Devasena, "King, I have a daughter who is a very pearl, take her if she finds favour in your eyes." When he heard that, the king sent some Bráhmans, his confidential ministers, saying to them, "Go and see if that maiden possesses the auspicious marks or not." The ministers said, "We will do so" and went. But when they beheld that merchant's daughter, Unmádiní, love was suddenly produced in their souls, and they became utterly bewildered. When they recovered their senses, the Bráhmans said to one another: "If the king marries this maiden, he will think only of her, and will neglect the affairs of the State, and everything will go to rack and

* Literally a handful of water, such as is offered to the Manes, is offered to Fortune. It is all over with his chance of attaining glory.

† Cp. Sicilianische Märchen, Vol. I, p. 220.

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ruin; so what is the good of her?" Accordingly they went and told the king, what was not true, that the maiden had inauspicious marks. Then the merchant gave that Unmádiní, whom the king had refused, and who in her heart felt a proud resentment at it, to the king's commander-in-chief. When she was in the house of her husband, she ascended one day to the roof, and exhibited herself to the king, who she knew would pass that way. And the moment the king beheld her, resembling a world-bewildering drug employed by the god of love, distraction seemed to be produced within him. When he returned to his palace, and discovered that it was the same lady he had previously rejected, he was full of regret, and fell violently ill with fever; the commander-in-chief, the husband of the lady, came to him and earnestly entreated him to take her, saying, "She is a slave, she is not the lawful wife of another, or if it seem fit, I will repudiate her in the temple, then my lord can take her for his own." But the king said to him "I will not take unto myself another man's wife, and if you repudiate her, your righteousness will be at end, and you will deserve punishment at my hands." When they heard that, the other ministers remained silent, and the king was gradually consumed by love's burning fever, and so died. So that king perished, though of firm soul, being deprived of Unmádiní; but what will become of the lord of Vatsa without Vásavadattá? When Yaugandharáyaṇa heard this from Rumaṇvat, he answered; "Affliction is bravely endured by kings who have their eyes firmly fixed on their duty. Did not Ráma when commissioned by the gods, who were obliged to resort to that contrivance, to kill Rávana, endure the pain of separation from queen Sítá? When he heard this, Rumaṇvat said in answer—"Such as Ráma are gods, their souls can endure all things. But the thing is intolerable to men; in proof whereof listen to the following tale.

Story of the loving couple who died of separation.

There is on this earth a great city rich in jewels, named Mathurá. In it there lived a certain young merchant, called Illaka. And he had a dear wife whose mind was devoted to him alone. Once on a time, while he was dwelling with her, the young merchant determined to go to another country on account of the exigencies of his affairs. And that wife of his wished to go with him. For when women are passionately attached to any one, they cannot endure to be separated from him. And then that young merchant set out, having offered the usual preliminary prayer for success in his undertaking, and did not take with him that wife of his, though she had dressed herself for the journey. She looking after him, when he had started, with tears in her eyes, stood supporting herself against the panel of the door of the court-yard. Then, he being out of sight, she was no longer able to endure her grief; but she was too timid to follow him. So her breath left her body.

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And as soon as the young merchant came to know of that, he returned and to his horror found that dear wife of his a corpse, with pale though lovely complexion, set off by her waving locks, like the spirit of beauty that tenants the moon fallen down to the earth in the day during her sleep.* So he took her in his arms and wept over her, and immediately the vital spirits left his body, which was on fire with the flame of grief, as if they were afraid to remain. So that married couple perished by mutual separation, and therefore we must take care that the king is not separated from the queen." When he had said this, Rumaṇvat ceased, with his mind full of apprehension, but the wise Yaugandharáyaṇa, that ocean of calm resolution answered him; "I have arranged the whole plan, and the affairs of kings often require such steps to be taken, in proof of it, hear the following tale:"

Story of Puṇyasena.

There lived long ago in Ujjayiní a king named Puṇyasena, and once on a time a powerful sovereign came and attacked him. Then his resolute ministers, seeing that that king was hard to conquer, spread everywhere a false report that their own sovereign Puṇyasena was dead; and they placed him in concealment, and burnt some other man's corpse with all the ceremonies appropriate to a king, and they proposed to the hostile king through an ambassador that, as they had now no king, he should come and be their king. The hostile monarch was pleased and consented, and then the ministers assembled accompanied by soldiers, and proceeded to storm his camp. And the enemy's army being destroyed, Puṇyasena's ministers brought him out of concealment, and having recovered their power put that hostile king to death.

"Such necessities will arise in monarch's affairs, therefore let us resolutely accomplish this business of the king's by spreading a report of the queen's having been burnt." When he heard this from Yaugandharáyaṇa, who had made up his mind, Rumaṇvat said; "If this is resolved upon, let us send for Gopálaka the queen's respected brother, and let us take all our measures duly, after consultation with him." Then Yaugandharáyaṇa said "So be it," and Rumaṇvat allowed himself to be guided, in determining what was to be done, by the confidence which he placed in his colleague. The next day, these dexterous ministers sent off a messenger of their own to bring Gopálaka, on the pretext that his relations longed to see him. And as he had only departed before on account of urgent business, Gopálaka came at the request of the messenger, seeming like an incarnate festival. And the very day he came, Yaugandharáyaṇa took him by night to his own house together with Rumaṇvat, and there he told him of that daring scheme which he wished to undertake, all of which he had before deliberated about together with that Rumaṇvat; and Gopálaka desiring the good

* In the original it is intended to compare the locks to the spots in the moon.

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of the king of Vatsa consented to the scheme though he knew it would bring sorrow to his sister, for the mind of good men is ever fixed upon duty. Then Rumaṇvat again said,—"All this is well planned, but when the king of Vatsa hears that his wife is burnt, he will be inclined to yield up his breath, and how is he to be prevented from doing so? This is a matter which ought to be considered. For though all the usual politic expedients may advantageously be employed, the principal element of sound state-craft is the averting of misfortune." Then Yaugandharáyaṇa who had reflected on everything that was to be done, said, "There need be no anxiety about this, for the queen is a princess, the younger sister of Gopálaka, and dearer to him than his life, and when the king of Vatsa sees how little afflicted Gopálaka is, he will think to himself, 'Perhaps the queen may be alive after all,' and so will be able to control his feelings. Moreover he is of heroic disposition, and the marriage of Padmávatí will be quickly got through, and then we can soon bring the queen out of concealment." Then Yaugandharáyaṇa, and Gopálaka, and Rumaṇvat having made up their minds to this, deliberated as follows: "Let us adopt the artifice of going to Lávánaka with the king and queen, for that district is a border-district near the kingdom of Magadha. And because it contains admirable hunting-grounds, it will tempt the king to absent himself from the palace, so we can set the women's apartments there on fire and carry out the plan* on which we have determined. And by an artifice we will take the queen and leave her in the palace of Padmávatí, in order that Padmávatí herself may be a witness to the queen's virtuous behaviour in a state of concealment." Having thus deliberated together during the night, they all, with Yaugandharáyaṇa at their head, entered the king's palace on the next day. Then Rumaṇvat made the following representation to the king, "O king, it is a long time since we have gone to Lávánaka, and it is a very delightful place, moreover you will find capital hunting-grounds there, and grass for the horses can easily be obtained. And the king of Magadha, being so near, afflicts all that district. So let us go there for the sake of defending it, as well as for our own enjoyment." And the king, when he heard this, having his mind always set on enjoyment, determined to go to Lávánaka together with Vásavadattá. The next day, the journey having been decided on, and the auspicious hour having been fixed by the astrologers, suddenly the hermit Nárada came to visit the monarch.

He illuminated the region with his splendour, as he descended from the midst of heaven, and gave a feast to the eyes of all spectators, seeming as if he were the moon come down out of affection towards his own descendants.† After accepting the usual hospitable attentions, the hermit graciously gave

* Reading *yad hi*.

† The moon was the progenitor of the Páṇḍava race.

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to the king, who bowed humbly before him, a garland from the Párijáta* tree. And he congratulated the queen, by whom he was politely received, promising her that she should have a son, who should be a portion of Cupid† and king of all the Vidyádharas. And then he said to the king of Vatsa, while Yaugandharáyaṇa was standing by, "O king, the sight of your wife Vásavadattá has strangely brought something to my recollection. In old time you had for ancestors Yudhishṭhira and his brothers. And those five had one wife between them, Draupadí by name. And she, like Vásavadattá, was matchless in beauty. Then, fearing that her beauty would do mischief, I said to them, you must avoid jealousy, for that is the seed of calamities; in proof of it, listen to the following tale, which I will relate to you.

Story of Sunda and Upasunda.

There were two brothers, Asuras by race, Sunda and Upasunda, hard to overcome, inasmuch as they surpassed the three worlds in valour. And Brahmá, wishing to destroy them, gave an order to Viśvakarman,‡ and had constructed a heavenly woman named Tilottamá, in order to behold whose beauty even Śiva truly became four-faced, so as to look four ways at once, while she was devoutly circumambulating him. She, by the order of Brahmá, went to Sunda and Upasunda, while they were in the garden of Kailása, in order to seduce them. And both those two Asuras distracted with love, seized the fair one at the same time by both her arms, the moment they saw her near them. And as they were dragging her off in mutual opposition, they soon came to blows, and both of them were destroyed. To whom is not the attractive object called woman the cause of misfortune? And you, though many, have one love, Draupadí, therefore you must without fail avoid quarrelling about her. And by my advice always observe this rule with respect to her. When she is with the eldest, she must be considered a mother by the younger, and when she is with the youngest, she must be considered a daughter-in-law by the eldest. Your ancestors, O king, accepted that speech of mine with unanimous consent, having their minds fixed on salutary counsels. And they were my friends, and it is through love for them that I have come to visit you here, king of Vatsa, therefore I give you this advice. Do you follow the counsel of your ministers, as they followed mine, and in a short time you will gain great success. For some time you will suffer grief, but you must not be too much distressed about it, for it will end in happiness." After the hermit Nárada, so clever in indirectly intimating future prosperity, had said this duly to the king of Vatsa, he immediately disappeared. And then Yaugandharáyaṇa and all

* One of the five trees of Paradise.

† *Káma* the Hindu Cupid.

‡ The architect or artist of the gods.

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the other ministers, auguring from the speech of that great hermit that the scheme they had in view was about to succeed, became exceedingly zealous about carrying it into effect.

CHAPTER XVI.

Then Yaugandharáyaṇa and the other ministers managed to conduct the king of Vatsa with his beloved, by the above-mentioned stratagem, to Lávánaka. The king arrived at that place, which, by the roar of the host echoing through it, seemed, as it were, to proclaim that the ministers' object would be successfully attained. And the king of Magadha, when he heard that the lord of Vatsa had arrived there with a large following, trembled, anticipating attack. But he being wise, sent an ambassador to Yaugandharáyaṇa, and that excellent minister well-versed in his duties, received him gladly. The king of Vatsa for his part, while staying in that place, ranged every day the wide-extended forest for the sake of sport. One day, the king having gone to hunt, the wise Yaugandharáyaṇa accompanied by Gopálaka, having arranged what was to be done, and taking with him also Rumaṇvat and Vasantaka, went secretly to the queen Vásavadattá, who bowed at their approach. There he used various representations to persuade her to assist in furthering the king's interests, though she had been previously informed of the whole affair by her brother. And she agreed to the proposal, though it inflicted on her the pain of separation. What indeed is there which women of good family, who are attached to their husbands, will not endure? Thereupon the skilful Yaugandharáyaṇa made her assume the appearance of a Bráhman woman, having given her a charm, which enabled her to change her shape. And he made Vasantaka one-eyed and like a Bráhman boy, and as for himself, he in the same way assumed the appearance of an old Bráhman. Then that mighty-minded one took the queen, after she had assumed that appearance, and accompanied by Vasantaka, set out leisurely for the town of Magadha. And so Vásavadattá left her house, and went in bodily presence along the road, though she wandered in spirit to her husband. Then Rumaṇvat burnt her pavilion with fire, and exclaimed aloud—"Alas! alas! The queen and Vasantaka are burnt." And so in that place there rose to heaven at the same time flames and lamentation; the flames gradually subsided, not so the sound of weeping. Then Yaugandharáyaṇa with Vásavadattá and Vasantaka reached the city of the king of Magadha, and seeing the princess Padmávatí in the garden, he went up to her with those two, though the guards tried to prevent

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him. And Padmávatí, when she saw the queen Vásavadattá in the dress of a Bráhman woman, fell in love with her at first sight. The princess ordered the guards to desist from their opposition, and had Yaugandharáyaṇa, who was disguised as a Bráhman, conducted into her presence. And she addressed to him this question, "Great Bráhman, who is this girl you have with you, and why are you come?" And he answered her, "Princess, this is my daughter Avantiká by name, and her husband, being addicted to vice,* has deserted her and fled somewhere or other. So I will leave her in your care, illustrious lady, while I go and find her husband, and bring him back, which will be in a short time. And let this one-eyed boy, her brother, remain here near her, in order that she may not be grieved at having to remain alone." He said this to the princess, and she granted his request, and, taking leave of the queen, the good minister quickly returned to Lávánaka. Then Padmávatí took with her Vásavadattá, who was passing under the name of Avantiká, and Vasantaka who accompanied her in the form of a one-eyed boy; and shewing her excellent disposition by her kind reception and affectionate treatment of them, entered her splendidly-adorned palace; and there Vásavadattá, seeing Sitá in the history of Ráma represented upon the painted walls, was enabled to bear her own sorrow. And Padmávatí perceived that Vásavadattá was a person of very high rank, by her shape, her delicate softness, the graceful manner in which she sat down, and ate, and also by the smell of her body, which was fragrant as the blue lotus, and so she entertained her with luxurious comfort to her heart's content, even such as she enjoyed herself. And she thought to herself, "Surely she is some distinguished person remaining here in concealment; did not Draupadí remain concealed in the palace of the king of Viráṭa?" Then Vásavadattá, out of regard for the princess made for her unfading garlands and forehead-streaks, as the king of Vatsa had previously taught her; and Padmávatí's mother, seeing her adorned with them, asked her privately who had made those garlands and streaks. Then Padmávatí said to her, "There is dwelling here in my house a certain lady of the name of Avantiká, she made all these for me." When her mother heard that, she said to her, then, my daughter, she is not a woman, she is some goddess, since she possesses such knowledge; gods and also hermits remain in the houses of good people for the sake of deluding them, and in proof of this listen to the following anecdote.

Story of Kunti.

There was once a king named Kuntibhoga; and a hermit of the name of Durvásas, who was exceedingly fond of deluding people, came and stayed in his palace. He commissioned his own daughter Kuntí to attend

* This is literally true. The king was addicted to the *vyasana* or vice of hunting.

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upon the hermit, and she diligently waited upon him. And one day he, wishing to prove her, said to her, "Cook boiled rice with milk and sugar quickly, while I bathe, and then I will come and eat it." The sage said this, and bathed quickly, and then he came to eat it, and Kuntí brought him the vessel full of that food; and then the hermit, knowing that it was almost red-hot with the heated rice, and seeing that she could not hold it in her hands,* cast a look at the back of Kuntí and she perceiving what was passing in the hermit's mind, placed the vessel on her back; then he ate to his heart's content while Kuntí's back was being burnt, and because, though she was terribly burnt, she stood without being at all discomposed, the hermit was much pleased with her conduct, and after he had eaten granted her a boon.

"So the hermit remained there, and in the same way this Ávantiká, who is now staying in your palace, is some distinguished person, therefore endeavour to conciliate her." When she heard this from the mouth of her mother, Padmávatí showed the utmost consideration for Vásavadattá, who was living disguised in her palace. And Vásavadattá for her part, being separated from her lord, remained there pale with bereavement, like a lotus in the night.† But the various boyish grimaces, which Vasantaka exhibited,‡ again and again called a smile into her face.

In the meanwhile the king of Vatsa, who had wandered away into very distant hunting-grounds, returned late in the evening to Lávánaka. And there he saw the women's apartments reduced to ashes by fire, and heard from his ministers that the queen was burnt with Vasantaka. And when he heard it, he fell on the ground, and he was robbed of his senses by unconsciousness, that seemed to desire to remove the painful sense of grief. But in a moment he came to himself and was burnt with sorrow in his heart, as if penetrated with the fire that strove to consume§ the image of the queen imprinted there. Then overpowered with sorrow he lamented, and thought of nothing but suicide; but a moment after he began to reflect, calling to mind the following prediction—"From this queen shall be born a son who shall reign over all the Vidyádharas. This is what the hermit Nárada told me, and it cannot be false. Moreover that same hermit warned me that I should have sorrow for some time. And the affliction of Gopálaka seems to be but slight. Besides I cannot detect any excessive grief in Yaugandharáyaṇa and the other ministers, therefore I suspect the queen may possibly be alive. But the ministers may in this matter have

* I read *hastagrahávyogyám* for the *dhastagrahávyogyám* of Dr. Brockhaus.

† The flower closes when the sun sets.

‡ To keep up his character as a Bráhman boy.

§ I read *dáhaishínd.*

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employed a certain amount of politic artifice, therefore I may some day be re-united with the queen. So I see an end to this affliction." Thus reflecting and being exhorted by his ministers, the king established in his heart self-control. And Gopálaka sent off a private messenger immediately, without any one's knowing of it, to his sister, to comfort her, with an exact report of the state of affairs. Such being the situation in Lávánaka, the spies of the king of Magadha who were there, went off to him and told him all. The king who was ever ready to seize the opportune moment, when he heard this, was once more anxious to give to the king of Vatsa his daughter Padmávatí, who had before been asked in marriage by his ministers. Then he communicated his wishes with respect to this matter to the king of Vatsa, and also to Yaugandharáyaṇa. And by the advice of Yaugandharáyaṇa, the king of Vatsa accepted that proposal, thinking to himself that perhaps this was the very reason why the queen had been concealed. Then Yaugandharáyaṇa quickly ascertained an auspicious moment, and sent to the sovereign of Magadha an ambassador with an answer to his proposal which ran as follows: "Thy desire is approved by us, so on the seventh day from this, the king of Vatsa will arrive at thy court to marry Padmávatí, in order that he may quickly forget Vásavadattá." This was the message which the great minister sent to that king. And that ambassador conveyed it to the king of Magadha, who received him joyfully. Then the lord of Magadha made such preparations for the joyful occasion of the marriage, as were in accordance with his love for his daughter, his own desire, and his wealth; and Padmávatí was delighted at hearing that she had obtained the bridegroom she desired, but, when Vásavadattá heard that news, she was depressed in spirit. That intelligence, when it reached her ear, changed the colour of her face, and assisted the transformation effected by her disguise. But Vasantaka said, "In this way an enemy will be turned into a friend, and your husband will not be alienated from you." This speech of Vasantaka's consoled her like a *confidante*, and enabled her to bear up. Then the discreet lady again prepared for Padmávatí unfading garlands and forehead-streaks, both of heavenly beauty, as her marriage was now nigh at hand; and when the seventh day from that arrived, the monarch of Vatsa actually came there with his troops, accompanied by his ministers, to marry her. How could he in his state of bereavement have ever thought of undertaking such a thing, if he had not hoped in that way to recover the queen? And the king of Magadha immediately came with great delight to meet him, (who was a feast to the eyes of the king's subjects,) as the sea advances to meet the rising moon. Then the monarch of Vatsa entered the city of the king of Magadha, and at the same time great joy entered the minds of the citizens on every side. There the women beheld him fascinating* the mind, though his frame was attenuated from be-

* This applies also to the god of love who bewilders the mind.

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reavement, looking like the god of love, deprived of his wife Rati. Then the king of Vatsa entered the palace of the lord of Magadha, and proceeded to the chamber prepared for the marriage ceremony, which was full of women whose husbands were still alive. In that chamber he beheld Padmávatí adorned for the wedding, surpassing with the full moon of her face the circle of the full moon. And seeing that she had garlands and forehead-streaks such as he himself only could make, the king could not help wondering where she got them. Then he ascended the raised platform of the altar, and his taking her hand there was a commencement of his taking the tribute* of the whole earth. The smoke of the altar dimmed his eyes with tears, as supposing that he could not bear to witness the ceremony, since he loved Vásavadattá so much. Then the face of Padmávatí, reddened with circumambulating the fire, appeared as if full of anger on account of her perceiving what was passing in her husband's mind. When the ceremony of marriage was completed, the king of Vatsa let the hand of Padmávatí quit his, but he never even for a moment allowed the image of Vásavadattá to be absent from his heart. Then the king of Magadha gave him jewels in such abundance, that the earth seemed to be deprived of her gems, they all having been extracted. And Yaugandharáyaṇa, calling the fire to witness on that occasion, made the king of Magadha undertake never to injure his master. So that festive scene proceeded, with the distribution of garments and ornaments, with the songs of excellent minstrels, and the dancing of dancing-girls. In the meanwhile Vásavadattá remained unobserved, hoping for the glory of her husband, appearing† to be asleep, like the beauty of the moon in the day. Then the king of Vatsa went to the women's apartments, and the skilful Yaugandharáyaṇa, being afraid that he would see the queen, and that so the whole secret would be divulged, said to the sovereign of Magadha, "Prince, this very day the king of Vatsa will set forth from thy house." The king of Magadha consented to it, and then the minister made the very same announcement to the king of Vatsa, and he also approved of it.

Then the king of Vatsa set out from that place, after his attendants had eaten and drunk, together with his ministers, escorting his bride Padmávatí. And Vásavadattá, ascending a comfortable carriage sent by Padmávatí, with its great horses also put at her disposal by her, went secretly in the rear of the army, making the transformed Vasantaka precede her. At last the king of Vatsa reached Lávánaka, and entered his own house, together with his bride, but thought all the time only of the queen Vásavadattá. The queen also arrived and entered the house of Gopálaka at night,

* *Kara* means hand, and also tribute. † I read *iva* for *eva*.

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making the chamberlains wait round it. There she saw her brother Gopálaka, who shewed her great attention, and she embraced his neck weeping, while his eyes filled with tears; and at that moment arrived Yaugandharáyaṇa, true to his previous agreement, together with Rumaṇvat, and the queen shewed him all due courtesy. And while he was engaged in dispelling the queen's grief caused by the great effort she had made, and her separation from her husband, those chamberlains repaired to Padmávatí, and said, "Queen, Ávantiká has arrived, but she has in a strange way dismissed us, and gone to the house of prince Gopálaka." When Padmávatí heard that representation from her chamberlains, she was alarmed and in the presence of the king of Vatsa answered them, "Go and say to Ávantiká, 'The queen says—You are a deposit in my hands, so what business have you where you are? Come where I am.'" When they heard that, they departed and the king asked Padmávatí in private who made for her the unfading garlands and forehead-streaks. Then she said, "It is all the product of the great artistic skill of the lady named Ávantiká who was deposited in my house by a certain Bráhman." No sooner did the king hear that, then he went off to the house of Gopálaka, thinking that surely Vásavadattá would be there. And he entered the house, at the door of which eunuchs were standing,* and within which were the queen, Gopálaka, the two ministers, and Vasantaka. There he saw Vásavadattá returned from banishment, like the orb of the moon freed from its eclipse. Then he fell on the earth delirious with the poison of grief, and trembling was produced in the heart of Vásavadattá. Then she too fell on the earth with limbs pale from separation, and lamented aloud, blaming her own conduct. And that couple, afflicted with grief, lamented so that even the face of Yaugandharáyaṇa was washed with tears. And then Padmávatí too heard that wailing, which seemed so little suited to the occasion, and came in a state of bewilderment to the place whence it proceeded. And gradually finding out the truth with respect to the king and Vásavadattá, she was reduced to the same state, for good women are affectionate and tender-hearted. And Vásavadattá frequently exclaimed with tears, "What profit is there in my life that causes only sorrow to my husband?" Then the calm Yaugandharáyaṇa said to the king of Vatsa: "King, I have done all this in order to make you universal emperor, by marrying you to the daughter of the sovereign of Magadha, and the queen is not in the slightest degree to blame; moreover this, her rival wife, is witness to her good behaviour during her absence from you." Thereupon Padmávatí, whose mind was free from jealousy, said, "I am ready to enter the fire on the spot to prove her innocence." And the king said, "I am in fault, as it was for my sake that the queen endured this great affliction." And Vásavadattá having firmly resolv-

* Reading *taddvárasthitamahattaram* as one word.

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ed, said, "I must enter the fire to clear from suspicion the mind of the king." Then the wise Yaugandharáyaṇa, best of right-acting men, rinsed his mouth, with his face towards the east, and spoke a blameless speech; "If I have been a benefactor to this king, and if the queen is free from stain, speak, ye guardians of the world; if it is not so, I will part from my body." Thus he spoke and ceased, and this heavenly utterance was heard: "Happy art thou, O king, that hast for minister Yaugandharáyaṇa, and for wife Vásavadattá, who in a former birth was a goddess; not the slightest blame attaches to her." Having uttered this, the Voice ceased. All who were present, when they heard that sound, which resounded though all the regions, delightful as the deep thunder-roar at the first coming of the rain-clouds, having endured affliction for a long time, lifted up their hands and plainly imitated peafowl in their joy. Moreover the king of Vatsa and Gopálaka praised that proceeding of Yaugandharáyaṇa's, and the former already considered that the whole earth was subject to him. Then that king possessing those two wives, whose affection was every day increased by living with him, like joy and tranquillity come to visit him in bodily form, was in a state of supreme felicity.

CHAPTER XVII.

The next day, the king of Vatsa, sitting in private with Vásavadattá and Padmávatí, engaged in a festive banquet, sent for Yaugandharáyaṇa, Gopálaka, Rumaṇvat and Vasantaka, and had much confidential conversation with them. Then the king, in the hearing of them all, told the following tale with reference to the subject of his separation from his beloved.

Story of Urvaśí.

Once on a time there was a king of the name of Purúravas, who was a devoted worshipper of Vishṇu; he traversed heaven as well as earth without opposition, and one day, as he was sauntering in Nandana, the garden of the gods, a certain Apsaras of the name of Urvaśí, who was a second stupifying weapon* in the hands of Love, cast an eye upon him. The moment she beheld him, the sight so completely robbed her of her senses, that she alarmed the timid minds of Rambhá and her other friends. The king too, when he saw that torrent of the nectar of beauty, was quite faint with thirst, because he could not obtain possession of her. Then

* This, with the water weapon, and that of whirlwind, is mentioned in the Rámáyana and the Uttara Ráma Charita.

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Vishṇu, who knoweth all, dwelling in the sea of milk, gave the following command to Nárada, an excellent hermit, who came to visit him—"O Divine sage,* the king Purúravas, at present abiding in the garden of Nandana, having had his mind captivated by Urvaśí, remains incapable of bearing the pain of separation from his love. Therefore go, O hermit, and informing Indra as from me, cause that Urvaśí to be quickly given to the king." Having received this order from Vishṇu, Nárada undertook to execute it, and going to Purúravas who was in the state described, roused him from his lethargy and said to him ;—"Rise up, O king, for thy sake I am sent here by Vishṇu, for that god does not neglect the sufferings of those who are unfeignedly devoted to him." With these words, the hermit Nárada cheered up Purúravas, and then went with him into the presence of the king of the gods.

Then he communicated the order of Vishṇu to Indra, who received it with reverent mind, and so the hermit caused Urvaśí to be given to Purúravas. That gift of Urvaśí deprived the inhabitants of heaven of life, but it was to Urvaśí herself an elixir to restore her to life. Then Purúravas returned with her to the earth, exhibiting to the eyes of mortals the wonderful spectacle of a heavenly bride. Thenceforth those two, Urvaśí and that king, remained, so to speak, fastened together by the leash of gazing on one another, so that they were unable to separate. One day Purúravas went to heaven, invited by Indra to assist him, as a war had arisen between him and the Dánavas. In that war the king of the Asuras, named Máyadhara, was slain, and accordingly Indra held a great feast, at which all the nymphs of heaven displayed their skill. And on that occasion Purúravas, when he saw the nymph Rambhá performing a dramatic dance called *chalita*,† with the teacher Tumburu standing by her, laughed. Then Rambhá said to him sarcastically—"I suppose, mortal, you know this heavenly dance, do you not?" Purúravas answered, "From associating with Urvaśí, I knew dances which even your teacher Tumburu does not know." When Tumburu heard that, he laid this curse on him in his wrath, "Mayest thou be separated from Urvaśí until thou propitiate Krishṇa." When he heard that curse, Purúravas went and told Urvaśí what had happened to him, which was terrible as "a thunderbolt from the blue." Immediately some Gandharvas swooped down, without the king's seeing them, and carried off Urvaśí, whither he knew not. Then Purúravas, knowing that the calamity was due to that curse, went and performed penance to appease Vishṇu in the hermitage of Badariká.

But Urvaśí, remaining in the country of the Gandharvas, afflicted at her separation, was as void of sense as if she had been dead, asleep, or a

* Or Devarshi, belonging to the highest class of Rishis or patriarchal saints.

† This dance is mentioned in the 1st Act of the Málavikágnimitra.

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mere picture. She kept herself alive with hoping for the end of the curse, but it is wonderful that she did not lose her hold on life, while she remained like the female *chákraváka* during the night, the appointed time of her separation from the male bird. And Purúravas propitiated Vishṇu by that penance, and, owing to Vishṇu's having been gratified, the Gandharvas surrendered Urvaśí to him. So that king, re-united to the nymph whom he had recovered at the termination of the curse, enjoyed heavenly pleasures, though living upon earth.

The king stopped speaking, and Vásavadattá felt an emotion of shame at having endured separation, when she heard of the attachment of Urvaśí to her husband.

Then Yaugandharáyaṇa, seeing that the queen was abashed at having been indirectly reproved by her husband, said, in order to make him feel in his turn,—"King, listen to this tale, if you have not already heard it.

Story of Vihitasena.

There is on this earth a city of the name of Timirá, the dwelling of the goddess of Prosperity; in it there was a famous king named Vihitasena; he had a wife named Tejovatí, a very goddess upon earth. That king was ever hanging on her neck, devoted to her embraces, and could not even bear that his body should be for a short time scratched with the coat of mail. And once there came upon the king a lingering fever with diminishing intensity; and the physicians forbad him to continue in the queen's society. But when he was excluded from the society of the queen, there was engendered in his heart a disease not to be reached by medicine or treatment. The physicians told the ministers in private that the disease might relieve itself by fear or the stroke of some affliction. The ministers reflected—"How can we produce fear in that brave king, who did not tremble when an enormous snake once fell on his back, who was not confused when a hostile army penetrated into his harem? It is useless thinking of devices to produce fear; what are we ministers, to do with the king?" Thus the ministers reflected, and after deliberating with the queen, concealed her, and said to the king, "The queen is dead." While the king was tortured with that exceeding grief, in his agitation that disease in his heart relieved itself.* When the king had got over the pain of the illness, the ministers restored to him that great queen, who seemed like a second gift of ease, and the king valued her highly as the saviour of his life, and was too wise to bear anger against her afterwards for concealing herself.

For it is care for a husband's interests that entitles a king's wife to the name of queen; by mere compliance with a husband's whims the name

* Literally broke. The *vyádhi* or disease must have been of the nature of an abscess.

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of queen is not obtained. And discharging the duty of minister means undivided attention to the burden of the king's affairs, but the compliance with a king's passing fancies is the characteristic of a mere courtier. Accordingly we made this effort in order to come to terms with your enemy, the king of Magadha, and with a view to your conquering the whole earth. So it is not the case that the queen, who, through love for you, endured intolerable separation, has done you a wrong; on the contrary she has conferred on you a great benefit." When the king of Vatsa heard this true speech of his prime-minister's, he thought that he himself was in the wrong, and was quite satisfied.

And he said; "I know this well enough, that the queen, like Policy incarnate in bodily form, acting under your inspiration, has bestowed upon me the dominion of the earth. But that unbecoming speech, which I uttered, was due to excessive affection; how can people whose minds are blinded with love bring themselves to deliberate calmly?*" With such conversation that king of Vatsa brought the day and the queen's eclipse of shame to an end. On the next day a messenger sent by the king of Magadha, who had discovered the real state of the case, came to the sovereign of Vatsa, and said to him as from his master; "We have been deceived by thy ministers, therefore take such steps as that the world may not henceforth be to us a place of misery." When he heard that, the king shewed all honour to the messenger, and sent him to Padmávatí to take his answer from her. She, for her part, being altogether devoted to Vásavadattá, had an interview with the ambassador in her presence. For humility is an unfailing characteristic of good women. The ambassador delivered her father's message—"My daughter, you have been married by an artifice, and your husband is attached to another, thus it has come to pass that I reap in misery the fruit of being the father of a daughter." But Padmávatí thus answered him, Say to my father from me here—"What need of grief? For my husband is very indulgent to me, and the queen Vásavadattá is my affectionate sister, so my father must not be angry with my husband, unless he wishes to break his own plighted faith and my heart at the same time." When this becoming answer had been given by Padmávatí, the queen Vásavadattá hospitably entertained the ambassador and then sent him away. When the ambassador had departed, Padmávatí remained somewhat depressed with regret, calling to mind her father's house. Then Vásavadattá ordered Vasantaka to amuse her, and he came near, and with that object proceeded to tell the following tale:

Story of Somaprabhá.

There is a city, the ornament of the earth, called Pâṭaliputra, and in it there was a great merchant named Dharmagupta. He had a wife named

* Amare et sapere vix deo conceditur. (Publius Syrus.)

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Chandraprabhá, and she once on a time became pregnant, and brought forth a daughter beautiful in all her limbs. That girl, the moment she was born, illuminated the chamber with her beauty, spoke distinctly,* and got up and sat down. Then Dharmagupta, seeing that the women in the lying-in-chamber were astonished and terrified, went there himself in a state of alarm. And immediately he asked that girl in secret, bowing before her humbly,—"Adorable one, who art thou, that art thus become incarnate in my family?" She answered him, "Thou must not give me in marriage to any one; as long as I remain in thy house, father, I am a blessing to thee; what profit is there in enquiring further?" When she said this to him, Dharmagupta was frightened, and he concealed her in his house giving out abroad that she was dead. Then that girl, whose name was Somaprabhá gradually grew up with human body, but celestial splendour of beauty. And one day a young merchant, of the name of Guhachandra, beheld her, as she was standing upon the top of her palace, looking on with delight at the celebration of the spring-festival; she clung like a creeper of love round his heart, so that he was, as it were, faint, and with difficulty got home to his house. There he was tortured with the pain of love, and when his parents persistently importuned him to tell them the cause of his distress, he informed them by the mouth of a friend. Then his father, whose name was Guhasena, out of love for his son, went to the house of Dharmagupta, to ask him to give his daughter in marriage to Guhachandra. Then Dharmagupta put off Guhasena when he made the request, desiring to obtain a daughter-in-law, and said to him, "The fact is, my daughter is out of her mind." Considering that he meant by that to refuse to give his daughter, Guhasena returned home, and there he beheld his son prostrated by the fever of love, and thus reflected, "I will persuade the king to move in this matter, for I have before this conferred an obligation on him, and he will cause that maiden to be given to my son, who is at the point of death." Having thus determined, the merchant went and presented to the king a splendid jewel, and made known to him his desire. The king, for his part, being well-disposed towards him, commissioned the head of the police to assist him, with whom he went to the house of Dharmagupta; and surrounded it on all sides with policemen,† so that Dharmagupta's throat was choked with tears, as he expected utter ruin. Then Somaprabhá said to Dharmagupta—"Give me in marriage, my father, let not calamity befall you on my account, but I must never be treated as a wife by my husband,

* Liebrecht in an essay on some modern Greek songs (Zur Volkskunde, p. 211) gives numerous stories of children who spoke shortly after birth. It appears to have been generally considered an evil omen. Cp. the Romance of Merlin. (Dunlop's History of Fiction, p. 146.)

† More literally; blockaded his house with policemen, and his throat with tears.

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and this agreement you must make in express terms with my future father-in-law." When his daughter had said this to him, Dharmagupta agreed to give her in marriage, after stipulating that she should not be treated as a wife; and Guhasena with inward laughter agreed to the condition, thinking to himself, "Only let my son be once married." Then Guhachandra, the son of Guhasena, went to his own house, taking with him his bride Somaprabhá. And in the evening his father said to him, "My son, treat her as a wife, for who abstains from the society of his own wife?" When she heard that, the bride Somaprabhá looked angrily at her father-in-law, and whirled round her threatening fore-finger, as it were the decree of death. When he saw that finger of his daughter-in-law, the breath of that merchant immediately left him, and fear came upon all besides. But Guhachandra, when his father was dead, thought to himself, "The goddess of death has entered into my house as a wife." And thenceforth he avoided the society of that wife, though she remained in his house, and so observed a vow difficult as that of standing on the edge of a sword. And being inly consumed by that grief, losing his taste for all enjoyment, he made a vow and feasted Bráhmans every day. And that wife of his, of heavenly beauty, observing strict silence, used always to give a fee to those Bráhmans after they had eaten. One day an aged Bráhman, who had come to be fed, beheld her exciting the wonder of the world by her dower of beauty; then the Bráhman full of curiosity secretly asked Guhachandra; "Tell me who this young wife of yours is." Then Guhachandra, being importuned by that Bráhman, told him with afflicted mind her whole story. When he heard it, the excellent Bráhman, full of compassion, gave him a charm for appeasing the fire, in order that he might obtain his desire. Accordingly, while Guhachandra was in secret muttering that charm, there appeared to him a Bráhman from the midst of the fire. And that god of fire in the shape of a Bráhman, said to him, as he lay prostrate at his feet, "To-day I will eat in thy house, and I will remain there during the night. And after I have shewn thee the truth with respect to thy wife, I will accomplish thy desire." When he had said this to Guhachandra, the Bráhman entered his house. There he ate like the other Bráhmans, and lay down at night near Guhachandra for one watch of the night only, such was his unwearying zeal. And at this period of the night, Somaprabhá, the wife of Guhachandra, went out from the house of her husband, all the inmates of which were asleep. At that moment that Bráhman woke up Guhachandra, and said to him, "Come, see what thy wife is doing."

And by magic power he gave Guhachandra and himself the shape of bees,* and going out he shewed him that wife of his, who had issued from

* So in the XXIst of Miss Stokes's Indian Fairy Tales the *fakir* changes the king's son into a fly. Cp. also Veckenstedt's Wendische Sagen, p. 127.

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the house. And that fair one went a long distance outside the city, and the Bráhman with Guhachandra followed her. Thereupon Guhachandra saw before him a Nyagrodha* tree of wide extent, beautiful with its shady stem, and under it he heard a heavenly sound of singing, sweet with strains floating on the air, accompanied with the music of the lyre and the flute. And on the trunk of the tree he saw a heavenly maiden, like his wife in appearance, seated on a splendid throne, eclipsing by her beauty the moon-beam, fanned with white *chowries*, like the goddess presiding over the treasure of all the moon's beauty. And then Guhachandra saw his wife ascend that very tree and sit down beside that lady, occupying half of her throne. While he was contemplating those two heavenly maidens of equal beauty sitting together, it seemed to him as if that night were lighted by three moons.†

Then he, full of curiosity thought, for a moment, "Can this be sleep or delusion? But away with both these suppositions! This is the expanding of the blossom from the bud of association with the wise, which springs on the tree of right conduct, and this blossom gives promise of the appropriate fruit." While he was thus reflecting at his leisure, those two celestial maidens, after eating food suited for such as they were, drank heavenly wine. Then the wife of Guhachandra said to the second heavenly maiden, "To-day some glorious Bráhman has arrived in our house, for which reason, my sister, my heart is alarmed and I must go." In these words she took leave of that other heavenly maiden and descended from the tree. When Guhachandra and the Bráhman saw that, they returned in front of her, still preserving the form of bees, and arrived in the house by night before she did, and afterwards arrived that heavenly maiden, the wife of Guhachandra, and she entered the house without being observed. Then that Bráhman of his own accord said to Guhachandra; "You have had ocular proof that your wife is divine and not human, and you have to-day seen her sister who is also divine; and how do you suppose that a heavenly nymph can desire the society of a man? So I will give you a charm to be written up over her door, and I will also teach you an artifice to be employed outside the house, which must increase the force of the charm. A fire burns even without being fanned, but much more when a strong current of air is brought to bear on it; in the same way a charm will produce the desired effect unaided, but much more readily when assisted by an artifice." When he had said this,

* Ficus Indica. Such a tree is said to have sheltered an army. Its branches take root and form a natural cloister. Cp. Milton's Paradise Lost, Book IX, lines 1099 and ff.

† For the illuminating power of female beauty, see Note 3 to the 1st Tale in Miss Stokes's Collection, where parallels are cited from the folk-lore of Europe and Asia.

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the excellent Bráhman gave a charm to Guhachandra, and instructed him in the artifice, and then vanished in the dawn. Guhachandra for his part wrote it up over the door of his wife's apartment, and in the evening had recourse to the following stratagem calculated to excite her affection. He dressed himself splendidly and went and conversed with a certain *hetæra* before her eyes. When she saw this, the heavenly maiden being jealous, called to him with voice set free by the charm, and asked him who that woman was? He answered her falsely; "She is a *hetæra* who has taken a fancy to me, and I shall go and pay her a visit to-day." Then she looked at him askance with wrinkled brows, and lifting up her veil with her left hand, said to him, "Ah! I see: this is why you are dressed so grandly, do not go to her, what have you to do with her? Visit me, for I am your wife." When he had been thus implored by her, agitated with excitement, as if she were possessed, though that evil demon which held her had been expelled by the charm, he was in a state of ecstatic joy, and he immediately entered into her chamber with her, and enjoyed, though a mortal, celestial happiness not conceived of in imagination. Having thus obtained her as a loving wife, conciliated by the magic power of the charm, who abandoned for him her celestial rank, Guhachandra lived happily ever after.

"Thus heavenly nymphs, who have been cast down by some curse, live as wives in the houses of righteous men, as a reward for their good deeds, such as acts of devotion and charity. For the honouring of gods and Bráhmans is considered the wishing-cow* of the good. For what is not obtained by that? All the other politic expedients, known as conciliation and so on, are mere adjuncts.† But evil actions are the chief cause of even heavenly beings, born in a very lofty station, falling from their high estate; as a hurricane is the cause of the falling of blossoms." When he had said this to the princess, Vasantaka continued; "Hear moreover what happened to Ahalyá."

Story of Ahalyá.

Once upon a time there was a great hermit named Gautama, who knew the past, the present, and the future. And he had a wife named Ahalyá, who in beauty surpassed the nymphs of heaven. One day Indra, in love with her beauty, tempted her in secret, for the mind of rulers, blinded with power, runs towards unlawful objects.

And she in her folly encouraged that husband of Śachí, being the slave of her passions; but the hermit Gautama found out the intrigue by his superhuman power, and arrived upon the scene. And Indra immediately

* Kámadhenu means a cow granting all desires; such a cow is said to have belonged to the sage Vaśishṭa.

† Conciliation, bribery, sowing dissension, and war.

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assumed, out of fear, the form of a cat. Then Gautama said to Ahalyá; "Who is here?" She answered her husband ambiguously in the Prákṛit dialect,—"Here forsooth is a cat," so managing to preserve verbal truth.* Then Gautama said, laughing, "It is quite true that your lover is here,—and he inflicted on her a curse, but ordained that it should terminate because she had shewed some regard for truth." The curse ran as follows; "Woman of bad character, take for a long time the nature of a stone, until thou behold Ráma wandering in the forest." And Gautama at the same time inflicted on the god Indra the following curse; "A thousand pictures of that which thou hast desired shall be upon thy body, but when thou shalt behold Tilottamá, a heavenly nymph, whom Viśvakarman shall make, they shall turn into a thousand eyes." When he had pronounced this curse, the hermit returned to his austerities according to his desire, but Ahalyá for her part assumed the awful condition of a stone. And Indra immediately had his body covered with repulsive marks; for to whom is not immorality a cause of humiliation?

"So true is it that every man's evil actions always bear fruit in himself, for whatever seed a man sows, of that he reaps the fruit. Therefore persons of noble character never desire that, which is disagreeable to their neighbours, for this is the invariable observance of the good, prescribed by divine law. And you two were sister goddesses in a former birth, but you have been degraded in consequence of a curse, and accordingly your hearts are free from strife and bent on doing one another good turns." When they heard this from Vasantaka, Vásavadattá and Padmávatí dismissed from their hearts even the smallest remnants of mutual jealousy. But the queen Vásavadattá made her husband equally the property of both, and acted as kindly to Padmávatí as if she were herself, desiring her welfare.

When the king of Magadha heard of that so great generosity of hers from the messengers sent by Padmávatí, he was much pleased. So on the next day the minister Yaugandharáyaṇa came up to the king of Vatsa in the presence of the queen, the others also standing by, and said, "Why do we not go now to Kausámbí, my prince, in order to begin our enterprise, for we know that there is nothing to be feared from the king of Magadha, even though he has been deceived? For he has been completely gained over by means of the negotiation termed 'Giving of a daughter': and how could he make war and so abandon his daughter whom he loves more than life? He must keep his word; moreover he has not been deceived by you; I did it all myself; and it does not displease him; indeed I have learned from my spies that he will not act in a hostile way, and it was for this very purpose that we remained here for these days." While Yaugandharáyaṇa, who had accomplished the task he had in hand, was speaking

* The Prákrit word *majjáo* means "a cat" and also "my lover."

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thus, a messenger belonging to the king of Magadha arrived there, and entered into the palace immediately, being announced by the warder, and after he had done obeisance, he sat down and said to the king of Vatsa; "The king of Magadha is delighted with the intelligence sent by the queen Padmávatí, and he now sends this message to your Highness—'What need is there of many words? I have heard all, and I am pleased with thee. Therefore do the thing for the sake of which this beginning has been made; we submit ourselves.'" The king of Vatsa joyfully received this clear speech of the messenger's, resembling the blossom of the tree of policy planted by Yaugandharáyaṇa. Then he brought Padmávatí with the queen, and, after he had bestowed a present upon the messenger, he dismissed him with honour. Then a messenger from Chaṇḍamahásena also arrived, and, after entering, he bowed before the king, according to custom, and said to him, "O king, his majesty Chaṇḍamahásena, who understands the secrets of policy, has learnt the state of thy affairs and delighted sends this message—'Your majesty's excellence is plainly declared by this one fact, that you have Yaugandharáyaṇa for your minister, what need of further speeches? Blessed too is Vásavadattá, who, through devotion to you, has done a deed which makes us exalt our head for ever among the good, moreover Padmávatí is not separated from Vásavadattá in my regard, for they two have one heart; therefore quickly exert yourself.'"

When the king of Vatsa heard this speech of his father-in-law's messenger, joy suddenly arose in his heart, and his exceeding warmth of affection for the queen was increased, and also the great respect which he felt for his excellent minister. Then the king, together with the queens, entertained the messenger according to the laws of due hospitality, in joyful excitement of mind, and sent him away pleased; and as he was bent on commencing his enterprise, he determined, after deliberating with his ministers, on returning to Kauśámbí.

CHAPTER XVIII.

So on the next day the king of Vatsa set out from Lávánaka for Kauśámbí, accompanied by his wives and his ministers, and as he advanced, shouts broke forth from his forces, that filled the plains like the waters of the ocean overflowing out of due time. An image would be furnished of that king advancing on his mighty elephant, if the sun were to journey in the heaven accompanied by the eastern mountain. That king, shaded with his white umbrella, shewed as if waited upon by the moon, delighted at having

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outdone the splendour of the sun. While he towered resplendent above them all, the chiefs circled around him, like the planets* in their orbits around the polar star. And those queens, mounted on a female elephant that followed his, shone like the earth-goddess and the goddess of Fortune accompanying him out of affection in visible shape. The earth, that lay in his path, dinted with the edges of the hoofs of the troops of his prancing steeds, seemed to bear the prints of loving nails, as if it had been enjoyed by the king. In this style progressing, the king of Vatsa, being continually praised by his minstrels, reached in a few days the city of Kauśámbí, in which the people kept holiday. The city was resplendent on that occasion, her lord† having returned from sojourning abroad. She was clothed in the red silk of banners, round windows were her expanded eyes, the full pitchers in the space in front of the gates were her two swelling breasts, the joyous shouts of the crowd were her cheerful conversation, and white palaces her smile.‡ So, accompanied by his two wives, the king entered the city, and the ladies of the town were much delighted at beholding him. The heaven was filled with hundreds of faces of fair ones standing on charming palaces, as if with the soldiers of the moon§ that was surpassed in beauty by the faces of the queens, having come to pay their respects. And other women established at the windows, looking with unwinking eyes,‖ seemed like heavenly nymphs in aërial chariots, that had come there out of curiosity. Other women, with their long-lashed eyes closely applied to the lattice of the windows, made, so to speak, cages of arrows to confine love. The eager eye of one woman expanded with desire to behold the king, came, so to speak, to the side of her ear¶, that did not perceive him, in order to inform it. The rapidly heaving breasts of another, who had run up hastily, seemed to want to leap out of her bodice with ardour to behold him. The necklace of another lady was broken with her excitement, and the pearl-beads seemed like tear-drops of joy falling from her heart. Some women, beholding Vásavadattá and remembering the former report of her having been burned, said as if with anxiety; "If the fire were to do her an injury at Lávánaka, then the sun might as well diffuse over the world darkness which is alien to his nature." Another lady beholding Padmávatí said to her companion; "I am glad to see that the queen is not put to shame by

* Cp. Schiller's "Der Graf von Habsburg," lines 9—12.

† The word *pati* here means king and husband.

‡ A smile is always white according to the Hindu poetic canons.

§ The countenance of the fair ones were like moons.

‖ There should be a mark of elision before *nimishekshanáh*.

¶ The eyes of Hindu ladies are said to reach to their ears. I read *tadákhyátum* for *tadákhyátim* with a MS. in the Sanskrit college, kindly lent me by the Librarian with the consent of the Principal.

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her fellow-wife, who seems like her friend." And others beholding those two queens, and throwing over them garlands of eyes expanded with joy so as to resemble blue lotuses, said to one another; "Surely Śiva and Vishṇu have not beheld the beauty of these two, otherwise how could they regard with much respect their consorts Umá and Śrí?" In this way feasting the eyes of the population, the king of Vatsa with the queens entered his own palace, after performing auspicious ceremonies. Such as is the splendour of a lotus-pool in windy weather, or of the sea when the moon is rising, such was at that period the wonderful splendour of the king's palace. And in a moment it was filled with the presents, which the feudatories offered to procure good luck, and which foreshadowed the coming in of offerings from innumerable kings. And so the king of Vatsa, after honouring the chiefs, entered with great festivity the inner apartments, at the same time finding his way to the heart of every one present. And there he remained between the two queens, like the god of Love between Rati and Príti,* and spent the rest of the day in drinking and other enjoyments.

The next day, when he was sitting in the hall of assembly accompanied by his ministers, a certain Bráhman came and cried out at the door; "Protection for the Bráhmans! O king! certain wicked herdsmen have cut off my son's foot in the forest without any reason." When he heard that, the king immediately had two or three herdsmen seized and brought before him, and proceeded to question them. Then they gave the following answer; "O king, being herdsmen we roam in the wilderness, and there we have among us a herdsman named Devasena, and he sits in a certain place in the forest on a stone seat, and says to us 'I am your king' and gives us orders. And not a man among us disobeys his orders. Thus, O king, that herdsman rules supreme in the wood. Now to-day the son of this Bráhman came that way, and did not do obeisance to the herdsman king, and when we by the order of the king said to him—'Depart not without doing thy reverence'—the young fellow pushed us aside, and went off laughing in spite of the admonition. Then the herdsman king commanded us to punish the contumacious boy by cutting off his foot. So we, O king, ran after him, and cut off his foot; what man of our humble degree is able to disobey the command of a ruler?" When the herdsmen had made this representation to the king, the wise Yaugandharáyaṇa, after thinking it over, said to him in private; "Certainly that place must contain treasure, on the strength of which a mere herdsman has such influence.† So let us

* Love and affection, the wives of Kámadeva the Hindu Cupid.

† So the mouse in the Panchatantra possesses power by means of a treasure (Benfey's Panchatantra, Vol. I, p. 320. Vol. II, p. 178.) The story is found also in the 61st Chapter of this work. Cp. also Sagas from the Far East, pp. 257 and 263.

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go there." When his minister had said this to him, the king made those herdsmen shew him the way, and went to that place in the forest with his soldiers and his attendants.

And while, after the ground had been examined, peasants were digging there, a Yaksha in stature like a mountain rose up from beneath it, and said, "O king, this treasure, which I have so long guarded, belongs to thee, as having been buried by thy forefathers, therefore take possession of it." After he had said this to the king and accepted his worship, the Yaksha disappeared, and a great treasure was displayed in the excavation. And from it was extracted a valuable throne studded with jewels,* for in the time of prosperity a long series of happy and fortunate events takes place. The Lord of Vatsa took away the whole treasure from the spot in high glee, and after chastising those herdsmen returned to his own city. There the people saw that golden throne brought by the king, which seemed with the streams of rays issuing from its blood-red jewels to foretell† the king's forceful conquest of all the regions, and which with its pearls fixed on the end of projecting silver spikes seemed to show its teeth as if laughing again and again when it considered the astonishing intellect of the king's ministers ;‡ and they expressed their joy in a charming manner, by striking drums of rejoicing so that they sent forth their glad sounds. The ministers too rejoiced exceedingly, making certain of the king's triumph ; for prosperous events happening at the very commencement of an enterprise portend its final success. Then the sky was filled with flags resembling flashes of lightning, and the king like a cloud rained gold on his dependants. And this day having been spent in feasting, on the morrow Yaugandharáyaṇa, wishing to know the mind of the king of Vatsa, said to him ; "O king, ascend and adorn that great throne, which thou hast obtained by inheritance from thy ancestors." But the king said, "Surely it is only after conquering all the regions that I can gain glory by ascending that throne, which those famous ancestors of mine mounted after conquering the earth. Not till I have subdued this widely-gemmed earth bounded by the main, will I ascend the great jewelled throne of my ancestors." Saying this, the king did not mount the throne as yet. For men of high birth possess genuine loftiness of spirit. Thereupon Yaugandharáyaṇa being delighted said to him in private ; "Bravo ! my king ! So make first an attempt to conquer the eastern region." When he heard that, the king eagerly asked his minister ; "When there are other cardinal points, why do kings first march towards the East ?" When Yaugandharáyaṇa heard this, he said to him

* Cp. Sagas from the Far East, p. 263.

† I read *dars'ayat*.

‡ *Sati* is a misprint for *mati*, Böhtlingk and Roth sv.

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again ; " The North, O king, though rich, is defiled by intercourse with barbarians, and the West is not honoured as being the cause of the setting of the sun and other heavenly bodies ; and the South is seen to be neighboured by Rákshasas and inhabited by the god of death ; but in the eastern quarter the sun rises, over the East presides Indra, and towards the East flows the Ganges, therefore the East is preferred. Moreover among the countries situated between the Vindhya and Himálaya mountains, the country laved by the waters of the Ganges is considered most excellent. Therefore monarchs who desire success march first towards the East, and dwell moreover in the land visited by the river of the gods.* For your ancestors also conquered the regions by beginning with the East, and made their dwelling in Hastinápura on the banks of the Ganges ; but Śatáníka repaired to Kauśámbí on account of its delightful situation, seeing that empire depended upon valour, and situation had nothing to do with it." When he had said this Yaugandharáyaṇa stopped speaking ; and the king out of his great regard for heroic exploits said ; " It is true that dwelling in any prescribed country is not the cause of empire in this world, for to men of brave disposition their own valour is the only cause of success. For a brave man by himself without any support obtains prosperity ; have you never heard *à propos* of this the tale of the brave man ?" Having said this, the lord of Vatsa on the entreaty of his ministers again began to speak, and related in the presence of the queens the following wonderful story.

Story of Vidúshaka.

In the city of Ujjayiní, which is celebrated throughout the earth, there was in former days a king named Âdityasena. He was a treasure-house of valour, and on account of his sole supremacy, his war chariot, like that of the sun,† was not impeded anywhere. When his lofty umbrella, gleaming white like snow, illuminated the firmament, other kings free from heat depressed theirs. He was the receptacle of the jewels produced over the surface of the whole earth, as the sea is the receptacle of waters. Once on a time, he was encamped with his army on the banks of the Ganges, where he had come for some reason or other. There a certain rich merchant of the country, named Gunavartman, came to the king bringing a gem of maidens as a present, and sent this message by the mouth of the warder. This maiden, though the gem of the three worlds, has been born in my house, and I cannot give her to any one else, only your Highness is fit to be the husband of such a girl. Then Gunavartman

* *i. e.* the Ganges.

† In Sanskrit *pratápa* the word translated " valour," also means heat, and *chakra* may refer to the wheels of the chariot and the orb of the sun, so that there is a pun all through.

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entered and shewed his daughter to the king. The king, when he beheld that maiden, Tejasvatí by name, illuminating with her brightness the quarters of the heavens, like the flame of the rays from the jewels in the temple of the god of Love, was all enveloped with the radiance of her beauty and fell in love with her, and, as if heated with the fire of passion, began to dissolve in drops of sweat. So he at once accepted her, who was fit for the rank of head queen, and being highly delighted made Gunavartman equal to himself in honour. Then, having married his dear Tejasvatí, the king thought all his objects in life accomplished, and went with her to Ujjayiní. There the king fixed his gaze so exclusively on her face, that he could not see the affairs of his kingdom, though they were of great importance. And his ear being, so to speak, riveted on her musical discourse could not be attracted by the cries of his distressed subjects. The king entered into his harem for a long time and never left it, but the fever of fear left the hearts of his enemies. And after some time there was born to the king, by the queen Tejasvatí, a girl welcomed by all, and there arose in his heart the desire of conquest, which was equally welcome to his subjects. That girl of exceeding beauty, who made the three worlds seem worthless as stubble, excited in him joy, and desire of conquest excited his valour. Then that king Ádityasena set out one day from Ujjayiní to attack a certain contumacious chieftain; and he made that queen Tejasvatí go with him mounted on an elephant, as if she were the protecting goddess of the host. And he mounted an admirable horse, that in spirit and fury resembled a torrent,* tall like a moving mountain, with a curl on its breast, and a girth. It seemed to imitate with its feet raised as high as its mouth, the going of Garuḍa which it had seen in the heaven, rivalling its own swiftness, and it lifted up its head and seemed with fearless eye to measure the earth, as if thinking, "what shall be the limit of my speed?" And after the king had gone a little way, he came to a level piece of ground, and put his horse to its utmost speed to shew it off to Tejasvatí. That horse, on being struck with his heel, went off rapidly, like an arrow impelled from a catapult, in some unknown direction, so that it became invisible to the eyes of men. The soldiers, when they saw that take place, were bewildered, and horsemen galloped in a thousand directions after the king, who was run away with by his horse, but could not overtake him. Thereupon the ministers with the soldiers, fearing some calamity, in their anxiety took with them the weeping queen and returned to Ujjayiní; there they remained with gates closed and ramparts guarded, seeking for news of the king, having cheered up the citizens.

In the meanwhile the king was carried by the horse in an instant to the impassable forest of the Vindhya hills, haunted by terrible lions. Then

* More literally, a torrent of pride and kicking.

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the horse happened to stand still, and the king was immediately distracted with bewilderment, as the great forest made it impossible for him to know whereabouts he was. Seeing no other way out of his difficulties, the king, who knew what the horse had been in a former birth, got down from his saddle, and prostrating himself before the excellent horse, said to him: "Thou art a god; a creature like thee should not commit treason against his lord; so I look upon thee as my protector, take me by a pleasant path." When the horse heard that, he was full of regret, remembering his former birth, and mentally acceded to the king's request, for excellent horses are divine beings. Then the king mounted again, and the horse set out by a road bordered with clear cool lakes, that took away the fatigue of the journey; and by evening the splendid horse had taken the king another hundred *yojanas* and brought him near Ujjayiní. As the sun beholding his horses, though seven in number, excelled by this courser's speed, had sunk, as it were through shame, into the ravines of the western mountain, and as the darkness was diffused abroad, the wise horse seeing that the gates of Ujjayiní were closed, and that the burning-place outside the gates was terrible at that time, carried the king for shelter to a concealed monastery of Bráhmans, that was situated in a lonely place outside the walls. And the king Ádityasena seeing that that monastery was a fit place to spend the night in, as his horse was tired, attempted to enter it. But the Bráhmans, who dwelt there, opposed his entrance, saying that he must be some keeper of a cemetery* or some thief. And out they poured in quarrelsome mood, with savage gestures, for Bráhmans who live by chanting the Sáma Veda, are the home of timidity, boorishness, and ill-temper. While they were clamouring, a virtuous Bráhman named Vidúshaka, the bravest of the brave, came out from that monastery. He was a young man distinguished for strength of arm, who had propitiated the fire by his austerities, and obtained a splendid sword from that divinity, which he had only to think of, and it came to him. That resolute youth Vidúshaka seeing that king of distinguished bearing, who had arrived by night, thought to himself that he was some god in disguise. And the well-disposed youth pushed away all those other Bráhmans, and bowing humbly before the king, caused him to enter the monastery. And when he had rested, and had the dust of the journey washed off by female slaves, Vidúshaka prepared for him suitable food. And he took the saddle off that excellent horse of his, and relieved its fatigue by giving it grass and other fodder. And after he had made a bed for the wearied king, he said to him,—"My lord, I will guard your person, so sleep in peace"—and while the king slept, that Bráhman kept watch the whole night at the door with the sword of the Fire-god in his hand, that came to him on his thinking of it.

* The keeper of a burning or burial-ground would be impure.

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And on the morrow early, Vidúshaka, without receiving any orders, of his own accord saddled the horse for the king, as soon as he awoke. The king for his part took leave of him, and mounting his horse entered the city of Ujjayiní, beheld afar off by the people bewildered with joy. And the moment he entered, his subjects approached him with a confused hum of delight at his return. The king accompanied by his ministers entered the palace, and great anxiety left the breast of the queen Tejasvatí. Immediately grief seemed to be swept away from the city by the rows of silken flags displayed out of joy, which waved in the wind; and the queen made high festival until the end of the day, until such time as the people of the city and the sun were red as vermilion.* And the next day the king Ádityasena had Vidúshaka summoned from the monastery with all the other Bráhmans. And as soon as he had made known what took place in the night, he gave his benefactor Vidúshaka a thousand villages. And the grateful king also gave that Bráhman an umbrella and an elephant and appointed him his domestic chaplain, so that he was beheld with great interest by the people. So Vidúshaka then became equal to a chieftain, for how can a benefit conferred on great persons fail of bearing fruit? And the noble-minded Vidúshaka shared all those villages, which he had received from the king, with the Bráhmans who lived in the monastery. And he remained in the court of the king in attendance upon him, enjoying together with the other Bráhmans the income of those villages. But as time went on, those other Bráhmans began striving each of them to be chief, and made no account of Vidúshaka, being intoxicated with the pride of wealth. Dwelling in separate parties, seven in one place, with their mutual rivalries they oppressed the villages like malignant planets. Vidúshaka regarded their excesses with scornful indifference, for men of firm mind rightly treat with contempt men of little soul. Once upon a time a Bráhman of the name of Chakradhara, who was naturally stern, seeing them engaged in wrangling, came up to them. Chakradhara, though he was one-eyed, was keen-sighted enough in deciding what was right in other men's affairs, and though a hunchback, was straightforward enough in speech. He said to them—"While you were living by begging, you obtained this windfall, you rascals, then why do you ruin the villages with your mutual intolerance? It is all the fault of Vidúshaka who has permitted you to act thus; so you may be certain that in a short time you will again have to roam about begging. For a situation, in which there is no head, and every one has to shift for himself by his own wits as chance directs, is better than one of disunion under many heads, in which all affairs go to rack and ruin. So take my advice and appoint one firm man as your head, if you desire un-

* Probably the people sprinkled one another with red powder as at the Holi festival.

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shaken prosperity, which can only be ensured by a capable governor." On hearing that, every one of them desired the headship for himself; thereupon Chakradhara after reflection again said to those fools; "As you are so addicted to mutual rivalry I propose to you a basis of agreement. In the neighbouring cemetery three robbers have been executed by impalement; whoever is daring enough to cut off the noses of those three by night and to bring them here, he shall be your head, for courage merits command.*" When Chakradhara made this proposal to the Bráhmans, Vidúshaka, who was standing near, said to them; "Do this, what is there to be afraid of?" Then the Bráhmans said to him; "We are not bold enough to do it, let whoever is able, do it, and we will abide by the agreement." Then Vidúshaka said, "Well, I will do it, I will cut off the noses of those robbers by night and bring them from the cemetery." Then those fools, thinking the task a difficult one, said to him; "If you do this you shall be our lord, we make this agreement." When they had pronounced this agreement, and night had set in, Vidúshaka took leave of those Bráhmans and went to the cemetery. So the hero entered the cemetery awful as his own undertaking, with the sword of the Fire-god, that came with a thought, as his only companion. And in the middle of that cemetery where the cries of vultures and jackals were swelled by the screams of witches, and the flames of the funeral pyres were reinforced by the fires in the mouths of the fire-breathing demons, he beheld those impaled men with their faces turned up, as if through fear of having their noses cut off. And when he approached them, those three being tenanted by demons struck him with their fists†; and he for his part slashed them in return with his sword, for fear has not learned to bestir herself in the breast of the resolute. Accordingly the corpses ceased to be convulsed with demons, and then the successful hero cut off their noses and brought them away, binding them up in his garment. And as he was returning, he beheld in that cemetery a religious mendicant sitting on a corpse muttering charms, and through curiosity to have the amusement of seeing what he was doing, he stood concealed behind that mendicant. In a moment the corpse under the mendicant gave forth a hissing sound, and flames issued from its mouth, and from its navel mustard-seeds. And then the mendicant took the mustard-seeds, and rising up struck the corpse with the flat of his hand, and the corpse, which was

* So in Grimm's *Märchen von einem der auszog das Fürchten zu lernen* the youth is recommended to sit under the gallows where seven men have been executed. Cp. also the story of "The Shroud" in Ralston's Russian Folk-Tales, p. 307.

† Cp. Ralston's account of the Vampire as represented in the Skazkas. "It is as a vitalized corpse that the visitor from the other world comes to trouble mankind, often subject to human appetites, constantly endowed with more than human strength and malignity."—Ralston's Russian Folk-Tales, p. 306.

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tenanted by a mighty demon, stood up, and then that mendicant mounted on its shoulder, and began to depart at a rapid rate, and Vidúshaka silently followed him unobserved, and after he had gone a short distance Vidúshaka saw an empty temple with an image of Durgá in it. Then the mendicant got down from the shoulder of the demon, and entered the inner shrine of the temple, while the demon fell flat on the earth. But Vidúshaka was present also, contriving to watch the mendicant, unperceived by him. The mendicant worshipped the goddess there and offered the following prayer; "If thou art pleased with me, O goddess, grant me the desired boon. If not I will propitiate thee with the sacrifice of myself." When the mendicant, intoxicated with the success of his powerful spells, said this, a voice coming from the inner shrine thus addressed the mendicant; "Bring here the maiden daughter of king Ádityasena, and offer her as a sacrifice, then thou shalt obtain thy desire." When the mendicant heard this, he went out, and striking once more with his hand the demon,* who hissed at the blow, made him stand upright. And mounting on the shoulder of the demon, from whose mouth issued flames of fire, he flew away through the air to bring the princess. Vidúshaka seeing all this from his place of concealment thought to himself; "What! shall he slay the king's daughter while I am alive? I will remain here until the scoundrel returns." Having formed this resolve, Vidúshaka remained there in concealment. But the mendicant entered the female apartments of the palace through the window, and found the king's daughter asleep, as it was night. And he returned, all clothed in darkness, through the air, bringing with him the princess who illuminated with her beauty the region, as Ráhu carries off a digit of the moon. And bearing along with him that princess who exclaimed in her grief—"Alas! my father! Alas! my mother"—he descended from the sky in that very temple of the goddess. And then, dismissing the demon, he entered with that pearl of maidens into the inner shrine of the goddess, and while he was preparing to slay the princess there, Vidúshaka came in with his sword drawn. He said to the mendicant, "Villain! do you wish to smite a jasmine flower with a thunder-bolt, in that you desire to employ a weapon against this tender form?" And then he seized the trembling mendicant by the hair, and cut off his head. And he consoled the princess distracted with fear, who clung to him closely as she began to recognise him. And then the hero thought; "How can I manage during the night to convey this princess from this place to the harem?" Then a voice from the air addressed him; "Hear this O Vidúshaka! the mendicant, whom thou hast slain, had in his power a great demon and some grains of mustard-seed. Thence arose his desire to be ruler of the earth and marry the daughters of kings, and so the fool has this day been baffled.

* *I. e.*, the corpse tenanted by the Vetála or demon.

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Therefore thou hero, take those mustard-seeds, in order that for this night only thou mayest be enabled to travel through the air." Thus the aërial voice addressed the delighted Vidúshaka; for even the gods often take such a hero under their protection. Then he took in his hand those grains of mustard-seed from the corner of the mendicant's robe, and the princess in his arms. And while he was setting out from that temple of the goddess, another voice sounded in the air; "Thou must return to this very temple of the goddess at the end of a month, thou must not forget this, O hero!" When he heard this, Vidúshaka said "I will do so,"—and by the favour of the goddess he immediately flew up into the air bearing with him the princess. And flying through the air he quickly placed that princess in her private apartments, and said to her after she had recovered her spirits; "To-morrow morning I shall not be able to fly through the air, and so all men will see me going out, so I must depart now." When he said this to her, the maiden being alarmed, answered him; "When you are gone, this breath of mine will leave my body overcome with fear. Therefore do not depart, great-souled hero; once more save my life, for the good make it their business from their birth to carry out every task they have undertaken." When the brave Vidúshaka heard that, he reflected, "If I go, and leave this maiden, she may possibly die of fear; and then what kind of loyalty to my sovereign shall I have exhibited? Thinking thus he remained all night in those female apartments, and he gradually dropped off to sleep wearied with toil and watching. But the princess in her terror passed that night without sleeping: and even when the morning came she did not wake up the sleeping Vidúshaka, as her mind was made tender by love, and she said to herself; "Let him rest a little longer." Then the servants of the harem came in and saw him, and in a state of consternation they went and told the king. The king for his part sent the warder to discover the truth, and he entering beheld Vidúshaka there. And he heard the whole story from the mouth of the princess, and went and repeated it all to the king. And the king knowing the excellent character of Vidúshaka, was immediately bewildered, wondering what it could mean. And he had Vidúshaka brought from his daughter's apartment, escorted all the way by her soul, which followed him out of affection. And when he arrived, the king asked him what had taken place, and Vidúshaka told him the whole story from the beginning, and shewed him the noses of the robbers fastened up in the end of his garment, and the mustard-seeds which had been in the possession of the mendicant, different from those found on earth. The high-minded monarch suspected that Vidúshaka's story was true from these circumstances, so he had all the Bráhmans of the monastery brought before him, together with Chakradhara, and asked about the original cause of the whole matter. And he went in person to the cemetery and saw those men

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with their noses cut off, and that base mendicant with his neck severed, and then he reposed complete confidence in, and was much pleased with, the skilful and successful Vidúshaka, who had saved his daughter's life. And he gave him his own daughter on the spot; what do generous men withhold when pleased with their benefactors? Surely the goddess of Prosperity,* out of love for the lotus, dwelt in the hand of the princess, since Vidúshaka obtained great good fortune after he had received it in the marriage ceremony. Then Vidúshaka enjoying a distinguished reputation, and engaged in attending upon the sovereign, lived with that beloved wife in the palace of king Ádityasena. Then as days went on, once upon a time the princess impelled by some supernatural power said at night to Vidúshaka; "My lord, you remember that when you were in the temple of the goddess a divine voice said to you, 'Come here at the end of a month.' To-day is the last day of the month, and you have forgotten it." When his beloved said this to him, Vidúshaka was delighted, and recalled it to mind, and said to his wife—"Well remembered on thy part, fair one! But I had forgotten it. And then he embraced her by way of reward." And then, while she was asleep, he left the women's apartments by night, and in high spirits he went armed with his sword to the temple of the goddess; then he exclaimed outside, "I Vidúshaka am arrived:" and he heard this speech uttered by some one inside—"Come in, Vidúshaka." Thereupon he entered and beheld a heavenly palace, and inside it a lady of heavenly beauty with a heavenly retinue, dispelling with her brightness the darkness, like a night set on fire, looking as if she were the medicine to restore to life the god of love consumed with the fire of the wrath of Śiva. He wondering what it could all mean, was joyfully received by her in person with a welcome full of affection and great respect. And when he had sat down and had gained confidence from seeing her affection, he became eager to understand the real nature of the adventure, and she said to him; "I am a maiden of the Vidyádhara race, of high descent, and my name is Bhadrá, and as I was roaming about at my will I saw you here on that occasion. And as my mind was attracted by your virtues, I uttered at that time that voice which seemed to come from some one invisible, in order that you might return. And to-day I bewildered the princess by employing my magic skill, so that under my impulse she revived your remembrance of this matter, and for your sake I am here, and so, handsome hero, I surrender myself to you; marry me." The noble Vidúshaka, when the Vidyádharí Bhadrá addressed

* Lakshmí or Śrí the goddess of Prosperity appeared after the churning of the ocean with a lotus in her hand. According to another story she is said to have appeared at the creation floating on the expanded leaves of a lotus-flower. The hand of a lady is often compared to a lotus.

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him in this style, agreed that moment, and married her by the Gándharva ceremony. Then he remained in that very place, having obtained celestial joys, the fruits of his own valour, living with that beloved wife.

Meanwhile the princess woke up when the night came to an end, and not seeing her husband, was immediately plunged in despair. So she got up and went with tottering steps to her mother, all trembling, with her eyes flooded with gushing tears. And she told her mother that her husband had gone away somewhere in the night, and was full of self-reproach, fearing that she had been guilty of some fault. Then her mother was distracted owing to her love for her daughter, and so in course of time the king heard of it, and came there, and fell into a state of the utmost anxiety. When his daughter said to him—"I know my husband has gone to the temple of the goddess outside the cemetery"—the king went there in person. But he was not able to find Vidúshaka there in spite of all his searching, for he was concealed by virtue of the magic science of the Vidyádharí. Then the king returned, and his daughter in despair determined to leave the body, but while she was thus minded, some wise man came to her and said this to her; "Do not fear any misfortune, for that husband of thine is living in the enjoyment of heavenly felicity, and will return to thee shortly." When she heard that, the princess retained her life, which was kept in her by the hope of her husband's return, that had taken deep root in her heart.

Then, while Vidúshaka was living there, a certain friend of his beloved, named Yogeśvarí, came to Bhadrá, and said to her in secret—"My friend, the Vidyádharas are angry with you because you live with a man, and they seek to do you an injury, therefore leave this place. There is a city called Kárkoṭaka on the shore of the eastern sea, and beyond that there is a sanctifying stream named Sítodá, and after you cross that, there is a great mountain named Udaya,* the land of the Siddhas,† which the Vidyádharas may not invade; go there immediately, and do not be anxious about the beloved mortal whom you leave here, for before you start you can tell all this to him, so that he shall be able afterwards to journey there with speed." When her friend said this to her, Bhadrá was overcome with fear, and though attached to Vidúshaka, she consented to do as her friend advised. So she told her scheme to Vidúshaka, and providently gave him her ring, and then disappeared at the close of the night. And Vidúshaka immediately found himself in the empty temple of the goddess, in which he had been before, and no Bhadrá and no palace. Remembering the delusion produced by Bhadrá's magic skill, and beholding the ring, Vidúshaka was overpowered by a paroxysm of despair and wonder. And remembering

* *I. e.*, rising; the eastern mountain behind which the sun is supposed to rise.

† *I. e.*, semi-divine beings supposed to be of great purity and holiness.

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her speech as if it were a dream, he reflected,—"Before she left, she assigned as a place of meeting the mountain of the sun-rising; so I must quickly go there to find her: but if I am seen by the people in this state, the king will not let me go: so I will employ a stratagem in this matter, in order that I may accomplish my object." So reflecting, the wise man assumed another appearance, and went out from that temple with tattered clothes, begrimed with dust, exclaiming, "Ah Bhadrá! Ah Bhadrá!" And immediately the people, who lived in that place, beholding him, raised a shout; "Here is Vidúshaka found!" And the king hearing of it came out from his palace in person, and seeing Vidúshaka in such a state, conducting himself like a madman, he laid hold on him and took him back to his palace. When he was there, whatever his servants and connexions, who were full of affection, said to him, he answered only by exclaiming, "Ah Bhadrá! Ah Bhadrá!" And when he was anointed with unguents prescribed by the physicians, he immediately defiled his body with much cinder-dust; and the food which the princess out of love offered to him with her own hands, he instantly threw down and trampled under foot. And in this condition Vidúshaka remained there some days, without taking interest in anything, tearing his own clothes, and playing the madman. And Ádityasena thought to himself; "His condition is past cure, so what is the use of torturing him? He may perhaps die, and then I should be guilty of the death of a Bráhman, whereas if he roams about at his will, he may possibly recover in course of time." So he let him go. Then the hero Vidúshaka, being allowed to roam where he liked, set out the next day at his leisure to find Bhadrá, taking with him the ring. And as he journeyed on day by day towards the East, he at last reached a city named Paundravardhana, which lay in his way as he travelled on; there he entered the house of a certain aged Bráhman woman, saying to her—"Mother, I wish to stop here one night." And she gave him a lodging and entertained him, and shortly after, she approached him, full of inward sorrow, and said to him—"My son, I hereby give thee all this house, therefore receive it, since I cannot now live any longer." He, astonished, said to her—"Why do you speak thus?" Then she said—"Listen, I will tell you the whole story," and so continued as follows—"My son, in this city there is a king named Devasena, and to him there was born one daughter, the ornament of the earth. The affectionate king said—'I have with difficulty obtained this one daughter',—so he gave her the name of Duḥkalabdhiká.

"In course of time when she had grown up, the king gave her in marriage to the king of Kachchhapa, whom he had brought to his own palace. The king of Kachchhapa entered at night the private apartments of his bride, and died the very first time he entered them. Then the king much distressed, again gave his daughter in marriage to another king; he also

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perished in the same way*: and when through fear of the same fate other kings did not wish to marry her, the king gave this order to his general—'You must bring a man in turn from every single house in this country, so that one shall be supplied every day, and he must be a Bráhman or a Kshatriya. And after you have brought the man, you must cause him to enter by night into the apartment of my daughter; let us see how many will perish in this way, and how long it will go on. Whoever escapes shall afterwards become her husband; for it is impossible to bar the course of fate, whose dispensations are mysterious.' The general, having received this order from the king, brings a man every day turn about from every house in this city, and in this way hundreds of men have met their death in the apartment of the princess. Now I, whose merits in a former life must have been deficient, have one son here; his turn has to-day arrived to go to the palace to meet his death; and I being deprived of him must to-morrow enter the fire. Therefore, while I am still alive, I give to you, a worthy object, all my house with my own hand, in order that my lot may not again be unfortunate in my next birth." When she had said this, the resolute Vidúshaka answered; "If this is the whole matter, do not be despondent, mother, I will go there to-day, let your only son live. And do not feel any commiseration with regard to me, so as to say to yourself—'Why should I be the cause of this man's death?'—for owing to the magical power which I possess I run no risk by going there." When Vidúshaka had said this, that Bráhman woman said to him, "Then you must be some god come here as a reward for my virtue, so cause me, my son, to recover life, and yourself to gain felicity." When she had expressed her approval of his project in these words, he went in the evening to the apartment of the princess, together with a servant appointed by the general to conduct him. There he beheld the princess flushed with the pride of youth, like a creeper weighed down with the burden of its abundant flowers that had not yet been gathered. Accordingly, when night came, the princess went to her bed, and Vidúshaka remained awake in her apartment, holding in his hand the sword of the Fire-god, which came to him with a thought, saying to himself, "I will find out who it is that slays men here." And when people were all asleep, he saw a terrible Rákshasa coming from the side of the apartment where the entrance was, having first opened the door; and the Rákshasa standing at the entrance stretched forward into the room an arm, which had been the swift wand of Death to hundreds of men. But Vidúshaka in wrath springing forward, cut off suddenly the arm of the Rákshasa with one stroke of his sword.† And the Rákshasa immediately fled away through

* Compare the Apocryphal book of Tobit.

† Ralston in his Russian Folk-Tales, p. 270, compares this incident with one in a Polish story, and in the Russian story of the Witch Girl. In both the arm of the destroyer is cut off.

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fear of his exceeding valour, with the loss of one arm, never again to return. When the princess awoke, she saw the severed arm lying there, and she was terrified, delighted and astonished at the same time. And in the morning the king Devasena saw the arm of the Rákshasa, which had fallen down after it was cut off, lying at the door of his daughter's apartments; in this way Vidúshaka, as if to say "Henceforth no other men must enter here"—fastened the door as it were with a long bar.* Accordingly the delighted king gave to Vidúshaka, who possessed this divine power, his daughter and much wealth; and Vidúshaka dwelt there some days with this fair one, as if with prosperity incarnate in bodily form. But one day he left the princess while asleep, and set out at night in haste to find his Bhadrá. And the princess in the morning was afflicted at not seeing him, but she was comforted by her father with the hope of his return. Vidúshaka journeying on day by day, at last reached the city of Támraliptá not far from the eastern sea. There he joined himself to a certain merchant, named Skandhadása who desired to cross the sea. In his company, embarking on a ship laden with much wealth belonging to the merchant, he set out on the ocean path. Then that ship was stopped suddenly when it had reached the middle of the ocean, as if it were held by something. And when it did not move, though the sea was propitiated with jewels, that merchant Skandhadása being grieved, said this: "Whosoever releases this ship of mine which is detained, to him I will give half of my own wealth and my daughter." The resolute-souled Vidúshaka, when he heard that, said, "I will descend into the water of the sea and search it, and I will set free in a moment this ship of yours which is stopped: but you must support me by ropes fastened round my body. And the moment the ship is set free, you must draw me up out of the midst of the sea by the supporting ropes." The merchant welcomed his speech with a promise to do what he asked, and the steersmen bound ropes under his armpits. Supported in that way Vidúshaka descended in the sea; a brave man never desponds when the moment for action has arrived. So taking in his hand the sword of the Fire-god, that came to him with a thought, the hero descended into the midst of the sea under the ship. And there he saw a giant asleep, and he saw that the ship was stopped by his leg. So he immediately cut off his leg with his sword, and at once the ship moved on freed from its impediment. When the wicked merchant saw that, he cut the ropes, by which Vidúshaka was supported, through desire to save the wealth he had promised him; and went swiftly to the other shore of the ocean vast as his own avarice, in the ship which had thus been set free. Vidúshaka for his part, being in the midst of the sea with the supporting ropes cut, rose to the

* I read *iva;* the arm was the long bar, and the whole passage is an instance of the rhetorical figure called *utprekshá.*

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surface, and seeing how matters stood he calmly reflected for a moment; 'Why did the merchant do this? Surely in this case the proverb is applicable; 'Ungrateful men blinded by desire of gain cannot see a benefit.' Well, it is now high time for me to display intrepidity, for if courage fails, even a small calamity cannot be overcome." Thus he reflected on that occasion, and then he got astride on the leg which he had cut off from the giant sleeping in the water, and by its help he crossed the sea, as if with a boat, paddling with his hands, for even destiny takes the part of men of distinguished valour. Then a voice from heaven addressed that mighty hero, who had come across the ocean, as Hanumán did for the sake of Ráma*; "Bravo, Vidúshaka! Bravo! who except thee is a man of valour? I am pleased with this courage of thine: therefore hear this. Thou hast reached a desolate coast here, but from this thou shalt arrive in seven days at the city of Kárkoṭaka; then thou shalt pluck up fresh spirits, and journeying quickly from that place, thou shalt obtain thy desire. But I am the Fire, the consumer of the oblations to gods and the spirits of deceased ancestors, whom thou didst before propitiate: and owing to my favour thou shalt feel neither hunger nor thirst,—therefore go prosperously and confidently;" having thus spoken, the voice ceased. And Vidúshaka, when he heard that, bowed, adoring the Fire-god, and set forth in high spirits, and on the seventh day he reached the city of Kárkoṭaka. And there he entered a monastery, inhabited by many noble Bráhmans from various lands, who were noted for hospitality. It was a wealthy foundation of the king of that place Áryavarman, and had annexed to it beautiful temples all made of gold. There all of the Bráhmans welcomed him, and one Bráhman took the guest to his chamber, and provided him with a bath, with food and with clothing. And while he was living in the monastery, he heard this proclamation being made by beat of drum in the evening; "Whatever Bráhman or Kshatriya wishes to-morrow morning to marry the king's daughter, let him spend a night in her chamber." When he heard that, he suspected the real reason, and being always fond of daring adventures, he desired immediately to go to the apartment of the princess. Thereupon the Bráhmans of the monastery said to him,—"Bráhman, do not be guilty of rashness. The apartment of the princess is not rightly so called, rather is it the open mouth of death,† for whoever enters it at night does not escape alive, and many daring men have thus met their death there." In spite of what these Bráhmans told him, Vidúshaka would not take their advice,‡ but went to the palace of the king with his servants. There the king Áryavarman, when he saw him,

* There is probably a pun here. *Rámártham* may mean "for the sake of a fair one."

† I read *na tad* for tatra with a MS. in the Sanskrit College.

‡ Here there is a pun on Ananga, a name of the Hindu Cupid.

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welcomed him in person, and at night he entered the apartment of the king's daughter, looking like the sun entering the fire. And he beheld that princess who seemed by her appearance to be attached to him, for she looked at him with tearful eye, and a sad look expressive of the grief produced by utter despair. And he remained awake there all night gazing intently, holding in his hand the sword of the Fire-god that came to him with a thought. And suddenly he beheld at the entrance a very terrible Rákshasa, extending his left hand because his right had been cut off. And when he saw him, he said to himself; "Here is that very Rákshasa, whose arm I cut off in the city of Paundravardhana. So I will not strike at his arm again, lest he should escape me and depart as before, and for this reason it is better for me to kill him." Thus reflecting, Vidúshaka ran forward and seized his hair, and was preparing to cut off his head, when suddenly the Rákshasa in extreme terror said to him; "Do not slay me, you are brave, therefore shew mercy." Vidúshaka let him go and said, "Who are you, and what are you about here?" Then the Rákshasa, being thus questioned by the hero, continued—"My name is Yamadanshṭra, and I had two daughters, this is one, and she who lives in Paundravardhana is another. And Śiva favoured me by laying on me this command; 'Thou must save the two princesses from marrying any one who is not a hero.' While thus engaged I first had an arm cut off at Paundravardhana, and now I have been conquered by you here, so this duty of mine is accomplished." When Vidúshaka heard this, he laughed, and said to him in reply; "It was I that cut off your arm there in Paundravardhana." The Rákshasa answered "Then you must be a portion of some divinity, not a mere man, I think it was for your sake that Śiva did me the honour of laying that command upon me. So henceforth I consider you my friend, and when you call me to mind I will appear to you to ensure your success even in difficulties." In these words the Rákshasa Yamadanshṭra out of friendship chose him as a sworn brother, and when Vidúshaka accepted his proposal, disappeared. Vidúshaka, for his part, was commended for his valour by the princess, and spent the night there in high spirits; and in the morning the king hearing of the incident and highly pleased, gave him his daughter as the conspicuous banner of his valour together with much wealth. Vidúshaka lived there some nights with her, as if with the goddess of prosperity, bound so firmly by his virtue* that she could not move a step. But one night he went off of his own accord from that place, longing for his beloved Bhadrá, for who that has tasted heavenly joys, can take pleasure in any other? And after he had left the town, he called to mind that Rákshasa, and said to him, who appeared the moment he called him to mind, and made him a bow,—"My friend, I must go to the land of the Siddhas on the Eastern mountain

* Here there is a pun. The word *guṇa* also means rope.

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for the sake of the Vidyádharí named Bhadrá, so do you take me there." The Rákshasa said—"Very good"—so he ascended his shoulder, and travelled in that night over sixty *yojanas* of difficult country; and in the morning he crossed the Sítodá a river that cannot be crossed by mortals, and without effort reached the border of the land of the Siddhas. The Rákshasa said to him; "Here is the blessed mountain, called the mountain of the rising sun, in front of you, but I cannot set foot upon it as it is the home of the Siddhas." Then the Rákshasa being dismissed by him departed, and there Vidúshaka beheld a delightful lake, and he sat down on the bank of that lake beautiful with the faces of full-blown lotuses, which, as it were, uttered a welcome to him with the hum of roaming bees. And there he saw unmistakeable footsteps as of women, seeming to say to him, this is the path to the house of your beloved. While he was thinking to himself—"Mortals cannot set foot on this mountain, therefore I had better stop here a moment, and see whose footsteps these are"—there came to the lake to draw water many beautiful women with golden pitchers in their hands. So he asked the women, after they had filled their pitchers with water, in a courteous manner; "For whom are you taking this water?" And those women said to him—"Excellent Sir, a Vidyádharí of the name of Bhadrá is dwelling on this mountain, this water is for her to bathe in." Wonderful to say! Providence seeming to be pleased with resolute men, who attempt mighty enterprises, makes all things subserve their ends. For one of these women suddenly said to Vidúshaka; "Noble sir, please lift this pitcher on to my shoulder." He consented and when he lifted the pitcher on to her shoulder, the discreet man put into it the jewelled ring he had before received from Bhadrá,* and then he sat down again on the bank of that lake, while those women went with the water to the house of Bhadrá. And while they were pouring over Bhadrá the water of ablution, her ring fell into her lap. When Bhadrá saw it, she recognized it and asked those friends of hers whether they had seen any stranger about. And they gave her this answer; "We saw a young mortal on the banks of the lake, and he lifted this pitcher for us." Then Bhadrá said "Go and make him bathe and adorn himself, and quickly bring him here, for he is my husband who has arrived in this country." When Bhadrá had said this, her companions went and told Vidúshaka the state of the case, and after he had bathed brought him into her presence. And when he arrived, he saw after long separation Bhadrá who was eagerly expecting him, like the ripe blooming

* Cp. the way in which Torello informs his wife of his presence in Boccacio's Decameron Xth day Nov. IX. The novels of the Xth day must be derived from Indian, and probably Buddhistic sources. There is a Buddhistic vein in all of them. A striking parallel to the 5th Novel of the Xth day will be found further on in this work.

Cp. also, for the incident of the ring, Thorpe's Yuletide Stories, p. 167.

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fruit of the tree of his own valour in visible form: she for her part rose up when she saw him, and offering him the *argha*,* so to speak, by sprinkling him with her tears of joy, she fastened her twining arms round his neck like a garland. When they embraced one another, the long accumulated affection† seemed to ooze from their limbs in the form of sweat, owing to excessive pressure. Then they sat down, and never satisfied with gazing at one another, they both, as it were, endured the agony of longing multiplied a hundred-fold. Bhadrá then said to Vidúshaka; "How did you come to this land?" And he thereupon gave her this answer; "Supported by affection for thee, I came here enduring many risks to my life, what else can I say, fair one? When she heard that, seeing that his love was excessive, as it caused him to disregard his own life, Bhadrá said to him who through affection had endured the utmost, "My husband, I care not for my friends, nor my magic powers; you are my life, and I am your slave, my lord, bought by you with your virtues." Then Vidúshaka said, "Then come with me to live in Ujjayiní, my beloved, leaving all this heavenly joy." Bhadrá immediately accepted his proposal, and gave up all her magic gifts, (which departed from her the moment she formed that resolution,) with no more regret than if they had been straw. Then Vidúshaka rested with her there during that night, being waited on by her friend Yogeśvarí, and in the morning the successful hero descended with her from the mountain of the sun-rise, and again called to mind the Rákshasa Yamadanshṭra; the Rákshasa came the moment he was thought of, and Vidúṣhaka told him the direction of the journey he had to take, and then ascended his shoulder, having previously placed Bhadrá there. She too endured patiently to be placed on the shoulder of a very loathsome Rákshasa; what will not women do when mastered by affection? So Vidúshaka, mounted on the Rákshasa, set out with his beloved, and again reached the city of Kárkoṭaka; and there men beheld him with fear inspired by the sight of the Rákshasa; and when he saw king Áryavarman, he demanded from him his daughter; and after receiving that princess surrendered by her father, whom he had won with his arm, he set forth from that city in the same style, mounted on the Rákshasa. And after he had gone some distance, he found that wicked merchant on the shore of the sea, who long ago cut the ropes when he had been thrown into the sea. And he took, together with his wealth, his daughter, whom he had before won as a reward for setting free the ship in the sea. And he considered the depriving that villain of his wealth as equivalent to putting him to death, for grovelling souls often value their hoards more than their life. Then mounted on the

* An oblation to gods or venerable men of rice, *dúrva* grass, flowers, &c., with water, or of water only in a small boat-shaped vessel.

† *Sneha* means oil, and also affection.

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Rákshasa as on a chariot, taking with him that daughter of the merchant, he flew up into the heaven with the princess and Bhadrá, and journeying through the air, he crossed the ocean, which like his valour was full of boisterous impetuosity, exhibiting it to his fair ones.* And he again reached the city of Paundravardhana, beheld with astonishment by all as he rode on a Rákshasa. There he greeted his wife, the daughter of Devasena, who had long desired his arrival, whom he had won by the defeat of the Rákshasa; and though her father tried to detain him, yet longing for his native land, he took her alsó with him, and set out for Ujjayiní. And owing to the speed of the Rákshasa, he soon reached that city, which appeared like his satisfaction at beholding his home, exhibited in visible form. There Vidúshaka was seen by the people, perched on the top of that huge Rákshasa, whose vast frame was illuminated by the beauty of his wives seated on his shoulder, as the moon† rising over the eastern mountain with gleaming herbs on its summit. The people being astonished and terrified, his father-in-law the king Ádityasena came to hear of it, and went out from the city. But Vidúshaka, when he saw him, quickly descended from the Rákshasa, and after prostrating himself approached the king; the king too welcomed him. Then Vidúshaka caused all his wives to come down from the shoulder of the Rákshasa, and released him to wander where he would. And after that Rákshasa had departed, Vidúshaka accompanied by his wives entered the king's palace together with the king his father-in-law. There he delighted by his arrival that first wife of his, the daughter of that king, who suffered a long regret for his absence. And when the king said to him; "How did you obtain these wives, and who is that Rákshasa?" he told him the whole story. Then that king pleased with his son-in-law's valour, and knowing what it was expedient to do, gave him half his kingdom; and immediately Vidúshaka, though a Bráhman, became a monarch, with a lofty white umbrella and *chowries* waving on both sides of him. And then the city of Ujjayiní was joyful, full of the sound of festive drums and music, uttering shouts of delight. Thus he obtained the mighty rank of a king, and gradually conquered the whole earth, so that his foot was worshipped by all kings, and with Bhadrá for his consort he long lived in happiness with those wives of his, who were content, having abandoned jealousy. Thus resolute men when fortune favours them, find their own valour a great and successful stupefying charm that forcibly draws towards them prosperity.

* *Sattva* when applied to the ocean probably means "monsters." So the whole compound would mean "in which was conspicuous the fury of gambling monsters." The pun defies translation.

† I read *aushadeh*. The Rákshasa is compared to the mountain, Vidúshaka to the moon, his wives to the gleaming herbs.

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When they heard from the mouth of the king of Vatsa this varied tale* full of marvellous incident, all his ministers sitting by his side and his two wives experienced excessive delight.

CHAPTER XIX.

Then Yaugandharáyaṇa said to the king of Vatsa; "King, it is known that you possess the favour of destiny, as well as courage; and I also have taken some trouble about the right course of policy to be pursued in this matter: therefore carry out as soon as possible your plan of conquering the regions." When his chief minister had said this to him, the king of Vatsa answered,—"Admitting that this is true, nevertheless the accomplishment of auspicious undertakings is always attended with difficulties, accordingly I will with this object propitiate Śiva by austerities, for without his favour, how can I obtain what I desire?" When they heard that, his ministers approved of his performing austerities, as the chiefs of the monkeys did in the case of Ráma, when he was intent upon building a bridge over the ocean. And after the king had fasted for three nights, engaged in austerities with the queens and the ministers, Śiva said to him in a dream—"I am satisfied with thee, therefore rise up, thou shalt obtain an unimpeded triumph, and shalt soon have a son who shall be king of all the Vidyádharas." Then the king woke up, with all his fatigue removed by the favour of Śiva, like the new moon increased by the rays of the sun. And in the morning he delighted his ministers by telling them that dream, and the two queens, tender as flowers, who were worn out by the fasting they had endured to fulfil the vow. And they were refreshed by the description of his dream, well worthy of being drunk in with the ears, and its effect was like that of medicine,† for it restored their strength. The king obtained by his austerities a power equal to that of his ancestors, and his wives obtained the saintly renown of matrons devoted to their husband. But on the morrow when the feast at the end of the fast was celebrated, and the citizens were beside themselves with joy, Yaugandharáyaṇa thus addressed the king

* Thorpe in his Yule-tide Stories remarks that the story of Vidúshaka somewhat resembles in its ground-plot the tale of the Beautiful Palace East of the Sun and North of the Earth. With the latter he also compares the story of Śaktivega in the 5th book of the Kathá Sarit Ságara. (See the table of contents of Thorpe's Yule-tide Stories, p. xi.) Cp. also Sicilianische Märchen, Vol. II, p. I, and for the cutting off of the giant's arm, p. 50.

† Perhaps we should read *svádvaushadha* = sweet medicine.

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—"You are fortunate, O king, in that the holy god Śiva is so well disposed towards you, so proceed now to conquer your enemies, and then enjoy the prosperity won by your arm. For when prosperity is acquired by a king's own virtues, it remains fixed in his family, for blessings acquired by the virtues of the owners are never lost. And for this reason it was that that treasure long buried in the ground, which had been accumulated by your ancestors and then lost, was recovered by you. Moreover with reference to this matter hear the following tale:"

Story of Devadása.

Long ago there was in the city of Pāṭaliputra a certain merchant's son, sprung from a rich family, and his name was Devadása. And he married a wife from the city of Puṇḍravardhana, the daughter of some rich merchant. When his father died, Devadása became in course of time addicted to vice, and lost all his wealth at play. And then his wife's father came and took away to his own house in Puṇḍravardhana his daughter, who was distressed by poverty and the other hardships of her lot. Gradually the husband began to be afflicted by his misfortunes, and wishing to be set up in his business, he came to Puṇḍravardhana to ask his father-in-law to lend him the capital which he required. And having arrived in the evening at the city of Puṇḍravardhana, seeing that he was begrimed with dust, and in tattered garments, he thought to himself, "How can I enter my father-in-law's house in this state? In truth for a proud man death is preferable to exhibiting poverty before one's relations." Thus reflecting, he went into the market-place, and remained outside a certain shop during the night, crouching with contracted body, like the lotus which is folded at night. And immediately he saw a certain young merchant open the door of that shop and enter it. And a moment after he saw a woman come with noiseless step to that same place, and rapidly enter. And while he fixed his eyes on the interior of the shop in which a light was burning, he recognized in that woman his own wife. Then Devadása seeing that wife of his repairing to another man, and bolting the door, being smitten with the thunderbolt of grief, thought to himself; "A man deprived of wealth loses even his own body, how then can he hope to retain the affections of a woman? For women have fickleness implanted in their nature by an invariable law, like the flashes of lightning. So here I have an instance of the misfortunes which befall men who fall into the sea of vice, and of the behaviour of an independent woman who lives in her father's house." Thus he reflected as he stood outside, and he seemed to himself to hear his wife confidentially conversing with her lover. So he applied his ear to the door, and that wicked woman was at the moment saying in secret to the merchant, her paramour; "Listen; as I am so fond of you, I will to-day tell you a secret; my husband long ago had a great-grandfather named Víravar-

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man; in the courtyard of his house he secretly buried in the ground four jars of gold, one jar in each of the four corners. And he then informed one of his wives of that fact, and his wife at the time of her death told her daughter-in-law, she told it to her daughter-in-law who was my mother-in-law, and my mother-in-law told it to me. So this is an oral tradition in my husband's family, descending through the mothers-in-law. But I did not tell it to my husband though he is poor, for he is odious to me as being addicted to gambling, but you are above all dear to me. So go to my husband's town and buy the house from him with money, and after you have obtained that gold, come here and live happily with me." When the merchant, her paramour, heard this from that treacherous woman, he was much pleased with her, thinking that he had obtained a treasure without any trouble. Devadása for his part, who was outside, bore henceforth the hope of wealth, so to speak, riveted in his heart with those piercing words of his wicked wife. So he went thence quickly to the city of Pátaliputra, and after reaching his house, he took that treasure and appropriated it. Then that merchant, who was in secret the paramour of his wife, arrived in that country, on pretence of trading, but in reality eager to obtain the treasure. So he bought that house from Devadása, who made it over to him for a large sum of money. Then Devadása set up another home, and cunningly brought back that wife of his from the house of his father-in-law. When this had been done, that wicked merchant, who was the lover of his wife, not having obtained the treasure, came and said to him; "This house of yours is old, and I do not like it. So give me back my money, and take back your own house." Thus he demanded, and Devadása refused, and being engaged in a violent altercation, they both went before the king. In his presence Devadása poured forth the whole story of his wife, painful to him as venom concealed in his breast. Then the king had his wife summoned, and after ascertaining the truth of the case, he punished that adulterous merchant with the loss of all his property; Devadása for his part cut off the nose of that wicked wife, and married another, and then lived happily in his native city on the treasure he had obtained.

"Thus treasure obtained by virtuous methods is continued to a man's posterity, but treasure of another kind is as easily melted away as a flake of snow when the rain begins to fall. Therefore a man should endeavour to obtain wealth by lawful methods, but a king especially, since wealth is the root of the tree of empire. So honour all your ministers according to custom in order that you may obtain success, and then accomplish the conquest of the regions, so as to gain opulence in addition to virtue. For out of regard to the fact that you are allied by marriage with your two powerful fathers-in-law, few kings will oppose you, most will join you. However, this king of Benares named Brahmadatta is always your enemy, therefore

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conquer him first; when he is conquered, conquer the eastern quarter, and gradually all the quarters, and exalt the glory of the race of Pándu gleaming white like a lotus." When his chief minister said this to him, the king of Vatsa consented, eager for conquest, and ordered his subjects to prepare for the expedition; and he gave the sovereignty of the country of Videha to his brother-in-law Gopálaka, by way of reward for his assistance, thereby shewing his knowledge of policy; and he gave to Sinhavarman the brother of Padmávatí, who came to his assistance with his forces, the land of Chedi, treating him with great respect; and the monarch summoned Pulindaka the friendly king of the Bhillas,* who filled the quarters with his hordes, as the rainy season fills them with clouds; and while the preparation for the expedition was going on in the great king's territories, a strange anxiety was produced in the heart of his enemies; but Yaugandharáyaṇa first sent spies to Benares to find out the proceedings of king Brahmadatta; then on an auspicious day, being cheered with omens portending victory, the king of Vatsa first marched against Brahmadatta in the Eastern quarter, having mounted† a tall victorious elephant, with a lofty umbrella on its back, as a furious lion ascends a mountain with one tree in full bloom on it. And his expedition was facilitated‡ by the autumn which arrived as a harbinger of good fortune, and shewed him an easy path, across rivers flowing with diminished volume, and he filled the face of the land with his shouting forces, so as to produce the appearance of a sudden rainy season without clouds; and then the cardinal points resounding with the echoes of the roaring of his host, seemed to be telling one another their fears of his coming, and his horses, collecting the brightness of the sun on their golden trappings, moved along followed, as it were, by the fire pleased with the purification of his army.§

And his elephants with their ears like white *chowries*, and with streams of ichor flowing from their temples reddened by being mixed with vermilion, appeared, as he marched along, like the sons of the mountains, streaked with white clouds of autumn, and pouring down streams of water coloured with red mineral, sent by the parent hills, in their fear, to join his expedition. And the dust from the earth concealed the brightness of the sun, as if thinking that the king could not endure the effulgent splendour of rivals. And the two queens followed the king step by step on the way, like the goddess of Fame, and the Fortune of Victory, attracted by his

* *I. q.*, Bheels.

† I read *árúḍhaḥ*.

‡ A MS. in the Sanskrit College reads *sambhavaḥ* for the *sampadaḥ* of Dr. Brockhaus's text.

§ *Lustratio exercitus;* waving lights formed part of the ceremony.

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politic virtues.* The silk of his host's banners, tossed to and fro in the wind, seemed to say to his enemies,—"Bend in submission, or flee." Thus he marched, beholding the districts full of blown white lotuses, like the uplifted hoods of the serpent Śesha† terrified with fear of the destruction of the world. In the meanwhile those spies, commissioned by Yaugandharáyaṇa, assuming the vows of scull-bearing worshippers of Śiva, reached the city of Benares. And one of them, who was acquainted with the art of juggling, exhibiting his skill, assumed the part of teacher, and the others passed themselves off as his pupils. And they celebrated that pretended teacher, who subsisted on alms, from place to place, saying, "This master of ours is acquainted with past, present, and future." Whatever that sage predicted, in the way of fires and so on, to those who came to consult him about the future, his pupils took care to bring about secretly; so he became famous. He gained complete ascendancy over the mind of a certain Rajput courtier there, a favourite of the king's, who was won over by this mean skill of the teacher's. And when the war with the king of Vatsa came on, the king Brahmadatta began to consult him by the agency of the Rajput, so that he learnt the secrets of the government. Then the minister of Brahmadatta, Yogakaraṇḍaka, laid snares in the path of the king of Vatsa as he advanced. He tainted, by means of poison and other deleterious substances, the trees, flowering creepers, water and grass all along the line of march. And he sent poison-damsels‡ as dancing girls among the enemy's host, and he also despatched nocturnal assassins into their midst. But that spy, who had assumed the character of a prophet, found all this out, and then quickly informed Yaugandharáyaṇa of it by means of his companions. Yaugandharáyaṇa for his part, when he found it out, purified at every step along the line of march the poisoned grass, water, and so on, by means of corrective antidotes, and forbade in the camp the society of strange women, and with the help of Rumaṇvat he captured and put to death those assassins. When he heard of that, Brahmadatta having found all his stratagems fail, came to the conclusion that the king of Vatsa, who filled with his forces the whole country, was hard to overcome. After deliberating and sending an ambassador, he came in person to the king of Vatsa who was encamped near, placing his clasped hands upon his head in token of submission.

* It also means "drawing cords."

† He is sometimes represented as bearing the entire world on one of his heads.

‡ One of these poison-damsels is represented as having been employed against Chandragupta in the Mudrá Rákshasa. Compare the XIth tale in the Gesta Romanorum, where an Indian queen sends one to Alexander the Great. Aristotle frustrates the stratagem.

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The king of Vatsa for his part, when the king of Benares came to him, bringing a present, received him with respect and kindness, for heroes love submission. He being thus subdued, that mighty king went on pacifying the East, making the yielding bend, but extirpating the obstinate, as the wind treats the trees, until he reached the Eastern ocean, rolling with quivering waves, as it were, trembling with terror on account of the Ganges having been conquered. On its extreme shore he set up a pillar of victory,* looking like the king of the serpents emerging from the world below to crave immunity for Pátála. Then the people of Kalinga† submitted and paid tribute, and acted as the king's guides, so that the renown of that renowned one ascended the mountain of Mahendra. Having conquered a forest of kings by means of his elephants, which seemed like the peaks of the Vindhya come to him terrified at the conquest of Mahendra, he went to the southern quarter. There he made his enemies cease their threatening murmurs and take to the mountains, strengthless‡ and pale, treating them as the season of autumn treats the clouds. The Káverí being crossed by him in his victorious onset, and the glory of the king of the Chola§ race being surpassed, were befouled at the same time. He no longer allowed the Muralas‖ to exalt their heads, for they were completely beaten down by tributes imposed on them. Though his elephants drank the waters of the Godávarí divided into seven streams, they seemed to discharge them again seven-fold in the form of ichor. Then the king crossed the Revá and reached Ujjayiní, and entered the city, being made by king Chaṇḍamahásena to precede him. And there he became the target of the amorous sidelong glances of the ladies of Málava, who shine with twofold beauty by loosening their braided hair and wearing garlands, and he remained there in great comfort, hospitably entertained by his father-in-law, so

* *Jayastambha.* Wilson remarks that the erection of these columns is often alluded to by Hindu writers, and explains the character of the solitary columns which are sometimes met with, as the Láṭ at Delhi, the pillars at Allahábád, Buddal, &c.

† Kalinga is usually described as extending from Orissa to Drávida or below Madras, the coast of the Northern Circars. It appears, however, to be sometimes the Delta of the Ganges. It was known to the ancients as Regio Calingarum, and is familiar to the natives of the Eastern Archipelago by the name of Kling. *Wilson.*

‡ The clouds are *niḥsára* void of substance, as being no longer heavy with rain. The thunder ceases in the autumn.

§ Chola was the sovereignty of the western part of the Peninsula on the Carnatic, extending southwards to Tanjore where it was bounded by the Páudyan kingdom. It appears to have been the regio Soretanum of Ptolemy and the Chola *maṇḍala* or district furnishes the modern appellation of the Coromandel Coast.—*Wilson*, Essays, p. 241 note.

‖ Murala is another name for Kerala now Malabar (Hall.) Wilson identifies it with the Curula of Ptolemy.

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that he even forgot the long-regretted enjoyments of his native land. And Vásavadattá was continually at her parents' side, remembering her childhood, seeming despondent even in her happiness. The king Chaṇḍamahásena was as much delighted at meeting Padmávatí, as he was at meeting again his own daughter. But after he had rested some days, the delighted king of Vatsa, reinforced by the troops of his father-in-law, marched towards the western region; his curved sword* was surely the smoke of the fire of his valour, since it dimmed with gushing tears the eyes of the women of Láṭa; the mountain of Mandara, when its woods were broken through by his elephants, seemed to tremble lest he should root it up to churn the sea.† Surely he was a splendid luminary excelling the sun and other orbs, since in his victorious career he enjoyed a glorious rising even in the western quarter. Then he went to Alaká, distinguished by the presence of Kuvera, displaying its beauties before him, that is to say, to the quarter made lovely by the smile of Kailása, and having subdued the king of Sindh, at the head of his cavalry he destroyed the Mlechchhas as Ráma destroyed the Rákshasas at the head of the army of monkeys; the cavalry squadrons of the Turushkas‡ were broken on the masses of his elephants, as the waves of the agitated sea on the woods that line the seashore. The august hero received the tribute of his foes, and cut off the head of the wicked king of the Párasíkas§ as Vishṇu did that of Ráhu.‖ His glory, after he had inflicted a defeat on the Húṇas¶, made the four quarters resound, and poured down the Himálaya like a second Ganges. When the hosts of the monarch, whose enemies were still from fear, were shouting, a hostile answer was heard only in the hollows of the rocks. It is not strange that then the king of Kámarúpa,** bending before him with head deprived of the umbrella, was without shade and also without brightness. Then that sovereign returned, followed by elephants presented by the king of Kámarúpa, resembling moving rocks made over to him by the mountains by way of tribute. Having thus conquered the earth, the king of Vatsa with his attendants reached the city of the king of Magadha the father of Padmávatí. But the king of Magadha, when he arrived with the queens, was as joyous as the god of love when the moon illuminates the night. Vásavadattá, who had lived with him before without being recog-

* Or perhaps more literally "creeper-like sword."

† It had been employed for this purpose by the gods and Asuras. Láṭa = the Larice of Ptolemy. (*Wilson.*)

‡ Turks, the Indo-scythæ of the ancients. (*Wilson.*)

§ Persians.

‖ A Daitya or demon. His head swallows the sun and moon.

¶ Perhaps the Huns.

** The western portion of Assam. (*Wilson.*)

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nised, was now made known to him, and he considered her deserving of the highest regard.

Then that victorious king of Vatsa, having been honoured by the king of Magadha with his whole city, followed by the minds of all the people which pursued him out of affection, having swallowed the surface of the earth with his mighty army, returned to Lávánaka in his own dominions.

CHAPTER XX.

Then the king of Vatsa, while encamped in Lávánaka to rest his army, said in secret to Yaugandharáyaṇa, "Through your sagacity I have conquered all the kings upon the earth, and they being won over by politic devices will not conspire against me. But this king of Benares, Brahmadatta, is an ill-conditioned fellow, and he alone, I think, will plot against me; what confidence can be reposed in the wicked-minded?" Then Yaugandharáyaṇa, being spoken to in this strain by the king, answered, "O king, Brahmadatta will not plot against you again, for when he was conquered and submitted, you shewed him great consideration; and what sensible man will injure one who treats him well? Whoever does, will find that it turns out unfortunately for himself, and on this point, listen to what I am going to say; I will tell you a tale."

Story of Phalabhúti.

There was once on a time in the land of Padma an excellent Bráhman of high renown, named Agnidatta, who lived on a grant of land given by the king. He had born to him two sons, the elder named Somadatta, and the second Vaiśvánaradatta. The elder of them was of fine person, but ignorant, and ill-conducted, but the second was sagacious, well-conducted, and fond of study. And those two after they were married, and their father had died, divided that royal grant and the rest of his possessions between them, each taking half; and the younger of the two was honoured by the king, but the elder Somadatta, who was of unsteady character, remained a husbandman. One day a Bráhman, who had been a friend of his father's, seeing him engaged in conversation with some Śúdras, thus addressed him, "Though you are the son of Agnidatta, you behave like a Śúdra, you blockhead, and you are not ashamed, though you see your own brother in favour with the king." Somadatta, when he heard that, flew into a passion, and forgetting the respect due to the old man, ran upon him, and gave him a kick. Then the Bráhman, enraged on account of the kick, immediately called on some other Bráhmans

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to bear witness to it, and went and complained to the king. The king sent out soldiers to take Somadatta prisoner, but they, when they went out, were slain by his friends, who had taken up arms. Then the king sent out a second force, and captured Somadatta, and blinded by wrath ordered him to be impaled. Then that Bráhman, as he was being lifted on to the stake, suddenly fell to the ground, as if he were flung down by somebody. And those executioners, when preparing to lift him on again, became blind, for the fates protect one who is destined to be prosperous. The king, as soon as he heard of the occurrence, was pleased, and being entreated by the younger brother, spared the life of Somadatta; then Somadatta, having escaped death, desired to go to another land with his wife on account of the insulting treatment of the king, and when his relations in a body disapproved of his departure, he determined to live without the half of the king's grant, which he resigned; then, finding no other means of support, he desired to practise husbandry, and went to the forest on a lucky day to find a piece of ground suitable for it. There he found a promising piece of ground, from which it seemed likely that an abundant crop could be produced, and in the middle of it he saw an Aśvattha tree of great size. Desiring ground fit for cultivation, and seeing that tree to be cool like the rainy season, as it kept off the rays of the sun with its auspicious thick shade, he was much delighted. He said, "I am a faithful votary of that being, whoever he may be, that presides over this tree," and walking round the tree so as to keep it on his right, he bowed before it. Then he yoked a pair of bullocks, and recited a prayer for success, and after making an oblation to that tree, he began to plough there. And he remained under that tree night and day, and his wife always brought him his meals there. And in course of time, when the corn was ripe that piece of ground was, as fate would have it, unexpectedly plundered by the troops of a hostile kingdom. Then the hostile force having departed, the courageous man, though his corn was destroyed, comforted his weeping wife, gave her the little that remained, and after making an offering as before, remained in the same place, under the same tree. For that is the character of resolute men, that their perseverance is increased by misfortune. Then one night, when he was sleepless from anxiety and alone, a voice came out from that Aśvattha tree, "O Somadatta, I am pleased with thee, therefore go to the kingdom of a king named Adityaprabha in the land of Śrikaṇṭha; continually repeat at the door of that king, (after reciting the form of words used at the evening oblation to Agni,) the following sentence—'I am Phalabhúti by name, a Bráhman, hear what I say: he who does good will obtain good, and he who does evil, will obtain evil;'—by repeating this there thou shalt attain great prosperity; and now learn from me the form of words

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used at the evening oblation to Agni; I am a Yaksha." Having said this, and having immediately taught him by his power the form of words used in the evening oblation, the voice in the tree ceased. And the next morning the wise Somadatta set out with his wife, having received the name of Phalabhúti by imposition of the Yaksha, and after crossing various forests uneven and labyrinthine as his own calamities,* he reached the land of Śríkaṇṭha. There he recited at the king's door the form of words used at the evening oblation, and then he announced, as he had been directed, his name as Phalabhúti, and uttered the following speech which excited the curiosity of the people, "The doer of good will obtain good, but the doer of evil, evil." And after he had said this frequently, the king Áditya-prabha, being full of curiosity, caused Phalabhúti to be brought into the palace, and he entered, and over and over again repeated that same speech in the presence of the king. That made the king and all his courtiers laugh. And the king and his chiefs gave him garments and ornaments, and also villages, for the amusement of great men is not without fruit; and so Phalabhúti, having been originally poor, immediately obtained by the favour of the Guhyaka† wealth bestowed by the king; and by continually reciting the words mentioned above, he became a special favourite of the monarch for the regal mind loves diversion. And gradually he attained to a position of love and respect in the palace, in the kingdom, and in the female apartments, as being beloved by the king. One day that king Ádityaprabha returned from hunting in the forest, and quickly entered his harem; his suspicions were aroused by the confusion of the warders, and when he entered, he saw the queen named Kuvalayávalí engaged in worshipping the gods, stark naked,‡ with her hair standing on end, and her eyes half-closed, with a large patch of red lead upon her forehead, with her lips trembling in muttering charms, in the midst of a great circle§ strewed with various coloured powders, after offering a horrible oblation of blood, spirits, and human flesh. She for her part, when the king entered, in her confusion seized her garments, and when questioned by him immediately answered, after craving pardon for what she had done, "I have gone through this ceremony in order that you might obtain prosperity, and now, my lord,

* I here read *durdaśáḥ* for the *durdarśáḥ* of Dr. Brockhaus' text. It must be a misprint. A MS. in the Sanskrit College reads *durdas'áḥ*.

† The Guhyakas are demi-gods, attendants upon Kuvera and guardians of his wealth.

‡ Literally—having the cardinal points as her only garment.

§ For the circle cp. Henry VI. Part II, Act I, Sc. IV, line 25 and Henry V. Act V, Sc. 2, line 420. "If you would conjure, you must make a circle." See also Ralston's Russian Folk-Tales, p. 272. Veckenstedt's Wendische Sagen, pp. 292, 302, 303.

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listen to the way in which I learnt these rites, and the secret of my magic skill."

Story of Kuvalayávalí and the witch Kálarátri.

Long ago, when I was living in my father's house, I was thus addressed, while enjoying myself in the garden during the spring festival, by my friends who met me there; "There is in this pleasure-garden an image of Ganeśa, the god of gods, in the middle of an arbour made of trees, and that image grants boons, and its power has been tested. Approach with devout faith that granter of petitions, and worship him, in order that you may soon obtain without difficulty a suitable husband." When I heard that, I asked my friends in my ignorance; "What! do maidens obtain husbands by worshipping Gaṇeśa?" Then they answered me; "Why do you ask such a question? Without worshipping him no one obtains any success in this world; and in proof of it we will give you an instance of his power, listen." Saying this, my friends told me the following tale:

Story of the birth of Kártikeya.

Long ago, when Indra oppressed by Táraka was desirous of obtaining a son from Śiva to act as general of the gods, and the god of love had been consumed,* Gaurí by performing austerities sought and gained as a husband the three-eyed god, who was engaged in a very long and terrible course of mortification. Then she desired the obtaining of a son, and the return to life of the god of love, but she did not remember to worship Gaṇeśa in order to gain her end. So, when his beloved asked that her desire should be granted, Śiva said to her, "My dear goddess, the god of love was born long ago from the mind of Brahmá, and no sooner was he born than he said in his insolence, 'Whom shall I make mad? *(kan darpayámi).*' So Brahmá called him Kandarpa, and said to him, 'Since thou art very confident, my son, avoid attacking Śiva only, lest thou receive death from him.' Though the Creator gave him this warning, the ill-disposed god came to trouble my austerities, therefore he was burnt up by me, and he cannot be created again with his body.† But I will create by my power a son from you, for I do not require the might of love in order to have offspring as mortals do." While the god, whose ensign is a bull,‡ was saying this to Párvatí, Brahmá accompanied by Indra appeared before him; and when he had been praised by them, and entreated to bring about the destruction of the Asura Táraka, Śiva consented to beget on the goddess a son of his body. And, at their entreaty, he consented that the god of love should be born without body in

* *i. e.* by the fire of Śiva's eye.

† Perhaps we ought to read *sadehasya*. I find this reading in a MS. lent to me by the librarian of the Sanskrit College with the kind permission of the Principal.

‡ *i. e.* Śiva.

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the minds of animate creatures, to prevent the destruction of created beings, And he gave permission to love to influence his own mind; pleased with that, the Creator went away and Párvatí was delighted. But when, after the lapse of hundreds of years, there appeared no hope of Párvatí having any offspring, the god by the order of Brahmá called to mind Agni; Agni for his part, the moment they called him to mind, thinking that the foe of the god of love was irresistible, and afraid to interfere, fled from the gods and entered the water; but the frogs being burned by his heat told the gods, who were searching for him, that he was in the water; then Agni by his curse immediately made the speech of the frogs thenceforth inarticulate, and again disappearing fled to a place of refuge. There the gods found him, concealed in the trunk of a tree, in the form of a snail, for he was betrayed by the elephants and parrots, and he appeared to them. And after making by a curse the tongues of the parrots and the elephants incapable of clear utterance, he promised to do what the gods requested, having been praised by them. So he went to Śiva, and after inclining humbly before him, through fear of being cursed, he informed him of the commission the gods had given him. Śiva thereupon deposited the embryo in the fire. Then the goddess distracted with anger and grief, said, "I have not obtained a son from you after all," and Śiva said to her; "An obstacle has arisen in this matter, because you neglected to worship Gaṇeśa, the lord of obstacles; therefore adore him now in order that a child may be born to us of the fire." When thus addressed by Śiva, the goddess worshipped Gaṇeśa, and the fire became pregnant with that germ of Śiva. Then, bearing that embryo of Śiva, the fire shone even in the day as if the sun had entered into it. And then it discharged into the Ganges the germ difficult to bear, and the Ganges, by the order of Śiva, placed it in a sacrificial cavity on mount Meru.* There that germ was watched by the Gaṇas, Śiva's attendants, and after a thousand years had developed it, it became a boy with six faces. Then, drinking milk with his six mouths from the breasts of the six Kṛttikás† appointed by Gaurí to nurse him, the boy grew big in a few days. In the meanwhile, the king of the gods, overcome by the Asura Táraka, fled to the difficult peaks of mount Meru, abandoning the field of battle. And the gods together with the Ṛishis went to the six-mouthed Kártikeya for protection, and he, defending the gods, remained surrounded by them. When Indra heard that, he was troubled, considering that his kingdom was taken from him, and being jealous he went and made war upon Kártikeya. But

* In this wild legend, resembling one in the first book of the Rámáyaṇa, I have omitted some details for reasons which will be obvious to those who read it in the original.

† *i. e.* the six Pleiades.

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from the body of Kártikeya, when struck by the thunderbolt of Indra, there sprang two sons called Śákha and Viśákha, both of incomparable might. Then Śiva came to his offspring Kártikeya, who exceeded Indra in might, and forbade him and his two sons to fight, and rebuked him in the following words: "Thou wast born in order that thou mightest slay Táraka and protect the realm of Indra, therefore do thy own duty." Then Indra was delighted and immediately bowed before him, and commenced the ceremony of consecrating by ablutions Kártikeya as general of his forces. But when he himself lifted the pitcher for that purpose, his arm became stiff, wherefore he was despondent, but Śiva said to him; "Thou didst not worship the elephant-faced god, when thou desiredst a general; it was for this reason that thou hast met with this obstacle, therefore adore him now." Indra, when he heard that, did so, and his arm was set free, and he duly performed the joyful ceremony of consecrating the general. And not long after, the general slew the Asura Táraka, and the gods rejoiced at having accomplished their object, and Gaurí at having obtained a son. So, princess, you see even the gods are not successful without honouring Gaṇeśa, therefore adore him when you desire a blessing.

After hearing this from my companions I went, my husband, and worshipped an image of Gaṇeśa, that stood in a lonely part of the garden, and after I had finished the worship, I suddenly saw that those companions of mine had flown up by their own power and were disporting themselves in the fields of the air; when I saw that, out of curiosity I called them and made them come down from the heaven, and when I asked them about the nature of their magic power, they immediately gave me this answer; "These are the magic powers of witches' spells, and they are due to the eating of human flesh, and our teacher in this is a Bráhman woman known by the name of Kálarátri." When my companions said this to me, I being desirous of acquiring the power of a woman that can fly in the air, but afraid of eating human flesh, was for a time in a state of hesitation; then eager to possess that power, I said to those friends of mine, "Cause me also to be instructed in this science." And immediately they went and brought, in accordance with my request, Kálarátri, who was of repulsive appearance. Her eyebrows met,* she had dull eyes, a depressed flat nose, large cheeks, widely parted lips, projecting teeth, a long neck, pendulous breasts, a large belly, and broad expanded feet. She appeared as if the creator had made her as a specimen of his skill in producing ugliness. When I fell at her

* Mr. Tylor (in his Primitive Culture, Vol. II, p. 176) speaking of Slavonian superstitions, says, "A man whose eyebrows meet as if his soul were taking flight to enter some other body, may be marked by this sign either as a were-wolf or a vampire."

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feet, after bathing and worshipping Gaṇeśa, she made me take off my clothes and perform, standing in a circle, a horrible ceremony in honour of Śiva in his terrific form, and after she had sprinkled me with water, she gave me various spells known to her, and human flesh to eat that had been offered in sacrifice to the gods; so, after I had eaten man's flesh and had received the various spells, I immediately flew up, naked as I was, into the heaven with my friends, and after I had amused myself, I descended from the heaven by command of my teacher, and I, the princess, went to my own apartments. Thus even in my girlhood I became one of the society of witches, and in our meetings we devoured the bodies of many men.

Story of Sundaraka.

But listen, king, to a story which is a digression from my main tale. That Kálarátri had for husband a Bráhman of the name of Vishnusvámin, and he, being an instructor in that country, taught many pupils who came from different lands, as he was skilful in the exposition of the Vedas. And among his pupils he had one young man of the name of Sundaraka, the beauty of whose person was set off by his excellent character; one day the teacher's wife Kálarátri being love-sick secretly courted him, her husband having gone away to some place or other. Truly Love makes great sport with ugly people as his laughing-stocks, in that she, not considering her own appearance, fell in love with Sundaraka. But he, though tempted, detested with his whole soul the crime; however women may misbehave, the mind of the good is not to be shaken. Then, he having departed, Kálarátri in a rage tore her own body with bites and scratches, and she remained weeping,* with dress and locks disordered, until the teacher Vishṇusvámin entered the house. And when he had entered, she said to him,—"Look, my Lord, to this state has Sundaraka reduced me, endeavouring to gain possession of me by force." As soon as the teacher heard that, he was inflamed with anger, for confidence in women robs even wise men of their power of reflection; and when Sundaraka returned home at night, he ran upon him, and he and his pupils kicked him, and struck him with fists, and sticks; moreover when he was senseless with the blows, he ordered his pupils to fling him out in the road by night, without regard to his safety, and they did so. Then Sundaraka was gradually restored to consciousness by the cool night breeze, and seeing himself thus outraged he reflected, "Alas! the instigation of a woman troubles the minds even of those men whose souls are not under the dominion of passion, as a storm disturbs the repose of lakes which are not reached by dust.† This is why that teacher of mine in the excess of his anger, though old and wise, was so in-

* I read *ásta* for *áśu*.

† *rajas* in Sanskrit means dust and also passion.

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considerate as to treat me so cruelly. But the fact is, lust and wrath are appointed in the dispensation of fate, from the very birth even of wise Bráhmans, to be the two bolts on the door of their salvation.* For were not the sages long ago angry with Śiva in the *devadáru*-wood, being afraid that their wives would go astray? And they did not know that he was a god, as he had assumed the appearance of a Buddhist mendicant, with the intention of shewing Umá that even Rishis do not possess self-restraint. But after they had cursed him, they discovered that he was the ruling god, that shakes the three worlds, and they fled to him for protection. So it appears that even hermits injure others, when beguiled by the six faults that are enemies of man,† lust, wrath, and their crew, much more so Bráhmans learned in the Vedas." Thinking thus, Sundaraka from fear of robbers during the night, climbed up and took shelter in a neighbouring cow-house. And while he was crouching unobserved in a corner of that cow-house, Kálarátri came into it with a drawn sword in her hand, terrible from the hissing she uttered, with wind and flames issuing from her mouth and eyes, accompanied by a crowd of witches. Then the terrified Sundaraka, beholding Kálarátri arriving in such a guise, called to mind the spells that drive away Rákshasas, and bewildered by these spells Kálarátri did not see him crouching secretly in a corner, with his limbs drawn together from fear. Then Kálarátri with her friends recited the spells that enable witches to fly, and they flew up into the air, cow-house and all.

And Sundaraka heard the spell and remembered it;‡ but Kálarátri with the cow-house quickly flew through the air to Ujjayiní: there she made it descend by a spell in a garden of herbs, and went and sported in the cemetery among the witches: and immediately Sundaraka being hungry went down into the garden of herbs, and made a meal on some roots which he dug up, and after he had allayed the pangs of hunger, and returned as before to the cow-house, Kálarátri came back in the middle of the night from her meeting. Then she got up into the cow-house, and, just as before, she flew through the air with her pupils by the power of her magic, and returned home in the night. And after she had replaced the cow-house, which she made use of as a vehicle, in its original situation, and had dismissed those followers of hers, she entered her sleeping apartment. And Sundaraka, having thus passed through that night, astonished at the

* *i. e.* immunity from future births.

† *i. e.* desire, wrath, covetousness, bewilderment, pride and envy.

‡ See Weckenstedt's Wendische Sagen, p. 289, where a young man overhears a spell with similar results.

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troubles he had undergone, in the morning left the cow-house and went to his friends; there he related what had happened to him, and, though desirous of going to some other country, he was comforted by those friends and took up his abode among them, and leaving the dwelling of his teacher, and taking his meals in the almshouse for Bráhmans, he lived there enjoying himself at will in the society of his friends. One day Kálarátri, having gone out to buy some necessaries for her house, saw Sundaraka in the market. And being once more love-sick, she went up to him and said to him a second time—"Sundaraka, shew me affection even now, for my life depends on you." When she said this to him, the virtuous Sundaraka said to her, "Do not speak thus, it is not right; you are my mother, as being the wife of my teacher." Then Kálarátri said; "If you know what is right, then grant me my life, for what righteousness is greater than the saving of life?" Then Sundaraka said—"Mother, do not entertain this wish, for what righteousness can there be in approaching the bed of my preceptor." Thus repulsed by him, and threatening him in her wrath, she went home, after tearing her upper garment with her own hand, and shewing the garment to her husband, she said to him, "Look, Sundaraka ran upon me, and tore this garment of mine in this fashion;" so her husband went in his anger and stopped Sundaraka's supply of food at the almshouse, by saying that he was a felon who deserved death. Then Sundaraka in disgust, being desirous of leaving that country, and knowing the spell for flying up into the air which he had learnt in the cow-house, but being conscious that he had forgotten, after hearing it, the spell for descending from the sky, which he had been taught there also, again went in the night to that deserted cow-house, and while he was there, Kálarátri came as before, and flying up in the cow-house in the same way as on the former occasion, travelled through the air to Ujjayiní, and having made the cow-house descend by a spell in the garden of herbs, went again to the cemetery to perform her nightly ceremonies.

And Sundaraka heard that spell again, but failed again to retain it; for how can magic practices be thoroughly learnt without explanation by a teacher? Then he ate some roots there, and put some others in the cow-house to take away with him, and remained there as before; then Kálarátri came, and climbing up into the cow-house, flew through the air by night, and stopping the vehicle, entered her house. In the morning Sundaraka also left that house, and taking the roots with him he went to the market in order to procure money with which to purchase food. And while he was selling them there, some servants of the king's, who were natives of Málava, took them away without paying for them, seeing that they were the produce of their own country. Then he began to remonstrate angrily, so they manacled him, and took him before the king on a charge of throwing

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stones at them, and his friends followed him. Those villains said to the king—"This man, when we asked him how he managed continually to bring roots from Málava and sell them in Ujjayiní, would not give us any answer, on the contrary he threw stones at us."

When the king heard this, he asked him about that marvel,* then his friends said—"If he is placed on the palace with us, he will explain the whole wonder, but not otherwise." The king consented, and Sundaraka was placed on the palace, whereupon by the help of the spell he suddenly flew up into the heaven with the palace. And travelling on it with his friends, he gradually reached Prayága,† and being now weary he saw a certain king bathing there, and after stopping the palace there, he plunged from the heaven into the Ganges, and, beheld with wonder by all, he approached that king. The king inclining before him, said to him, "Who art thou, and why hast thou descended from heaven?" Sundaraka answered, "I am an attendant of the god Síva, named Murajaka, and by his command I have come to thee desiring human pleasures." When the king heard this, he supposed it was true, and gave him a city, rich in corn, filled with jewels, with women and all the insignia of rank. Then Sundaraka entered that city and flew up into the heaven with his followers, and for a long time roamed about at will, free from poverty. Lying on a golden bed, and fanned with *chowries* by beautiful women, he enjoyed happiness like that of Indra. Then once on a time a Siddha, that roamed in the air, with whom he had struck up a friendship, gave him a spell for descending from the air, and Sundaraka, having become possessed of this spell enabling him to come down to earth, descended from the sky-path in his own city of Kanyákubja. Then the king hearing that he had come down from heaven, possessed of full prosperity, with a city, went in person to meet him out of curiosity, and Sundaraka, when recognized and questioned, knowing what to say on all occasions, informed the king of all his own adventures brought about by Kálarátri. Then the king sent for Kálarátri and questioned her, and she fearlessly confessed her improper conduct, and the king was angry and made up his mind to cut off her ears, but she, when seized, disappeared before the eyes of all the spectators. Then the king forbade her to live in his kingdom, and Sundaraka having been honourably treated by him returned to the air.

Having said this to her husband the king Ádityaprabha, the queen Kuvalayávalí went on to say; "King, such magic powers, produced by the spells of witches, do exist, and this thing happened in my father's kingdom, and it is famous in the world, and, as I told you at first, I am a pupil of Kálarátri's, but because I am devoted to my husband, I

* I read *tan tad*.

† Called more usually by English people Allahabad.

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possess greater power even than she did. And to-day you saw me just at the time when I had performed ceremonies to ensure your welfare, and was endeavouring to attract by a spell a man to offer as a victim. So do you enter now into our practice, and set your foot on the head of all kings, conquering them by magic power. When he heard this proposal, the king at first rejected it, saying, "What propriety is there in a king's connecting himself with the eating of human flesh, the practice of witches?" But when the queen was bent on committing suicide, he consented, for how can men who are attracted by the objects of passion remain in the good path? Then she made him enter into the circle previously consecrated, and said to the king, after he had taken an oath; "I attempted to draw hither as a victim that Bráhman named Phalabhúti, who is so intimate with you, but the drawing him hither is a difficult task, so it is the best way to initiate some cook in our rites, that he may himself slay him and cook him. And you must not feel any compunction about it, because by eating a sacrificial offering of his flesh, after the ceremonies are complete, the enchantment will be perfect, for he is a Bráhman of the highest caste." When his beloved said this to him, the king, though afraid of the sin, a second time consented. Alas! terrible is compliance with women! Then that royal couple had the cook summoned, whose name was Sáhasika, and after encouraging him, and initiating him, they both said to him,—"Whoever comes to you to-morrow morning and says—'The king and queen will eat together to-day, so get some food ready quickly,' him you must slay, and make for us secretly a savoury dish of his flesh." When the cook heard this, he consented, and went to his own house. And the next morning, when Phalabhúti arrived, the king said to him, "Go and tell the cook Sáhasika in the kitchen, 'the king together with the queen will eat to-day a savoury mess, therefore prepare as soon as possible a splendid dish.'" Phalabhúti said, "I will do so" and went out. When he was outside, the prince whose name was Chandraprabha, came to him, and said—"Have made for me this very day with this gold a pair of earrings, like those you had made before for my noble father." When the prince said this, Phalabhúti, in order to please him, went that moment, as he was commissioned, to get the earrings made, and the prince readily went with the king's message, which Phalabhúti told him, alone to the kitchen; when he got there and told the king's message, the cook Sáhasika, true to his agreement, immediately killed him with a knife, and made a dish of his flesh, which the king and queen, after performing their ceremonies, ate, not knowing the truth;* and after spending that night in

* This incident reminds one of Schiller's ballad—*Der Gang nach dem Eisenhammer*. (Benfey Panchatantra, Vol. I, p. 320.)

The story of Fridolin in Schiller's ballad is identical with the story of Fulgentius which is found in the English Gesta Romanorum, see Bohn's Gesta Romanorum, In-

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remorse, the next morning the king saw Phalabhúti arrive with the earrings in his hand.

So, being bewildered, he questioned him about the earrings immediately ; and when Phalabhúti had told him his story, the king fell on the earth, and cried out ; "Alas my son!" blaming the queen and himself, and when his ministers questioned him, he told them the whole story, and repeated what Phalabhúti had said every day—"'The doer of good will obtain good, and the doer of evil, evil.' Often the harm that one wishes to do to another, recoils on one's self, as a ball thrown against a wall rebounding frequently ; thus we, wicked ones, desiring to slay a Bráhman, have brought about our own son's death, and devoured his flesh." After the king had said this and informed his ministers, who stood with their faces fixed on the earth, of the whole transaction, and after he had anointed that very Phalabhúti as king in his place, he made a distribution of alms and then, having no son, entered the fire with his wife to purify himself from guilt, though already consumed by the fire of remorse: and Phalabhúti, having obtained the royal dignity, ruled the earth ; thus good or evil done by a man is made to return upon himself.

Having related the above tale in the presence of the king of Vatsa, Yaugandharáyaṇa again said to that king ; "If Brahmadatta therefore were to plot against you, O great king, who, after conquering him, treated him kindly, he ought to be slain." When the chief minister had said this to him, the king of Vatsa approved of it, and rising up went to perform the duties of the day, and the day following he set out from Lávánaka to go to his own city Kauśámbi, having accomplished his objects in effecting the conquest of the regions; in course of time the lord of earth accompanied by his retinue reached his own city, which seemed to be dancing with delight, imitating with banners uplifted the taper arms* of the dancing girl. So he entered the city, producing, at every step, in the lotus-garden composed of the eyes of the women of the city, the effect of the rising of a breeze. And the king entered his palace, sung by minstrels, praised by bards, and worshipped by kings. Then the monarch of Vatsa laid his commands on the kings of every land, who bowed before him, and triumphantly ascended that throne, the heirloom of his race, which he had found long

troduction, page l. Douce says that the story is found in Scott's Tales from the Arabic and Persian, p. 53 and in the Contes devots or Miracles of the Virgin. (Le Grand, Fabliaux, v. 74.) Mr. Collier states upon the authority of M. Boettiger that Schiller founded his ballad upon an Alsatian tradition which he heard at Mannheim. Cp. also the 80th of the Sicilianische Märchen which ends with these words, "*Wer gutes thut, wird gutes erhalten.*"

* Literally creeper-like.

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ago in the deposit of treasure. And the heaven was filled with the combined high and deep echoes of the sound of the drums, which accompanied the auspicious ceremonies on that occasion, like simultaneous shouts of applause uttered by the guardians of the world, each in his several quarter, being delighted with the prime minister of the king of Vatsa. Then the monarch, who was free from avarice, distributed to the Bráhmans all kinds of wealth acquired by the conquest of the world, and after great festivities, satisfied the desires of the company of kings and of his own ministers. Then in that city filled with the noise of drums resembling the thunder of the clouds, while the king was raining benefits on the fields* according to each man's desert, the people, expecting great fruit in the form of corn, kept high festival in every house. Having thus conquered the world, that victorious king devolved on Rumaṇvat and Yaugandharáyaṇa the burden of his realm, and lived at ease there with Vásavadattá and Padmávatí. So he, being praised by excellent bards, seated between those two queens as if they were the goddesses of Fame and Fortune, enjoyed the rising of the moon white as his own glory, and continually drank wine as he had swallowed the might of his foes.

* There is a double meaning here; *kshetra* means fit recipients as well as field. The king no doubt distributed corn.

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BOOK IV.

CHAPTER XXI.

Victory to the conqueror of obstacles,* who marks with a line like the parting of the hair, the principal mountains† by the mighty fanning of his ear-flaps, pointing out, as it were, a path of success!

Then Udayana, the king of Vatsa, remaining in Kauśámbí, enjoyed the conquered earth which was under one umbrella; and the happy monarch devolved the care of his empire upon Yaugandharáyaṇa and Rumaṇvat, and addicted himself to pleasure only in the society of Vasantaka. Himself playing on the lute, in the company of the queen Vásavadattá and Padmávatí, he was engaged in a perpetual concert. While the notes of his lyre were married to the soft sweet song of the queens, the rapid movement of his executing finger alone indicated the difference of the sounds. And while the roof of the palace was white with moonlight as with his own glory, he drank wine in plenteous streams as he had swallowed the pride of his enemies‡; beautiful women brought him, as he sat retired, in vessels of gold, wine flaming with rosy glow,§ as it were the water of his appointment as ruler in the empire of love; he divided between the two queens the cordial liquor red, delicious, and pellucid, in which danced the reflection of their faces; as he did his own heart, impassioned, enraptured and transparent, in which the same image was found; his eyes were never sated with resting on the faces of those queens, which had the eyebrows arched, and blushed with the rosy hue of love, though envy and anger were far from them; the scene of his banquet, filled with many crystal goblets of wine,

* *i. e.* the god Gaṇeśa, who has an elephant's head.

† Seven principal mountains are supposed to exist in each Varsha or division of a continent.

‡ There is a reference here to the *mada* or ichor which exudes from an elephant's temples when in rut.

§ *rága* also means passion.

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gleamed like a lake of white lotuses tinged red with the rising sun. And occasionally, accompanied by huntsmen, clad in a vest dark green as the *palása* tree, he ranged, bow and arrows in hand, the forest full of wild beasts, which was of the same colour as himself. He slew with arrows herds of wild boars besmeared with mud, as the sun disperses with its dense rays the masses of darkness; when he ran towards them, the antelopes fleeing in terror, seemed like the sidelong glances of the quarters previously conquered* by him.

And when he slew the buffaloes, the ground, red with blood, looked like a bed of red lotuses, come to thank him humbly for delivering it from the goring of their horns. When the lions too were transfixed by his javelins falling in their open mouths, and their lives issued from them with a suppressed roar, he was delighted. In that wood he employed dogs in the ravines, and nets in the glades; this was the method of his pursuit of the chase in which he relied only upon his own resources. While he was thus engaged in his pleasant enjoyments, one day the hermit Nárada came to him as he was in the hall of audience, diffusing a halo with the radiance of his body, like the sun, the orb of heaven, descending therefrom out of love for the Solar dynasty. The king welcomed him, inclining before him again and again, and the sage stood a moment as if pleased, and said to that king, "Listen, O king, I will tell you a story in few words; you had an ancestor once, a king of the name of Páṇḍu; he like you had two noble wives; one wife of the mighty prince was named Kuntí and the other Mádrí. That Páṇḍu conquered this sea-engirdled earth, and was very prosperous, and being addicted to the vice of hunting he went one day to the forest. There he let fly an arrow and slew a hermit of the name of Arindama, who was sporting with his wife in the form of a deer.† That hermit abandoned that deer-form, and with his breath struggling in his throat cursed that Páṇḍu, who in his despair had flung away his bow; 'Since I have been slain while sporting at will by thee, inconsiderate one, thou also shalt die in the embraces of thy wife.' Having been thus cursed, Páṇḍu, through fear of its effect, abandoned the desire of enjoyment, and accompanied by his wives lived in a tranquil grove of ascetic quietism. While he was there, one day impelled by that curse, he suddenly approached his beloved Mádrí, and died. So you may rest assured that the occupation called hunting is a madness of kings, for other kings have been done to death by it, even as the various deer they have slain. For how can

* The quarters are often conceived of as women.

† In the XVIIIth tale of the Gesta Romanorum Julian is led into trouble by pursuing a deer. The animal turns round and says to him, "Thou who pursuest me so fiercely shalt be the destruction of thy parents."

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hunting produce benign results, since the genius of hunting is like a female Rákshasa, roaring horribly, intent on raw flesh, defiled with dust, with upstanding hair and lances for teeth. Therefore give up that useless exertion, the sport of hunting; wild elephants and their slayers are exposed to the same risk of losing their lives. And you, who are ordained for prosperity, are dear to me on account of my friendship with your ancestors, so hear how you are to have a son who is to be a portion of the god of love. Long ago, when Rati worshipped Śiva with praises in order to effect the restoration of Káma's body, Śiva being pleased told her this secret in few words; 'This Gaurí,* desiring a son, shall descend to earth with a part of herself, and after propitiating me, shall give birth to an incarnation of Káma.' Accordingly, king, the goddess has been born in the form of this Vásavadattá, daughter of Chaṇḍamahásena, and she has become your queen. So she, having propitiated Śiva, shall give birth to a son who shall be a portion of Káma, and shall become the emperor of all the Vidyádharas." By this speech the Ṛishi Nárada, whose words command respect, gave back to the king the earth which he had offered him as a present, and then disappeared. When he had departed, the king of Vatsa in company with Vásavadattá, in whom had arisen the desire of obtaining a son, spent the day in thinking about it.

The next day the chief warder called Nityodita, came to the lord of Vatsa while he was in the hall of assembly, and said to him; "A certain distressed Bráhman woman, accompanied by two children, is standing at the door, O king, desiring to see your Highness." When the king heard this, he permitted her to enter, and so that Bráhman woman entered, thin, pale, and begrimed, distressed by the tearing of her clothes and wounding of her self-respect, carrying in her bosom two children looking like Misery and Poverty. After she had made the proper obeisance, she said to the king, "I am a Bráhman woman of good caste, reduced to such poverty; as fate would have it, I gave birth to these two boys at the same time, and I have no milk for them, O king, without food. Therefore I have come in my misery and helplessness for protection to the king, who is kind to all who fly to him for protection; now, my lord the king must determine what my lot is to be." When the king heard that, he was filled with pity, and said to the warder, "Take this woman and commend her to the queen Vasavadattá." Then that woman was conducted into the presence of the queen by that warder, as it were by her own good actions marching in front of her. The queen, when she heard from that warder that the Bráhman woman who had come had been sent by the king, felt all the more confidence in her. And when she saw that the woman, though poor, had two children, she thought, "This is exceedingly unfair dealing on the part

* *I. g.* Umá and Párvatí. Kâma = the god of love.

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of the Creator! Alas! he grudges a son to me who am rich, and shews affection to one who is poor! I have not yet one son, but this woman has these twins." Thus reflecting, the queen, who was herself desiring a bath, gave orders to her servants to provide the Bráhman woman with a bath and other restoratives. After she had been provided with a bath, and had had clothes given her, and had been supplied by them with agreeable food, that Bráhman woman was refreshed like the heated earth bedewed with rain. And as soon as she had been refreshed, the queen Vásavadattá, in order to test her by conversation, artfully said to her, "O Bráhman lady, tell us some tale," when she heard that, she agreed and began to tell this story.

Story of Devadatta.

In old time there was a certain petty monarch of the name of Jayadatta and there was born to him a son, named Devadatta. And that wise king wishing to marry his son who was grown up, thus reflected—"The prosperity of kings is very unstable, being like a *hetæra* to be enjoyed by force, but the prosperity of merchants is like a woman of good family, it is steady and does not fly to another man. Therefore I will take a wife to my son from a merchant's family, in order that misfortune may not overtake his throne, though it is surrounded with many relations." Having formed this resolve, that king sought for his son the daughter of a merchant in Páṭaliputra named Vasudatta. Vasudatta, for his part, eager for such a distinguished alliance, gave that daughter of his to the prince, though he dwelt in a remote foreign land.

And he loaded his son-in-law with wealth to such an extent that he no longer felt much respect for his father's magnificence. Then king Jayadatta dwelt happily with that son of his who had obtained the daughter of that rich merchant. Now one day the merchant Vasudatta came, full of desire to see his daughter, to the palace of his connexion by marriage, and took away his daughter to his own home. Shortly after the king Jayadatta suddenly went to heaven, and that kingdom was seized by his relations who rose in rebellion; through fear of them his son Devadatta was secretly taken away by his mother during the night to another country. Then that mother distressed in soul said to the prince—"Our feudal lord is the emperor who rules the eastern region, repair to him, my son, he will procure you the kingdom." When his mother said this to him, the prince answered her; "Who will respect me if I go there without attendants?" When she heard that, his mother went on to say, "Go to the house of your father-in-law, and get money there and so procure followers, and then repair to the emperor." Being urged in these words by his mother, the prince, though full of shame, slowly plodded on and reached his father-in-law's house in the evening, but he could not bear to enter at such an unseasonable hour, for he was afraid of shedding tears, being bereaved of his father,

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and having lost his worldly splendour, besides shame withheld him. So he remained in the verandah of an alms house near, and at night he suddenly beheld a woman descending with a rope from his father-in-law's house, and immediately he recognized her as his wife, for she was so resplendent with jewels that she looked like a meteor fallen from the clouds, and he was much grieved thereat, but she, though she saw him, did not recognise him, as he was emaciated and begrimed, and asked him who he was; when he heard that, he answered, "I am a traveller;" then the merchant's daughter entered the alms-house, and the prince followed her secretly to watch her. There she advanced towards a certain man, and he towards her, and asking her why she had come so late, he bestowed several kicks on her.* Then the passion of the wicked woman was doubled, and she appeased him and remained with him on the most affectionate terms. When he saw that, the discreet prince reflected; "This is not the time for me to shew anger, for I have other affairs in hand, and how could I employ against these two contemptible creatures, this wife of mine and the man who has done me this wrong, this sword which is to be used against my foes? Or what quarrel have I with this adulteress, for this is the work of malignant destiny, that showers calamities upon me, shewing skill in the game of testing my firmness? It is my marriage with a woman below me in rank that is in fault, not the woman herself; how can a female crow leave the male crow to take pleasure in a cuckoo?" Thus reflecting, he allowed that wife of his to remain in the society of her paramour; for in the minds of heroes possessed with an ardent desire of victory, of what importance is woman, valueless as a straw? But at the moment when his wife ardently embraced her paramour, there fell from her ear an ornament thickly studded with valuable jewels. And she did not observe this, but at the end of her interview taking leave of her paramour, returned hurriedly to her house as she came. And that unlawful lover also departed somewhere or other. Then the prince saw that jewelled ornament and took it up; it flashed with many jewel-gleams, dispelling the gathering darkness of despondency, and seemed like a hand-lamp obtained by him to assist him in searching for his lost prosperity. The prince immediately perceived that it was very valuable, and went off, having obtained all he required, to Kanyákubja; there he pledged that ornament for a hundred thousand gold pieces, and after buying horses and elephants went into the presence of the emperor. And with the troops, which he gave him, he marched and slew his enemies in fight, and recovered his father's kingdom, and his mother applauded his success. Then he redeemed from pawn that ornament, and sent it to his father-in-law to reveal that unsuspected secret; his father-in-law, when he saw that ear-ring of

* Cp. Lane's Arabian Nights, Vol. I, p. 96; also an incident in Gül and Sanaubar, (Liebrecht zur Volkskunde, p. 144)

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his daughter's, which had come to him in such a way, was confounded and shewed it to her: she looked upon it, lost long ago like her own virtue, and when she heard that it had been sent by her husband, she was distracted and called to mind the whole circumstance: "This is the very ornament which I let fall in the alms-house the night I saw that unknown traveller standing there; so that must undoubtedly have been my husband come to test my virtue, but I did not recognize him, and he picked up this ornament." While the merchant's daughter was going through this train of reflection, her heart, afflicted by the misfortune of her unchastity having been discovered, in its agony, broke. Then her father artfully questioned a maid of hers who knew all her secrets, and found out the truth, and so ceased to mourn for his daughter; as for the prince, after he recovered the kingdom, he obtained as wife the daughter of the emperor won by his virtues, and enjoyed the highest prosperity.

So you see that the hearts of women are hard as adamant in daring sin, but are soft as a flower when the tremor of fear falls upon them. But there are some few women born in good families, that, having hearts virtuous* and of transparent purity, become like pearls the ornaments of the earth. And the fortune of kings is ever bounding away like a doe, but the wise know how to bind it by the tether of firmness, as you see in my story; therefore those who desire good fortune must not abandon their virtue even in calamity, and of this principle my present circumstances are an illustration, for I preserved my character, O queen, even in this calamity, and that has borne me fruit in the shape of the good fortune of beholding you.

Having heard this tale from the mouth of that Bráhman woman, the queen Vásavadattá, feeling respect for her, immediately thought,—"Surely this Bráhman woman must be of good family, for the indirect way in which she alluded to her own virtue and her boldness in speech prove that she is of gentle birth, and this is the reason why she shewed such tact in entering the king's court of justice,"—having gone through these reflections, the queen again said to the Bráhman woman: "Whose wife are you, or what is the history of your life? Tell me." When she heard that, the Bráhman woman again began to speak—

Story of Pingaliká.

Queen, there was a certain Bráhman in the country of Málava, named Agnidatta, the home of Fortune and of Learning, who willingly impoverished himself to help suppliants, and in course of time there were born to him two sons like himself; the eldest was called Śankaradatta and the other Śántikara; of these two, oh glorious one, Śántikara suddenly left his father's house in quest of learning, while he was still a boy, and went, I know not whither, and the other son his elder brother married me, who am

* Here there is a pun, *suvritta* meaning also well-rounded.

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the daughter of Yajnadatta who collected wealth for the sake of sacrifice only. In course of time the father of my husband, who was named Agnidatta, being old, went to the next world and his wife followed him,* and my husband left me, when I was pregnant, to go to holy places, and through sorrow for his loss abandoned the body in fire purified by the goddess Sarasvatí; and when that fact was told us by those who accompanied him in his pilgrimage, I was not permitted to follow him by my relations, as I was pregnant. Then, while my grief was fresh, brigands suddenly swooped down on us and plundered my house and all the royal grant; immediately I fled with three Bráhman women from that place, for fear that I might be outraged, taking with me very few garments. And, as the whole kingdom was ravaged, I went to a distant land accompanied by them, and remained there a month only supporting myself by menial drudgery. And then hearing from people that the king of Vatsa was the refuge of the helpless, I came here with the three Bráhman women, with no other travelling provision than my virtue; and as soon as I arrived I gave birth at the same time to two boys. Thus, though I have the friendly assistance of these three Bráhman women, I have suffered bereavement, banishment, poverty, and now comes this birth of twins; Alas! Providence has opened to me the door of calamity. Accordingly, reflecting that I had no other means of maintaining these children, I laid aside shame, the ornament of women, and entering into the king's court I made a petition to him. Who is able to endure the sight of the misery of youthful offspring? And in consequence of his order, I have come into your august presence, and my calamities have turned back, as if ordered away from your door. This is my history: as for my name, it is Pingaliká, because from my childhood my eyes have been reddened by the smoke of the burnt-offerings. And that brother-in-law of mine Sántikara dwells in a foreign land, but in what land he is now living, I have not as yet discovered.

When the Bráhman woman had told her history in these words, the queen came to the conclusion that she was a lady of high birth, and after reflecting, said this to her with an affectionate manner: "There is dwelling here a foreign Bráhman of the name of Sántikara, and he is our domestic chaplain; I am certain he will turn out to be your brother-in-law." After saying this to the eager Bráhman lady, the queen allowed that night to pass, and the next morning sent for Sántikara and asked him about his descent. And when he had told her his descent, she, ascertaining that the two accounts tallied completely, shewed him that Bráhman lady, and said to him—"Here is your brother's wife." And when they recognised one another, and he had heard of the death of his relations, he took the Bráhman lady the wife of his brother to his own house. There he mourned exceedingly,

* *i. e.* burnt herself with his body.

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as was natural, for the death of his parents and his brother, and comforted the lady who was accompanied by her two children; and the queen Vásavadattá settled that the Bráhman lady's two young sons should be the domestic chaplains of her future son, and the queen also gave the eldest the name of Śántisoma, and the next of Vaiśvánara, and she bestowed on them much wealth. The people of this world are like a blind man, being led to the place of recompense by their own actions, going before them,* and their courage is merely an instrument. Then those two children, and their mother and Śántikara remained united there, having obtained wealth.

Then once upon a time, as days went on, the queen Vásavadattá beheld from her palace a certain woman of the caste of potters coming with five sons, bringing plates, and she said to the Bráhman lady Pingaliká, who was at her side; "Observe, my friend: this woman has five sons, and I have not even one as yet, to such an extent is such a one the possessor of merit, while such a one as myself is not."

Then Pingaliká said, "Queen, these numerous sons are people who have committed many sins in a previous existence, and are born to poor people in order that they may suffer for them, but the son that shall be born to such a one as you, must have been in a former life a very virtuous person. Therefore do not be impatient, you will soon obtain a son such as you deserve." Though Pingaliká said this to her, Vásavadattá, being eager for the birth of a son, remained with her mind overpowered by anxiety about it. At that moment the king of Vatsa came and perceiving what was in her heart said—"Queen, Nárada said that you should obtain a son by propitiating Śiva, therefore we must continually propitiate Śiva, that granter of boons" Upon that, the queen quickly determined upon performing a vow, and when she had taken a vow, the king and his ministers and the whole kingdom also took a vow to propitiate Śiva; and after the royal couple had fasted for three nights, that Lord was so pleased that he himself appeared to them and commanded them in a dream,—"Rise up; from you shall spring a son who shall be a portion of the god of love, and owing to my favour shall be king of all the Vidyádharas." When the god, whose crest is the moon, had said this and disappeared, that couple woke up, and immediately felt unfeigned joy at having obtained their boon, and considered that they had gained their object. And in the morning the king and queen rose up, and after delighting the subjects with the taste of the nectarous story of their dream, kept high festival with their relations and servants, and broke in this manner the fast of their vow. After some days had past, a certain man with matted locks came and gave the queen Vásavadattá a fruit in her dream. Then the king of Vatsa rejoiced with the queen, who informed him of that clear dream, and he was congratulated

* *Purogaih* means "done in a previous life," and also "going before."

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by his ministers, and supposing that the god of the moon-crest had given her a son under the form of a fruit, he considered the fulfilment of his wish to be not far off.

CHAPTER XXII.

Then, in a short time, Vásavadattá became pregnant with a child, glorious inasmuch as it was an incarnation of the god of Love, and it was a feast to the eyes of the king of Vatsa. She shone with a face, the eyes of which rolled, and which was of palish hue, as if with the moon come to visit her out of affection for the god of Love conceived in her. When she was sitting down, the two images of her form, reflected in the sides of the jewelled couch, seemed like Rati and Príti come there out of regard for their husband.* Her ladies-in-waiting attended upon her like the Sciences that grant desires, come in bodily form to shew their respect for the future king of the Vidyádharas† conceived in her. At that time she had breasts with points dark like a folded bud, resembling pitchers intended for the inaugural sprinkling‡ of her unborn son. When she lay down on a comfortable couch in the middle of the palace, which gleamed with pavement composed of translucent, flashing, lustrous jewels, she appeared as if she were being propitiated by the waters, that had come there trembling, through fear of being conquered by her future son, with heaps of jewels on every side. Her image reflected from the gems in the middle of the chariot, appeared like the Fortune of the Vidyáharas coming in the heaven to offer her adoration. And she felt a longing for stories of great magicians provided with incantations by means of spells, introduced appropriately in conversation. Vidyádhara ladies, beginning melodious songs, waited upon her when in her dream she rose high up in the sky, and when she woke up, she desired to enjoy in reality the amusement of sporting in the air, which would give the pleasure of looking down upon the earth. And Yaugandharáyaṇa gratified that longing of the queen's by employing spells, machines, juggling, and such like contrivances. So she roamed through the air by means of those various contrivances, which furnished a wonderful spectacle to the upturned eyes of the citizens' wives. But once on a time,

* I read with a MS. in the Sanskrit College *patisnehád* for *pratisnehád*. The two wives of the god of Love came out of love to their husband, who was conceived in Vásavadattá.

† *Vidyádhara*—means literally "magical-knowledge-holder."

‡ The ceremony of coronation.

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when she was in her palace, there arose in her heart a desire to hear the glorious tales of the Vidyádharas; then Yaugandharáyaṇa, being entreated by that queen, told her this tale while all were listening.

Story of Jímútaváhana.

There is a great mountain named Himavat, the father of the mother of the world,* who is not only the chief of hills, but the spiritual preceptor of Śiva, and on that great mountain, the home of the Vidyádharas, dwelt the lord of the Vidyádharas, the king Jímútaketu. And in his house there was a wishing-tree. which had come down to him from his ancestors, called by a name which expressed its nature, The Giver of Desires. And one day the king Jímútaketu approached that wishing-tree in his garden, which was of divine nature, and supplicated it; "We always obtain from you all you desire, therefore give me, O god, who am now childless, a virtuous son." Then the wishing-tree said,—"King, there shall be born to thee a son who shall remember his past birth, who shall be a hero in giving, and kind to all creatures." When he heard that, the king was delighted, and bowed before that tree, and then he went and delighted his queen with the news: accordingly in a short time a son was born to him, and his father called the son Jímútaváhana. Then that Jímútaváhana, who was of great goodness, grew up step by step with the growth of his innate compassion for all creatures. And in course of time, when he was made Crown-Prince, he being full of compassion for the world said in secret to his father, who was pleased by his attentions—"I know, O father, that in this world all things perish in an instant, but the pure glory of the great alone endures till the end of a Kalpa.† If it is acquired by benefiting others, what other wealth can be, like it, valued by high-minded men more than life. And as for prosperity, if it be not used to benefit others, it is like lightning which for a moment pains the eye, and flickering disappears somewhere or other. So, if this wishing-tree, which we possess, and which grants all desires, is employed for the benefit of others, we shall have reaped from it all the fruit it can give. So let me take such steps as that by its riches the whole multitude of men in need may be rescued from poverty." This petition Jímútaváhana made to his father, and having obtained his permission, he went and said to that wishing-tree, "O god, thou always givest us the desired fruit, therefore fulfil to-day this one wish of ours. O my friend, relieve this whole world from its poverty, success to thee, thou art bestowed on the world that desires wealth!" The wishing-tree being addressed in this style by that self-denying one, showered much gold on the earth, and all the people rejoiced; what other compassionate incarnation of a Bodhisattva except the glorious Jímútaváhana would be able to dispose even of

* *Ambiká, i. q.*, Párvatí the wife of Śiva.

† A period of 432 million years of mortals.

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a wishing-tree in favour of the needy? For this reason every region of the earth* became devoted to Jímútaváhana, and his stainless fame was spread on high.

Then the relations of Jímútaketu, seeing that his throne was firmly established by the glory of his son, were envious, and became hostile to him. And they thought it would be easy to conquer that place, which possessed the excellent wishing-tree that was employed for bestowing gifts, on account of its not being strong: then they assembled and determined on war, and thereupon the self-denying Jímútaváhana said to his father,—"As this body of ours is like a bubble in the water, for the sake of what do we desire prosperity, which flickers like a candle exposed to the wind? And what wise man desires to attain prosperity by the slaughter of others? Accordingly, my father, I ought not to fight with my relations. But I must leave my kingdom and go to some forest or other; let these miserable wretches be, let us not slay the members of our own family." When Jímútaváhana had said this, his father Jímutaketu formed a resolution and said to him; "I too must go, my son, for what desire for rule can I, who am old, have, when you, though young, out of compassion abandon your realm as if it were so much grass?" In these words his father expressed his acquiescence in the project of Jimútaváhana, who then, with his father and his father's wife, went to the Malaya mountain. There he remained in a hermitage, the dwelling of the Siddhas, where the brooks were hidden by the sandal-wood trees, and devoted himself to taking care of his father. There he struck up a friendship with the self-denying son of Viśvávasu, the chief prince of the Siddhas, whose name was Mitrávasu. And once on a time the all-knowing Jímútaváhana beheld in a lonely place Mitrávasu's maiden sister, who had been his beloved in a former birth. And the mutual gaze of those two young people was like the catching in a frail net of the deer of the mind.†

Then one day Mitrávasu came up suddenly to Jímútaváhana, who deserved the respect of the three worlds, with a pleased expression, and said to him, "I have a younger sister, the maiden called Malayavatí; I give her to you, do not refuse to gratify my wish." When Jímútaváhana heard that, he said to him, "O prince, she was my wife in a former birth, and in that life you became my friend, and were like a second heart to me. I am one who remembers the former state of existence, I recollect all that happened in my previous birth." When he said this, Mitrávasu said to him, "then tell me this story of your former birth, for I feel curiosity about it." When he heard this from Mitrávasu, the benevolent Jímútaváhana told him the tale of his former birth as follows:

* More literally the cardinal and intermediate points.

† Reading *manomṛigí*, the deer of the mind.

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Story of Jímútaváhana's adventures in a former birth.

Thus it is: formerly I was a sky-roaming Vidyádhara, and once on a time I was passing over a peak of the Himálaya. And then Śiva, who was below, sporting with Gaurí, being angry at my passing above him, cursed me, saying, "Descend into a mortal womb, and after obtaining a Vidyádharí for your wife, and appointing your son in your place, you shall remember your former birth, and again be born as a Vidyádhara." Having pronounced when this curse should end, Śiva ceased and disappeared; and soon after I was born upon earth in a family of merchants. And I grew up as the son of a rich merchant in a city named Vallabhí, and my name was Vasudatta. And in course of time, when I became a young man, I had a retinue given me by my father, and went by his orders to another land to traffic. As I was going along, robbers fell upon me in a forest, and after taking all my property, led me in chains to a temple of Durgá in their village, terrible with a long waving banner of red silk like the tongue of Death eager to devour the lives of animals. There they brought me into the presence of their chief named Pulindaka, who was engaged in worshipping the goddess, in order that I might serve as a victim. He, though he was a Śavara,* the moment he saw me, felt his heart melt with pity for me; an apparently causeless affectionate movement of the heart is a sign of friendship in a former birth. Then that Śavara king, having saved me from slaughter, was about to complete the rite by the sacrifice of himself, when a heavenly voice said to him—"Do not act thus, I am pleased with thee, crave a boon of me,"—thereupon he was delighted, and said—"O goddess, thou art pleased; what other blessing can I need, nevertheless I ask so much—may I have friendship with this merchant's son in another birth also." The voice said—"So be it," and then ceased, and then that Śavara gave me much wealth, and sent me back to my own home. And then, as I had returned from foreign travel and from the jaws of death, my father, when he heard the whole occurrence, made a great feast in my honour. And in course of time I saw there that very same Śavara chief, whom the king had ordered to be brought before him as a prisoner for plundering a caravan. I told my father of it immediately, and making a petition to the king, I saved him from capital punishment by the payment of a hundred thousand gold-pieces. And having in this way repaid the benefit, which he conferred upon me by saving my life, I brought him to my house, and entertained him honourably for a long time with all loving attention. And then, after this hospitable entertainment, I dismissed him, and he went to his own village fixing upon me a heart tender with affection. Then, while he thought about a present for me that might be worthy of my return for his previous kindness, he came to the conclusion that the pearls and musk

* Member of a savage tribe.

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and treasures of that kind, which were at his disposal, were not valuable enough. Thereupon he took his bow and went off to the Himálaya to shoot elephants, in order to obtain a surpassingly splendid necklace* for me. And while he was roaming about there, he reached a great lake with a temple upon its shore, being welcomed by its lotuses, which were as devoted to their friend† as he was to me. And suspecting that the wild elephants would come there to drink water, he remained in concealment with his bow, in order to kill them. In the meanwhile he saw a young lady of wonderful beauty come riding upon a lion to worship Śiva, whose temple stood on the shore of the lake; looking like a second daughter of the king of the snowy mountains, devoted to the service of Śiva while in her girlhood. And the Śavara, when he saw her, being overpowered with wonder, reflected—"Who can this be? If she is a mortal woman, why does she ride upon a lion? On the other hand, if she is divine, how can she be seen by such as me? So she must certainly be the incarnate development of the merits of my eyes in a former birth. If I could only marry my friend to her, then I should have bestowed upon him a new and wonderful recompense. So I had better first approach her to question her." Thus reflecting, my friend the Śavara advanced to meet her. In the meanwhile she dismounted from the lion, that lay down in the shade, and advancing began to pick the lotuses of the lake. And seeing the Śavara, who was a stranger, coming towards her and bowing, out of a hospitable feeling she gratified him with a welcome. And she said to him—"Who are you, and why have you come to this inaccessible land?" Thereupon the Śavara answered her, "I am a prince of the Śavaras, who regard the feet of Bhaváni as my only refuge, and I am come to this wood to get pearls from the heads of elephants. But when I beheld you just now, O goddess, I called to mind my own friend that saved my life, the son of a merchant prince, the auspicious Vasudatta. For he, O fair one, is, like you, matchless for beauty and youth, a very fount of nectar to the eyes of this world. Happy is that maiden in the world, whose braceleted hand is taken in this life by that treasure-house of friendship, generosity, compassion, and patience. And if this beautiful form of yours is not linked to such a man, then I cannot help grieving that Káma bears the bow in vain." By these words of the king of the hunters the mind of the maiden was suddenly carried away, as if by the syllables of the god of Love's bewildering spell. And prompted by love, she said to that Śavara, "Where is that friend of yours? Bring him here and shew him to me." When he heard that, he said—"I will do so," and that moment the Śavara took leave of her and set out on his journey in high spirits, considering his object attained. And after he

* *I. e.* of the pearls in the heads of the elephants.

† *I. e.* the sun.

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had reached his village, he took with him pearls and musk, a weight sufficient for hundreds of heavily-laden porters, and came to our house. There he was honoured by all the inmates, and entering it, he offered to my father that present, which was worth much gold. And after that day and that night had been spent in feasting, he related to me in private the story of his interview with the maiden from the very commencement. And he said to me, who was all excitement, "Come, let us go there," and so the Śavara carried me off at night just as he pleased. And in the morning my father found that I had gone off somewhere with the Śavara prince, but feeling perfect confidence in his affection, he remained master of his feelings. But I was conducted in course of time by that Śavara, who travelled fast, to the Himálaya, and he tended me carefully throughout the journey.

And one evening we reached that lake, and bathed, and we remained that one night in the wood eating sweet fruits. That mountain wood, in which the creepers strewed the ground with flowers, and which was charming with the hum of bees, full of balmy gales, and with beautiful gleaming herbs for lamps, was like the chamber of Rati to repose in during the night for us two, who drank the water of the lake. Then, the next day that maiden came there, and at every step my mind, full of strange longings, flew to meet her, and her arrival was heralded by this my right eye, throbbing as if through eagerness to behold her.* And that maid with lovely eyebrows was beheld by me, on the back of a knotty-maned lion, like a digit of the moon resting in the lap of an autumn cloud; and I cannot describe how my heart felt at that time while I gazed on her, being full of tumultuous emotions of astonishment, longing, and fear; then that maiden dismounted from the lion, and gathered flowers, and after bathing in the lake, worshipped Śiva who dwelt in the temple on its banks.† And when the worship was ended, that Śavara, my friend, advanced towards her and announcing himself, bowed, and said to her who received him courteously; "Goddess, I have brought that friend of mine as a suitable bridegroom for you: if you think proper, I will shew him to you this moment." When she heard that, she said, "Shew him," and that Śavara came and took me near her and shewed me to her. She looked at me askance with an eye that shed love, and being overcome by Cupid's taking possession of her soul, said to that chieftain of the Śavaras; "This friend of yours is not a man, surely he is some god come here to deceive me to-day: how could a mortal have such a handsome shape?" When I heard that, I said myself to remove all doubt from her mind: "Fair one, I am in very truth a mortal, what is the use of employing fraud against one so honest as yourself, lady? For I am the son of a merchant named Mahádhana that dwells in Vallabhí, and I was gained

* Throbbing of the right eye in men portends union with the beloved.

† No doubt by offering the flowers which she had gathered.

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by my father by the blessing of Śiva. For he, when performing austerities to please the god of the moony crest, in order that he might obtain a son, was thus commanded by the god in a dream being pleased with him; 'Rise up, there shall spring from thee a great-hearted son, and this is a great secret, what is the use of setting it forth at length?' After hearing this, he woke up, and in course of time I was born to him as a son, and I am known by the name of Vasudatta. And long ago, when I went to a foreign land, I obtained this Śavara chieftain for a chosen friend, who shewed himself a true helper in misfortune. This is a brief statement of the truth about me." When I had said this I ceased; and that maiden, with her face cast down from modesty, said—"It is so; to-day, I know, Śiva being propitiated deigned to tell me in a dream, after I had worshipped him,—'To-morrow morning thou shalt obtain a husband:'—so you are my husband, and this friend of yours is my brother." When she had delighted me by this nectar-like speech, she ceased; and after I had deliberated with her, I determined to go to my own house with my friend, in order that the marriage might be solemnized in due form. Then that fair one summoned by a sign of her own that lion, on which she rode, and said to me, "Mount it, my husband," then I, by the advice of my friend, mounted the lion, and taking that beloved one in my arms, I set out thence for my home, having obtained all my objects, riding on the lion with my beloved, guided by that friend. And living on the flesh of the deer that he killed with his arrows, we all reached in course of time the city of Vallabhí. Then the people, seeing me coming along with my beloved, riding on a lion, being astonished, ran and told that fact quickly to my father. He too came to meet me in his joy, and when he saw me dismount from the lion and fall at his feet, he welcomed me with astonishment.

And when he saw that incomparable beauty adore his feet, and perceived that she was a fit wife for me, he could not contain himself for joy. So he entered the house, and after asking us about the circumstances, he made a great feast, praising the friendship of the Śavara chieftain. And the next day, by the appointment of the astrologers, I married that excellent maiden, and all my friends and relations assembled to witness our wedding. And that lion, on which my wife had ridden, having witnessed the marriage, suddenly before the eyes of all, assumed the form of a man. Then all the bystanders were bewildered thinking—"What can this mean?" But he, assuming heavenly garments and ornaments, thus addressed me: "I am a Vidyádhara named Chitrángada, and this maiden is my daughter Manovatí by name, dearer to me than life. I used to wander continually through the forest with her in my arms, and one day I reached the Ganges, on the banks of which are many ascetic groves. And as I was going along in the middle of the river, for fear of disturbing the ascetics, my garland by accident fell into its waters.

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Then the hermit Nárada, who was under the water, suddenly rose up, and angry because the garland had fallen upon his back, cursed me in the following words: 'On account of this insolence, depart, wicked one, thou shalt become a lion, and repairing to the Himálaya, shalt carry this daughter upon thy back. And when thy daughter shall be taken in marriage by a mortal, then after witnessing the ceremony, thou shalt be freed from this curse.' After being cursed in these words by the hermit, I became a lion, and dwelt on the Himálaya carrying about this daughter of mine, who is devoted to the worship of Śiva. And you know well the sequel of the story, how by the exertions of the Śavara chieftain this highly auspicious event has been brought about. So I shall now depart; good luck to you all! I have now reached the termination of that curse." Having said this, that Vidyádhara immediately flew up into the sky. Then my father, overwhelmed with astonishment at the marvel, delighted at the eligible connection, and finding that his friends and relations were overjoyed, made a great feast. And there was not a single person who did not say with astonishment, reflecting again and again on that noble behaviour of the Śavara chieftain—"Who can imagine the actions of sincere friends, who are not even satisfied when they have bestowed on their sworn brothers the gift of life?" The king of the land too, hearing of that occurrence, was exceedingly pleased with the affection which the Śavara prince had shown me, and finding he was pleased, my father gave him a present of jewels, and so induced him immediately to bestow on the Śavara a vast forest territory. Then I remained there in happiness, considering myself to have attained all that heart could wish, in having Manovatí for a wife, and the Śavara prince for a friend. And that Śavara chieftain generally lived in my house, finding that he took less pleasure in dwelling in his own country than he formerly did. And the time of us two friends, of him and me, was spent in continually conferring benefits upon one another without our ever being satisfied. And not long after I had a son born to me by Manovatí, who seemed like the heart-joy of the whole family in external visible form; and being called Hiraṇyadatta he gradually grew up, and after having been duly instructed, he was married. Then my father having witnessed that, and considering that the object of his life had been accomplished, being old, went to the Ganges with his wife to leave the body. Then I was afflicted by my father's death, but having been at last persuaded by my relations to control my feelings, I consented to uphold the burden of the family. And at that time on the one hand the sight of the beautiful face of Manovatí, and on the other the society of the Śavara prince delighted me. Accordingly those days of mine passed, joyous from the goodness of my son, charming from the excellence of my wife, happy from the society of my friend.

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Then, in course of time, I became well-stricken in years, and old age seized me by the chin, as it were out of love giving me this wholesome reproach—"Why are you remaining in the house so long as this, my son?" Then disgust with the world was suddenly produced in my breast, and longing for the forest I appointed my son in my stead. And with my wife I went to the mountain of Kálinjara, together with the king of the S'avaras, who abandoned his kingdom out of love to me. And when I arrived there, I at once remembered that I had been a Vidyádhara in a former state of existence, and that the curse I had received from S'iva had come to an end. And I immediately told my wife Manovatí of that, and my friend the king of the S'avaras, as I was desirous of leaving this mortal body. I said—"May I have this wife and this friend in a future birth, and may I remember this birth," and then I meditated on S'iva in my heart, and flung myself from that hill side, and so suddenly quitted the body together with that wife and friend. And so I have been now born, as you see, in this Vidyádhara family, under the name of Jímútaváhana, with a power of recollecting my former existence. And you, that prince of the S'avaras, have been also born again by the favour of S'iva, as Mitrávasu the son of Viśvávasu the king of the Siddhas. And, my friend, that Vidyádhara lady, my wife Manovatí, has been again born as your sister Malayavatí by name. So your sister is my former wife, and you were my friend in a former state of existence, therefore it is quite proper that I should marry her. But first go and tell this to my parents, for if the matter is referred to them, your desire will be successfully accomplished.

When Mitrávasu heard this from Jímútaváhana, he was pleased, and he went and told all that to the parents of Jímútaváhana. And when they received his proposal gladly, he was pleased, and went and told that same matter to his own parents. And they were delighted at the accomplishment of their desire, and so the prince quickly prepared for the marriage of his sister. Then Jímútaváhana, honoured by the king of the Siddhas, received according to usage the hand of Malayavatí. And there was a great festival, in which the heavenly minstrels bustled about, the dense crowd of the Siddhas assembled, and which was enlivened by bounding Vidyádharas. Then Jímútaváhana was married, and remained on that Malaya mountain with his wife in very great prosperity. And once on a time he went with his brother-in-law Mitrávasu to behold the woods on the shore of the sea. And there he saw a young man come in an agitated state, sending away his mother, who kept exclaiming "Alas! my son!" And another man, who seemed to be a soldier, following him, conducted him to a broad and high slab of rock and left him there. Jímútaváhana said to him: "Who are you? What are you about to do, and

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why does your mother weep for you?" Then the man told him his story.

"Long ago Kadrú and Vinatá, the two wives of Kas'yapa, had a dispute in the course of a conversation which they were carrying on. The former said that the Sun's horses were black, the latter that they were white, and they made an agreement that the one that was wrong should become a slave to the other.* Then Kadrú, bent on winning, actually induced her sons, the snakes, to defile the horses of the Sun by spitting venom over them; and shewing them to Vinatá in that condition, she conquered her by a trick and made her her slave: terrible is the spite of women against each other! When Garuḍa the son of Vinatá heard of that, he came and tried to induce Kadrú by fair means to release Vinatá from her slavery; then the snakes, the sons of Kadrú, reflecting, said this to him; "O Garuḍa, the gods have began to churn the sea of milk, bring the nectar thence and give it to us as a substitute, and then take your mother away with you, for you are the chief of heroes.' When Garuḍa heard that, he went to the sea of milk, and displayed his great might in order to obtain the nectar. Then the god Vishṇu pleased with his might deigned to say to him, 'I am pleased with thee, choose some boon.' Then Garuḍa, angry because his mother was made a slave, asked as a boon from Vishṇu—'May the snakes become my food.' Vishṇu consented, and when Garuḍa had obtained the nectar by his own valour, he was thus addressed by Indra who had heard the whole story: 'King of birds, you must take steps to prevent the foolish snakes from consuming the nectar, and to enable me to take it away from them again.' When Garuḍa heard that, he agreed to do it, and elated by the boon of Vishṇu, he went to the snakes with the vessel containing the nectar.

And he said from a distance to those foolish snakes, who were terrified on account of the boon granted to him, "Here is the nectar brought by me, release my mother and take it; if you are afraid, I will put it for you on a bed of Darbha grass. When I have procured my mother's release, I will go; take the nectar thence." The snakes consented, and then he put the vessel of nectar on a pure bed of Kuśa grass,† and they let his mother go. So Garuḍa departed, having thus released his mother from slavery; but while the snakes were unsuspectingly taking the nectar, Indra suddenly swooped down, and bewildering them by his power, carried off the vessel of nectar from the bed of Kuśa grass. Then the snakes in despair licked that bed of Darbha grass, thinking there might be a drop of spilt nectar on it; the effect was that their tongues were split, and they became double-tongued

* Like the two physicians in Gesta Romanorum, LXXVI.

† A peculiarly sacred kind of Darbha grass.

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for nothing. What but ridicule can ever be the portion of the over-greedy? Then the snakes did not obtain the nectar of immortality, and their enemy Garuḍa, on the strength of Vishṇu's boon, began to swoop down and devour them. And this he did again and again. And while he was thus attacking them, the snakes* in Pátála were dead with fear, the females miscarried, and the whole serpent race was well-nigh destroyed. And Vásuki the king of the snakes, seeing him there every day, considered that the serpent world was ruined at one blow: then, after reflecting, he preferred a petition to that Garuḍa of irresistible might, and made this agreement with him—"I will send you every day one snake to eat, O king of birds, on the hill that rises out of the sand of the sea. But you must not act so foolishly as to enter Pátála, for by the destruction of the serpent world your own object will be baffled." When Vásuki said this to him, Garuḍa consented, and began to eat every day in this place one snake sent by him: and in this way innumerable serpents have met their death here. But I am a snake called S'ankachúḍa,† and it is my turn to-day: for that reason I have to-day, by the command of the king of the snakes, in order to furnish a meal to Garuḍa, come to this rock of execution, and to be lamented by my mother."

When Jímútaváhana heard this speech of S'ankachúḍa's, he was grieved, and felt sorrow in his heart and said to him, "Alas! Vásuki exercises his kingly power in a very cowardly fashion, in that with his own hand he conducts his subjects to serve as food for his enemy. Why did he not first offer himself to Garuḍa? To think of this effeminate creature choosing to witness the destruction of his race! And how great a sin does Garuḍa, though the son of Kaśyapa, commit! How great folly do even great ones commit for the sake of the body only! So I will to-day deliver you alone from Garuḍa by surrendering my body. Do not be despondent, my friend." When S'ankachúḍa heard this, he out of his firm patience said to him,—"This be far from thee, O great-hearted one, do not say so again. The destruction of a jewel for the sake of a piece of glass is never becoming. And I will never incur the reproach of having disgraced my race." In these words the good snake S'ankachúḍa tried to dissuade Jímútaváhana, and thinking that the time of Garuḍa's arrival would come in a moment, he went to worship in his last hour an image of S'iva under the name of Gokarṇa, that

* *Rájila* is a striped snake, said to be the same as the *ḍuṇḍubha* a non-venomous species.

† The remarks which Ralston makes (Russian Folk-tales, page 65) with regard to the snake as represented in Russian stories, are applicable to the Nága of Hindu superstition; "Sometimes he retains throughout the story an exclusively reptilian character, sometimes he is of a mixed nature, partly serpent and partly man." The snakes described in Weckenstedt's Wendischo Sagen, (pp. 402—409,) resemble in some points the snakes which we hear so much of in the present work.

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stood on the shore of the sea. And when he was gone, Jímútaváhana, that treasure-house of compassion, considered that he had gained an opportunity of offering himself up to save the snake's life. Thereupon he quickly dismissed Mitrávasu to his own house on the pretext of some business, artfully pretending that he himself had forgotten it. And immediately the earth near him trembled, being shaken by the wind of the wings of the approaching Garuḍa, as if through astonishment at his valour. That made Jímútaváhana think that the enemy of the snakes was approaching, and full of compassion for others he ascended the stone of execution. And in a moment Garuḍa swooped down, darkening the heaven with his shadow, and carried off that great-hearted one, striking him with his beak. He shed drops of blood, and his crest-jewel dropped off torn out by Garuḍa, who took him away and began to eat him on the peak of the mountain. At that moment a rain of flowers fell from heaven, and Garuḍa was astonished when he saw it, wondering what it could mean.

In the meanwhile Śankachúḍa came there, having worshipped Gokarṇa, and saw the rock of execution sprinkled with many drops of blood; then he thought—"Alas! surely that great-hearted one has offered himself for me, so I wonder where Garuḍa has taken him in this short time. I must search for him quickly, perhaps I may find him." Accordingly the good snake went following up the track of the blood. And in the meanwhile Garuḍa, seeing that Jímútaváhana was pleased, left off eating and thought with wonder: "This must be some one else, other than I ought to have taken, for though I am eating him, he is not at all miserable, on the contrary the resolute one rejoices." While Garuḍa was thinking this, Jímútaváhana, though in such a state, said to him in order to attain his object: "O king of birds, in my body also there is flesh and blood; then why have you suddenly stopped eating, though your hunger is not appeased?" When he heard that, that king of birds, being overpowered with astonishment, said to him—"Noble one, you are not a snake, tell me who you are." Jímútaváhana was just answering him, "I am a snake,* so eat me, complete what you have begun, for men of resolution never leave unfinished an undertaking they have begun," when Śankachúḍa arrived and cried out from afar, "Stop, stop, Garuḍa, he is not a snake, I am the snake meant for you, so let him go, alas! how have you suddenly come to make this mistake?" On hearing that, the king of birds was excessively bewildered, and Jímútaváhana was grieved at not having accomplished his desire. Then Garuḍa, learning, in the course of their conversation† with one another, that he had

* The word *nága*, which means snake, may also mean, as Dr. Brockhaus explains it, a mountaineer from *naga* a mountain.

† I conjecture *kramád* for *krandat*. If we retain *krandat* we must suppose that the king of the Vidyádharas wept because his scheme of self-sacrifice was frustrated.

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begun to devour by mistake the king of the Vidyádharas, was much grieved. He began to reflect, "Alas! in my cruelty I have incurred sin. In truth those who follow evil courses easily contract guilt. But this great-hearted one who has given his life for another, and despising* the world, which is altogether under the dominion of illusion, come to face me, deserves praise." Thinking thus, he was about to enter the fire to purify himself from guilt, when Jímútaváhana said to him: "King of birds, why do you despond? If you are really afraid of guilt, then you must determine never again to eat these snakes: and you must repent of eating all those previously devoured, for this is the only remedy available in this case, it was idle for you ever to think of any other." Thus Jímútaváhana, full of compassion for creatures, said to Garuḍa, and he was pleased and accepted the advice of that king, as if he had been his spiritual preceptor, determining to do what he recommended; and he went to bring nectar from heaven to restore to life rapidly that wounded prince, and the other snakes, whose bones only remained. Then the goddess Gaurí, pleased with Jímútaváhana's wife's devotion to her, came in person and rained nectar on him: by that his limbs were reproduced with increased beauty, and the sound of the drums of the rejoicing gods was heard at the same time. Then, on his rising up safe and sound, Garuḍa brought the nectar of immortality† from heaven, and sprinkled it along the whole shore of the sea. That made all the snakes there rise up alive, and then that forest along the shore of the sea, crowded with the numerous tribe of snakes, appeared like Pátála‡ come to behold Jímútaváhana, having lost its previous dread of Garuḍa. Then Jímútaváhana's relations congratulated him, having seen that he was glorious with unwounded body and undying fame. And his wife rejoiced with her relations, and his parents also. Who would not joy at pain ending in happiness? And with his permission Śankachúḍa departed to Rasátala,§ and without it his glory, of its own accord, spread through the three worlds. Then, by virtue of the favour of the daughter of the Himálaya all his relations, Matanga and others, who were long hostile to him, came to Garuḍa, before whom the troops of gods were inclining out of love, and timidly approaching the glory of the Vidyádhara race, prostrated themselves

* I read *adhaḥ* for *adaḥ*.

† In the Sicilian stories of the Signora von Gonzenbach an ointment does duty for the *amṛita*, cp. for one instance out of many, page 145 of that work. Ralston remarks that in European stories the raven is connected with the Water of Life. See his exhaustive account of this cycle of stories on pages 231 and 232 of his Russian Folk-tales. See also Veckenstedt's Wendische Sagen, p. 245, and the story which begins on page 227.

‡ The home of the serpent race below the earth.

§ Here equivalent to Pátála.

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at his feet. And being entreated by them, the benevolent Jímútavahána went from that Malaya mountain to his own home, the slope of the Himálaya. There, accompanied by his parents and Mitrávasu and Malayavatí, the resolute one long enjoyed the honour of emperor of the Vidyádharas. Thus a course of fortunate events always of its own accord follows the footsteps of all those, whose exploits arouse the admiration of the three worlds. When the queen Vásavadattá heard this story from the mouth of Yaugandharáyana, she rejoiced, as she was eager to hear of the splendour of her unborn son. Then, in the society of her husband, she spent that day in conversation about her son, who was to be the future king of the Vidyádharas, which was suggested by that story, for she placed unfailing reliance upon the promise of the favouring gods.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Then Vásavadattá on the next day said to the king of Vatsa in private, while he was surrounded by his ministers;—"My husband, ever since I have been pregnant with this child, the difficult duty of taking care of it afflicts my heart; and last night, after thinking over it long, I fell asleep with difficulty, and I am persuaded I saw a certain man come in my dream, glorious with a shape distinguished by matted auburn locks and a trident-bearing hand; and he approaching me, said as if moved by compassion,—'My daughter, you need not feel at all anxious about the child with which you are pregnant, I will protect it, for I gave it to you. And hear something more, which I will tell you to make you confide in me; a certain woman waits to make a petition to you to-morrow, she will come dragging her husband with her as a prisoner, reviling him, accompanied by five sons, begirt with many relations: and she is a wicked woman who desires by the help of her relations to get that husband of hers put to death, and all that she will say will be false. And you, my daughter, must beforehand inform the king of Vatsa about this matter, in order that that good man may be freed from that wicked wife.' This command that august one gave and vanished, and I immediately woke up, and lo! the morning had come." When the queen had said that, all spoke of the favour of Śiva, and were astonished, their minds eagerly expecting the fulfilment of the dream; when lo! at that very moment the chief warder entered, and suddenly said to the king of Vatsa, who was compassionate to the afflicted, "O king, a certain woman has come to make a representation, accompanied by her relations, bringing with her five sons, reviling her helpless husband."

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When the king heard that, being astonished at the way it tallied with the queen's dream, he commanded the warder to bring her into his presence. And the queen Vásavadattá felt the greatest delight, having become certain that she would obtain a good son, on account of the truth of the dream. Then that woman entered by the command of the warder, accompanied by her husband, looked at with curiosity by all, who had their faces turned towards the door. Then, having entered, she assumed an expression of misery, and making a bow according to rule, she addressed the king in council accompanied by the queen: "This man, though he is my husband, does not give to me, helpless woman that I am, food, raiment, and other necessaries, and yet I am free from blame with respect to him."

When she had said this, her husband pleaded—"King, this woman speaks falsely, supported by her relations, for she wishes me to be put to death. For I have given her supplies beforehand to last till the end of the year, and other relations of hers, who are impartial, are prepared to witness the truth of this for me." When he had said this to the king, the king of his own accord answered: "The trident-bearing god himself has given evidence in this case, appearing to the queen in a dream. What need have we of more witnesses? This woman with her relations must be punished." When the king had delivered this judgment, the discreet Yaugandharáyaṇa said, "Nevertheless, king, we must do what is right in accordance with the evidence of witnesses, otherwise the people, not knowing of the dream, would in no wise believe in the justice of our proceedings." When the king heard that, he consented and had the witnesses summoned that moment, and they, being asked, deposed that that woman was speaking falsely. Then the king banished her, as she was plotting against one well known to be a good husband, from his territory, with her relations and her sons. And with heart melting from pity he discharged her good husband, after giving him much treasure sufficient for another marriage. And in connexion with the whole affair the king remarked,—"An evil wife, of wildly* cruel nature, tears her still living husband like a she-wolf, when he has fallen into the pit of calamity; but an affectionate, noble, and magnanimous wife averts sorrow as the shade† of the wayside-tree averts heat, and is acquired by a man's special merits." Then Vasantaka, who was a clever story-teller, being at the king's side, said to him *à propos* of this: "Moreover, king, hatred and affection are commonly produced in living beings in this world owing to their continually recalling the impressions of a past state of existence, and in proof of this, hear the story which I am about to tell."

* Here there is a pun: *ákula* may also mean "by descent.

† *Kulíná* may mean falling on the earth, referring to the shade of the tree. *Márgasthá* means "in the right path" when applied to the wife.

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Story of Sinhaparákrama.

There was a king in Benares named Vikramachaṇḍa, and he had favourite follower named Sinhaparákrama; who was wonderfully successful in all battles and in all gambling contests. And he had a wife very deformed both in body and mind, called by a name, which expressed her nature, Kalahakárí.* This brave man continually obtained much money both from the king and from gambling, and, as soon as he got it, he gave it all to his wife. But the shrewish woman, backed by her three sons begotten by him, could not in spite of this remain one moment without a quarrel. She continually worried him by yelling out these words at him with her sons—"You are always eating and drinking away from home, and you never give us anything." And though he was for ever trying to propitiate her with meat, drink, and raiment, she tortured him day and night like an interminable thirst. Then, at last, Sinhaparákrama vexed with indignation on that account, left his house, and went on a pilgrimage to the goddess Durgá that dwells in the Vindhya hills. While he was fasting, the goddess said to him in a dream: "Rise up, my son, go to thy own city of Benares; there is an enormous *nyagrodha* tree, by digging round its root thou wilt at once obtain a treasure. And in the treasure thou wilt find a dish of emerald, bright as a sword-blade, looking like a piece of the sky fallen down to earth; casting thy eyes on that, thou wilt see, as it were, reflected inside, the previous existence of every individual, in whatever case thou mayest wish to know it. By means of that thou wilt learn the previous birth of thy wife and of thyself, and having learned the truth wilt dwell there in happiness free from grief." Having thus been addressed by the goddess, Sinhaparákrama woke up and broke his fast, and went in the morning to Benares; and after he had reached the city, he found at the root of the *nyagrodha* tree a treasure, and in it he discovered a large emerald dish, and, eager to learn the truth, he saw in that dish that in a previous birth his wife had been a terrible she-bear, and himself a lion. And so recognising that the hatred between himself and his wife was irremediable owing to the influence of bitter enmity in a previous birth, he abandoned grief and bewilderment. Then Sinhaparákrama examined many maidens by means of the dish, and discovering that they had belonged to alien races in a previous birth, he avoided them, but after he had discovered one, who had been a lioness in a previous birth and so was a suitable match for him, he married her as his second wife, and her name was Sinhaśrí. And after assigning to that Kalahakárí one village only as her portion, he lived, delighted with the acquisition of treasure, in the society of his new wife. Thus, O king, wives and others are friendly or hostile to men in this world by virtue of impressions in a previous state of existence.

* *I. e.* Madam Contentious. Her husband's name means "of lion-like might."

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When the king of Vatsa had heard this wonderful story from Vasantaka, he was exceedingly delighted and so was the queen Vásavadattá. And the king was never weary day or night of contemplating the moon-like face of the pregnant queen. And as days went on, there were born to all of his ministers in due course sons with auspicious marks, who heralded approaching good fortune. First there was born to Yaugandharáyaṇa, the chief minister, a son Marubhúti by name. Then Rumaṇvat had a son called Hariśikha, and to Vasantaka there was born a son named Tapantaka. And to the head-warder called Nityodita, whose other title was Ityaka,* there was born a son named Gomukha. And after they were born a great feast took place, and during it a bodiless voice was heard from heaven—"These ministers shall crush the race of the enemies of the son of the king of Vatsa here, the future universal emperor. And as days went by, the time drew near for the birth of the child, with which the queen Vásavadattá was destined to present the king of Vatsa, and she repaired to the ornamented lying-in-chamber, which was prepared by matrons having sons, and the windows of which were covered with *arka* and *śamí* plants. The room was hung with various weapons, rendered auspicious by being mixed with the gleam of jewel-lamps, shedding a blaze† able to protect the child; and secured by conjurers who went through innumerable charms and spells and other incantations, so that it became a fortress of the matrons hard for calamity to storm, and there she brought forth in good time a prince of lovely aspect, as the heaven brings forth the moon from which stream pure nectarous rays. The child, when born, not only irradiated that room, but the heart also of that mother from which the darkness of grief had departed; then, as the delight of the inmates of the harem was gradually extended, the king heard of the birth of a son from the people who were admitted to it; the reason he did not give his kingdom in his delight to the person, who announced it, was, that he was afraid of committing an impropriety, not that he was avaricious. And so the king, suddenly coming to the harem with longing mind, beheld his son, and his hope bore fruit after a long delay. The child had a long red lower lip like a leaf, beautiful flowing hair like wool, and his whole face was like the lotus, which the goddess of the Fortune of empire carries for her delight. He was marked on his soft feet with umbrellas and *chowries*, as if the Fortunes of other kings had beforehand abandoned their badges in his favour, out of fear. Then, while the king shed with tearful eye, that swelled with the pressure of the fulness of the weight of his joy, drops that seemed to be drops of paternal

* I read (after Böhtlingk and Roth) *Ityakápara*. See Chapter 34. s' l. 115.

† *Tejas* = also means might, courage.

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affection,* and the ministers with Yaugandharáyaṇa at their head rejoiced, a voice was heard from heaven at that time to the following effect :

" King, this son that is born to thee is an incarnation of Káma,† and know that his name is Naravâhanadatta ; and he will soon become emperor of the kings of the Vidyádharas, and maintain that position unwearied for a *kalpa* of the gods."‡ When so much had been said, the voice stopped, and immediately a rain of flowers fell from heaven, and the sounds of the celestial drums went forth. Then the king, excessively delighted, made a great feast, which was rendered all the more solemn from the gods having begun it. The sound of cymbals floated in the air rising from temples, as if to tell all the Vidyádharas of the birth of their king : and red banners, flying in the wind on the tops of the palaces, seemed with their splendour to fling red dye to one another. On earth beautiful women assembled and danced everywhere, as if they were the nymphs of heaven glad that the god of love had been born with a body.§ And the whole city appeared equally splendid with new dresses and ornaments bestowed by the rejoicing king. For while that rich king rained riches upon his dependants, nothing but the treasury was empty. And the ladies belonging to the families of the neighbouring chieftains came in from all sides, with auspicious prayers, versed in the good custom,‖ accompanied by dancing girls, bringing with them splendid presents, escorted by various excellent guards, attended with the sound of musical instruments, like all the cardinal points in bodily form. Every movement there was of the nature of a dance, every word uttered was attended with full vessels,¶ every action was of the nature of munificence, the city resounded with musical instruments, the people were adorned with red powder, and the earth was covered with bards,—all these things were so in that city which was all full of festivity. Thus the great feast was carried on with increasing magnificence for many days, and did not come to an end before the wishes of the citizens were fully satisfied. And as days went on, that infant prince grew like the new moon, and his father bestowed on him with appropriate formalities the name of Naravâhanadatta,

* *Sneha* which means love, also means oil. This is a fruitful source of puns in Sanskṛit.

† The Hindu Cupid.

‡ Infinitely longer than a mortal kalpa. A mortal kalpa lasts 432 million years.

§ He is often called *Ananga*, the bodiless, as his body was consumed by the fire of Śiva's eye.

‖ Or virtuous and generous.

¶ It is still the custom to give presents of vessels filled with rice and coins. Empty vessels are inauspicious, and even now if a Bengali on going out of his house meets a person carrying an empty pitcher, he turns back, and waits a minute or two.

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which had been previously assigned him by the heavenly voice. His father was delighted when he saw him make his first two or three tottering steps, in which gleamed the sheen of his smooth fair toe-nails, and when he heard him utter his first two or three indistinct words, shewing his teeth which looked like buds. Then the excellent ministers brought to the infant prince their infant sons, who delighted the heart of the king, and commended them to him. First Yaugandharáyana brought Marubhúti, and then Rumaṇvat Hariśikha, and then the head-warder named Ityaka brought Gomukha, and Vasantaka his son named Tapantaka. And the domestic chaplain Śántikara presented the two twin sons of Pingaliká, his nephews Śántisoma and Vaiśvánara. And at that moment there fell from heaven a rain of flowers from the gods, which a shout of joy made all the more auspicious, and the king rejoiced with the queens, having bestowed presents on that company of ministers' sons. And that prince Naraváhanadatta was always surrounded by those six ministers' sons devoted to him alone, who commanded respect even in their boyhood,* as if with the six political measures that are the cause of great prosperity. The days of the lord of Vatsa passed in great happiness, while he gazed affectionately on his son with his smiling lotus-like face, going from lap to lap of the kings whose minds were lovingly attached to him, and making in his mirth a charming indistinct playful prattling.

* Peace, war, march, halt, stratagem and recourse to the protection of a mightier king.

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BOOK V.

CHAPTER XXIV.

May Gaṇeśa, painting the earth with mosaic by means of the particles of red lead flying from his trunk whirled round in his madness,* and so, as it were, burning up obstacles with the flames of his might, protect you.

Thus the king of Vatsa and his queen remained engaged in bringing up their only son Naravâhanadatta, and once on a time the minister Yaugandharâyaṇa, seeing the king anxious about taking care of him, said to him as he was alone,—"King, you must never feel any anxiety now about the prince Naravâhanadatta, for he has been created by the adorable god S'iva in your house as the future emperor over the kings of the Vidyâdharas; and by their divine power the kings of the Vidyâdharas have found this out, and meaning mischief have become troubled, unable in their hearts to endure it; and knowing this, the god with the moon-crest has appointed a prince of the Gaṇas,† Stambhaka by name, to protect him. And he remains here invisible, protecting this son of yours, and Nârada coming swiftly informed me of this." While the minister was uttering these words, there descended from the midst of the air a divine man wearing a diadem and a bracelet, and armed with a sword. He bowed, and then the king of Vatsa, after welcoming him, immediately asked him with curiosity: "Who are you, and what is your errand here?" He said, "I was once a mortal, but I have now become a king of the Vidyâdharas, named S'aktivega and I have many enemies. I have found out by my power that your son is destined to be our emperor, and I have come to see him, O king." When S'aktivega, over-awed at the sight of his future emperor, had said this, the king of Vatsa was pleased and again asked him in his astonishment, "How can the rank of a Vidyâdhara be attained, and of what nature is it, and how did you obtain it? Tell me this, my friend." When he heard this speech of the king's, that Vidyâdhara S'aktivega courteously bowing, answered him thus, "O king, resolute souls having propitiated S'iva either

* The elephant-headed god has his trunk painted with red lead like a tame elephant, and is also liable to become *mast*.

† Followers and attendants upon S'iva.

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in this or in a former birth, obtain by his favour the rank of Vidyádhara. And that rank, denoted by the insignia of supernatural knowledge, of sword, garland and so on, is of various kinds, but listen! I will tell you how I obtained it. Having said this, S'aktivega told the following story, relating to himself, in the presence of the queen Vásavadattá.

Story of S'aktivega king of the Vidyádharas.

There lived long ago in a city called Vardhamána,* the ornament of the earth, a king the terror of his foes, called Paropakárin. And this exalted monarch possessed a queen of the name of Kanakaprabhá,† as the cloud holds the lightning, but she had not the fickleness of the lightning. And in course of time there was born to him by that queen a daughter, who seemed to have been formed by the Creator to dash Lakshmí's pride in her beauty. And that moon of the eyes of the world was gradually reared to womanhood by her father, who gave her the name of Kanakarekhá suggested by her mother's name Kanakaprabhá. Once on a time, when she had grown up, the king, her father, said to the queen Kanakaprabhá, who came to him in secret: "A grown up daughter cannot be kept in one's house, accordingly Kanakarekhá troubles my heart with anxiety about a suitable marriage for her. For a maiden of good family, who does not obtain a proper position, is like a song out of tune; when heard of by the ears even of one unconnected with her, she causes distress. But a daughter, who through folly is made over to one not suitable, is like learning imparted to one not fit to receive it, and cannot tend to glory or merit but only to regret. So I am very anxious as to what king I must give this daughter of mine to, and who will be a fit match for her." When Kanakaprabhá heard this, she laughed and said,—"You say this, but your daughter does not wish to be married; for to-day when she was playing with a doll and making believe it was a child, I said to her in fun, 'My daughter, when shall I see you married?' When she heard that, she answered me reproachfully: 'Do not say so, you must not marry me to any one; and my separation from you is not appointed, I do well enough as a maiden, but if I am married, know that I shall be a corpse; there is a certain reason for this.' As she has said this to me I have come to you, O king, in a state of distress; for, as she has refused to be married, what use is there in deliberating about a bridegroom?" When the king heard this from the queen, he was bewildered, and going to the private apartments of the princess he said to his daughter: "When the maidens of the gods and Asuras practise austerities in order to obtain a husband, why, my daughter, do you refuse to take one?' When the princess Kanakarekhá heard this speech of her father's, she fixed her eyes on the ground and said, Father, I do not desire to be married at present, so what object has my father in it, and why does he insist

* The modern Burdwan. † *I. e.* Gold-gleam.

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upon it?" That king Paropakárin, when his daughter addressed him in that way, being the discreetest of men, thus answered her: "How can sin be avoided unless a daughter is given in marriage? And independence is not fit for a maiden who ought to be in dependence on relations? For a daughter in truth is born for the sake of another and is kept for him. The house of her father is not a fit place for her except in childhood. For if a daughter reaches puberty unmarried, her relations go to hell, and she is an outcast, and her bridegroom is called the husband of an outcast." When her father said this to her, the princess Kanakarekhá immediately uttered a speech that was in her mind, "Father, if this is so, then whatever Bráhman or Kshatriya has succeeded in seeing the city called the Golden City, to him I must be given, and he shall be my husband, and if none such is found, you must not unjustly reproach me." When his daughter said that to him, that king reflected: "It is a good thing at any rate that she has agreed to be married on a certain condition, and no doubt she is some goddess born in my house for a special reason, for else how comes she to know so much though she is a child?" Such were the king's reflections at that time: so he said to his daughter, "I will do as you wish," and then he rose up and did his day's work. And on the next day, as he was sitting in the hall of audience, he said to his courtiers, "Has any one among you seen the city called the Golden City? Whoever has seen it, if he be a Bráhman or a Kshatriya, I will give him my daughter Kanakarekhá, and make him crown-prince." And they all, looking at one another's faces, said, "We have not even heard of it, much less have we seen it. Then the king summoned the warder and said to him, "Go and cause a proclamation to be circulated in the whole of this town with the beating of drums, and find out if any one has really seen that city." When the warder received this order, he said, "I will do so," and went out; and after he had gone out, he immediately gave orders to the police, and caused a drum to be beaten all round the city, thus arousing curiosity to hear the proclamation, which ran as follows: "Whatever Bráhman or Kshatriya youth has seen the city called the Golden City, let him speak, and the king will give him his daughter and the rank of crown-prince." Such was the astounding announcement proclaimed all about the town after the drum had been beaten. And the citizens said, after hearing that proclamation: "What is this Golden City that is to-day proclaimed in our town, which has never been heard of or seen even by those among us who are old?" But not a single one among them said, "I have seen it."

And in the meanwhile a Bráhman living in that town, Saktideva by name, the son of Baladeva, heard that proclamation; that youth, being addicted to vice, had been rapidly stripped of his wealth at the gaming-table, and he reflected, being excited by hearing of the giving in marriage

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of the king's daughter: "As I have lost all my wealth by gambling, I cannot now enter the house of my father, nor even the house of a *hetæra*, so, as I have no resource, it is better for me to assert falsely to those who are making the proclamation by beat of drum, that I have seen that city. Who will discover that I know nothing about it, for who has ever seen it? And in this way I may perhaps marry the princess." Thus reflecting Śaktideva went to the police, and said falsely, "I have seen that city." They immediately said to him, "Bravo! then come with us to the king's warder." So he went with them to the warder. And in the same way he falsely asserted to him that he had seen that city, and he welcomed him kindly, and took him to the king. And without wavering he maintained the very same story in the presence of the king: what indeed is difficult for a blackleg to do who is ruined by play? Then the king, in order to ascertain the truth, sent that Bráhman to his daughter Kanakarekhá, and when she heard of the matter from the mouth of the warder, and the Bráhman came near, she asked him: "Have you seen that Golden City?" Then he answered her, "Yes, that city was seen by me when I was roaming through the earth in quest of knowledge."* She next asked him, "By what road did you go there, and what is it like?" That Bráhman then went on to say: "From this place I went to a town called Harapura, and from that I next came to the city of Benares; and from Benares in a few days to the city of Pauṇḍravardhana, thence I went to that city called the Golden City, and I saw it, a place of enjoyment for those who act aright, like the city of Indra, the glory of which is made for the delight of gods.† And having acquired learning there, I returned here after some time; such is the path by which I went, and such is that city." After that fraudulent Bráhman Śaktideva had made up this story, the princess said with a laugh;—"Great Bráhman, you have indeed seen that city, but tell me, tell me again by what path you went." When Śaktideva heard that, he again displayed his effrontery, and then the princess had him put out by her servants. And immediately after putting him out, she went to her father, and her father asked her: "Did that Bráhman speak the truth?"—And then the princess said to her father: "Though you are a king you act without due consideration; do you not know that rogues deceive honest people? For that Bráhman simply wants to impose on me with a falsehood, but the liar has never seen the golden city. And all kinds of deceptions are practised on the earth by rogues; for listen to the

* For an account of the *wanderjahre* of young Bráhman students, see Dr. Bühler's introduction to the *Vikramánkadevacharita*.

† More literally—Those whose eyes do not wink. The epithet also means "worthy of being regarded with unwinking eyes." No doubt this ambiguity is intended.

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story of S'iva and Mádhava, which I will tell you." Having said this, the princess told the following tale :

Story of S'iva and Mádhava.

There is an excellent city rightly named Ratnapura,* and in it there were two rogues named S'iva and Mádhava. Surrounding themselves with many other rogues, they contrived for a long time to rob, by making use of trickery, all the rich men in the town. And one day those two deliberated together and said—"We have managed by this time to plunder this town thoroughly ; so let us now go and live in the city of Ujjayiní ; there we hear that there is a very rich man named S'ankarasvámin, who is chaplain to the king. If we cheat him out of his money we may thereby enjoy the charms of the ladies of Málava. He is spoken of by Bráhmans as a miser, because he withholds† half their usual fee with a frowning face, though he possesses treasure enough to fill seven vessels ; and that Bráhman has a pearl of a daughter spoken of as matchless, we will manage to get her too out of him along with the money." Having thus determined, and having arranged beforehand what part each was to play, the two rogues S'iva and Mádhava went out of that town. At last they reached Ujjayiní, and Mádhava, with his attendants, disguised as a Rájpút, remained in a certain village outside the town. But S'iva, who was expert in every kind of deception, having assumed perfectly the disguise of a religious ascetic, first entered that town alone. There he took up his quarters in a hut on the banks of the Siprá, in which he placed, so that they could be seen, clay, *darbha* grass, a vessel for begging, and a deer-skin. And in the morning he anointed his body with thick clay, as if testing beforehand his destined smearing with the mud of the hell Avíchi. And plunging in the water of the river, he remained a long time with his head downward, as if rehearsing beforehand his future descent to hell, the result of his evil actions. And when he rose up from his bath, he remained a long time looking up towards the sun, as if shewing that he deserved to be impaled. Then he went into the presence of the god and making rings of Kuśa grass,‡ and muttering prayers, he remained sitting in the posture called Padmásana,§ with a hypocritical cunning face, and from time to time he made an offering to Vishṇu, having gathered white flowers, even as he took captive the

* *I. e.* the city of jewels.

† *A'skandin* is translated "granting" by Monier Williams and the Petersburg lexicographers.

‡ These are worn on the fingers when offerings are made.

§ A particular posture in religious meditation, sitting with the thighs crossed, with one hand resting on the left thigh, the other held up with the thumb upon the heart, and the eyes directed to the tip of the nose.

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simple hearts of the good by his villainy ; and having made his offering he again pretended to betake himself to muttering his prayers, and prolonged his meditations as if fixing his attention on wicked ways. And the next day, clothed in the skin of a black antelope, he wandered about the city in quest of alms, like one of his own deceitful leers intended to beguile it, and observing a strict silence he took three handfuls of rice from Bráhmans' houses, still equipped with stick and deer-skin, and divided the food into three parts like the three divisions of the day, and part he gave to the crows, and part to his guest, and with the third part he filled his maw ; and he remained for a long time hypocritically telling his beads, as if he were counting his sins at the same time, and muttering prayers ; and in the night he remained alone in his hut, thinking over the weak points of his fellow-men, even the smallest ; and by thus performing every day a difficult pretended penance he gained complete ascendancy over the minds of the citizens in every quarter. And all the people became devoted to him, and a report spread among them in every direction that S'iva was an exceedingly self-denying hermit.

And in the meanwhile his accomplice, the other rogue Mádhava, having heard from his emissaries how he was getting on, entered that city ; and taking up his abode there in a distant temple, he went to the bank of the Siprá to bathe, disguised as a Rájpút, and after bathing, as he was returning with his retinue, he saw S'iva praying in front of the god, and with great veneration he fell at his feet, and said before all the people, " There is no other such ascetic in the world, for he has been often seen by me going round from one holy place to another." But S'iva, though he saw him, kept his neck immoveable out of cunning, and remained in the same position as before, and Mádhava returned to his own lodging. And at night those two met together and ate and drank, and deliberated over the rest of their programme, what they must do next. And in the last watch of the night S'iva went back leisurely to his hut. And in the morning Mádhava said to one of his gang, " Take these two garments and give them as a present to the domestic chaplain of the king here, who is called S'ankarasvámin, and say to him respectfully : ' There is a Rájpút come from the Deccan of the name of Mádhava, who has been oppressed by his relations, and he brings with him much inherited wealth ; he is accompanied by some other Rájpúts like himself, and he wishes to enter into the service of your king here, and he has sent me to visit you, O treasure-house of glory.' " The rogue, who was sent off by Mádhava with this message, went to the house of that chaplain with the present in his hand, and after approaching him, and giving him the present at a favourable moment, he delivered to him in private Mádhava's message, as he had been ordered ; he, for his part, out of his greed for presents, believed it all, anticipating other favours in the future, for a bribe

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is the sovereign specific for attracting the covetous. The rogue then came back, and on the next day Mádhava, having obtained a favourable opportunity, went in person to visit that chaplain, accompanied by attendants, who hypocritically assumed the appearance of men desiring service,* passing themselves off as Rájpúts, distinguished by the maces they carried; he had himself announced by an attendant preceding him, and thus he approached the family priest, who received him with welcomes which expressed his delight at his arrival. Then Mádhava remained engaged in conversation with him for some time, and at last being dismissed by him, returned to his own house. On the next day he sent another couple of garments as a present, and again approached that chaplain and said to him, "I indeed wish to enter into service to please my retainers, for that reason I have repaired to you, but I possess wealth." When the chaplain heard that, he hoped to get something out of him, and he promised Mádhava to procure for him what he desired, and he immediately went and petitioned the king on this account, and, out of respect for the chaplain, the king consented to do what he asked. And on the next day the family priest took Mádhava and his retinue, and presented them to the king with all due respect. The king too, when he saw that Mádhava resembled a Rájpút in appearance, received him graciously and appointed him a salary. Then Mádhava remained there in attendance upon the king, and every night he met S'iva to deliberate with him. And the chaplain entreated him to live with him in his house, out of avarice, as he was intent on presents.

Then Mádhava with his followers repaired to the house of the chaplain; this settlement was the cause of the chaplain's ruin, as that of the mouse in the trunk of the tree was the cause of its ruin. And he deposited a safe in the strong room of the chaplain, after filling it with ornaments made of false gems. And from time to time he opened the box and by cunningly half-shewing some of the jewels, he captivated the mind of the chaplain as that of a cow is captivated by grass. And when he had gained in this way the confidence of the chaplain, he made his body emaciated by taking little food, and falsely pretended that he was ill. And after a few days had passed, that prince of rogues said with weak voice to that chaplain, who was at his bedside; "My condition is miserable in this body, so bring, good Bráhman, some distinguished man of your caste, in order that I may bestow my wealth upon him for my happiness here and hereafter, for, life being unstable, what care can a wise man have for riches?" That chaplain,

* *Kárpaṭika* may mean a pilgrim, but it seems to be used in the K. S. S. to mean a kind of dependant on a king or great man, usually a foreigner. See chapters 38, 53, and 81 of this work.

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who was devoted to presents, when addressed in this way, said, "I will do so," and Mádhava fell at his feet. Then whatever Bráhman the chaplain brought, Mádhava refused to receive, pretending that he wanted a more distinguished one. One of the rogues in attendance upon Mádhava, when he saw this, said—"Probably an ordinary Bráhman does not please him. So it will be better now to find out whether the strict ascetic on the banks of Siprá named S'iva pleases him or not?" When Mádhava heard that, he said plaintively to that chaplain: "Yes, be kind, and bring him, for there is no other Bráhman like him."

The chaplain, thus entreated, went near S'iva, and beheld him immoveable, pretending to be engaged in meditation. And then he walked round him, keeping him on his right hand, and sat down in front of him: and immediately the rascal slowly opened his eyes. Then the family priest, bending before him, said with bowed head,—"My Lord, if it will not make you angry, I will prefer a petition to you. There is dwelling here a very rich Rájpút from the Deccan, named Mádhava, and he, being ill, is desirous of giving away his whole property: if you consent, he will give you that treasure which glitters with many ornaments made out of priceless gems." When S'iva heard that, he slowly broke silence, and said,—"O Bráhman, since I live on alms, and observe perpetual chastity, of what use are riches to me? Then that chaplain went on to say to him, "Do not say that, great Bráhman, do you not know the due order of the periods in the life of a Bráhman?* By marrying a wife, and performing in his house offerings to the Manes, sacrifices to the gods and hospitality to guests, he uses his property to obtain the three objects of life;† the stage of the householder is the most useful of all." Then S'iva said, "How can I take a wife, for I will not marry a woman from any low family?" When the covetous chaplain heard that, he thought that he would be able to enjoy his wealth at will, and, catching at the opportunity, he said to him: "I have an unmarried daughter named Vinayasváminí, and she is very beautiful, I will bestow her in marriage on you. And I will keep for you all the wealth which you receive as a donation from Mádhava, so enter on the duties of a householder. When S'iva heard this, having got the very thing he wanted, he said, "Bráhman, if your heart is set on this,‡ I will do what you say. But I am an ascetic who knows nothing about gold and jewels: I shall act as you advise; do as you think best." When the chaplain heard that speech of S'iva's, he was delighted, and the fool said, "Agreed"—and con-

* First he should be a *Brahmachárin* or unmarried religious student, next a *Grihastha* or householder, than a *Vánaprastha* or anchoret, lastly a *Bhikshu* or beggar.

† *i. e.* virtue, wealth, pleasure; *dharma, artha, káma.*

‡ *Graha*, also means planet, *i. e.* inauspicious planet. S'iva tells the truth here.

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ducted Śiva to his house. And when he had introduced there that inauspicious guest named Śiva,* he told Mádhava what he had done and was applauded by him. And immediately he gave Śiva his daughter, who had been carefully brought up, and in giving her he seemed to be giving away his own prosperity lost by his folly. And on the third day after his marriage, he took him to Mádhava who was pretending to be ill, to receive his present. And Mádhava rose up and fell at his feet and said what was quite true, "I adore thee whose asceticism is incomprehensible."† "And in accordance with the prescribed form he bestowed on Śiva that box of ornaments made of many sham jewels, which was brought from the chaplain's treasury. Śiva for his part, after receiving it, gave it into the hand of the chaplain, saying, "I know nothing about this, but you do." And that priest immediately took it, saying, "I undertook to do this long ago, why should you trouble yourself about it?" Then Śiva gave them his blessing, and went to his wife's private apartments, and the chaplain took the box and put it in his strong room. Mádhava for his part gradually desisted from feigning sickness, affecting to feel better the next day, and said that his disease had been cured by virtue of his great gift. And he praised the chaplain when he came near, saying to him, "It was by your aiding me in an act of faith that I tided over this calamity." And he openly struck up a friendship with Śiva, asserting that it was due to the might of Śiva's holiness that his life had been saved. Śiva, for his part, after some days said to the chaplain: "How long am I to feast in your house in this style? Why do you not take from me those jewels for some fixed sum of money? If they are valuable, give me a fair price for them." When the priest heard that, thinking that the jewels were of incalculable value, he consented, and gave to Śiva as purchase-money his whole living. And he made Śiva sign a receipt for the sum with his own hand, and he himself too signed a receipt for the jewels, thinking that that treasure far exceeded his own wealth in value. And they separated, taking one another's receipts, and the chaplain lived in one place, while Śiva kept house in another. And then Śiva and Mádhava dwelt together and remained there leading a very pleasant life consuming the chaplain's wealth. And as time went on, that chaplain, being in need of cash, went to the town to sell one of the ornaments in the bazar.

Then the merchants, who were connoisseurs in jewels, said after examining it, "Ha! the man who made these sham jewels was a clever fellow, whoever he was. For this ornament is composed of pieces of glass and quartz coloured with various colours and fastened together with brass, and there are no gems or gold in it." When the chaplain heard that,

* *i. e.* the auspicious or friendly one.

† There is probably a double meaning in the word "incomprehensible."

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he went in his agitation and brought all the ornaments from his house, and showed them to the merchants. When they saw them, they said that all of them were composed of sham jewels in the same way; but the chaplain, when he heard that, was, so to speak, thunderstruck. And immediately the fool went off and said to S'iva, "Take back your ornaments and give me back my own wealth." But S'iva answered him, "How can I possibly have retained your wealth till now? Why it has all in course of time been consumed in my house." Then the chaplain and S'iva fell into an altercation, and went, both of them, before the king, at whose side Mádhava was standing. And the chaplain made this representation to the king: "S'iva has consumed all my substance, taking advantage of my not knowing that a great treasure, which he deposited in my house,* was composed of skilfully coloured pieces of glass and quartz fastened together with brass." Then S'iva said, "King, from my childhood I have been a hermit, and I was persuaded by that man's earnest petition to accept a donation, and when I took it, though inexperienced in the ways of the world, I said to him, 'I am no connoisseur in jewels and things of that kind, and I rely upon you,' and he consented saying, 'I will be your warrant in the matter.' And I accepted all the donation and deposited it in his hand. Then he bought the whole from me at his own price, and we hold from one another mutual receipts; and now it is in the king's power to grant me help in my sorest need." S'iva having thus finished his speech, Mádhava said, "Do not say this, you are honourable, but what fault have I committed in the matter? I never received anything either from you or from Siva; I had some wealth inherited from my father, which I had long deposited elsewhere; then I brought that wealth and presented it to a Bráhman. If the gold is not real gold, and the jewels are not real jewels, then let us suppose that I have reaped fruit from giving away brass, quartz, and glass. But the fact that I was persuaded with sincere heart that I was giving something, is clear from this, that I recovered from a very dangerous illness." When Mádhava said this to him without any alteration in the expression of his face, the king laughed and all his ministers, and they were highly delighted. And those present in court said, laughing in their sleeves, "Neither Mádhava nor S'iva has done anything unfair." Thereupon that chaplain departed with downcast countenance, having lost his wealth. For of what calamities is not the blinding of the mind with excessive greed the cause? And so those two rogues S'iva and Mádhava long remained there, happy in having obtained the favour of the delighted king.

"Thus do rogues spread the webs of their tongue with hundreds of intricate threads, like fishermen upon dry land, living by the net. So you may be certain, my father, that this Bráhman is a case in point. By falsely

* Perhaps we ought to read *dattvá* for *tatra*.

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asserting that he has seen the City of Gold, he wishes to deceive you, and to obtain me for a wife. So do not be in a hurry to get me married; I shall remain unmarried at present, and we will see what will happen." When the king Paropakárin heard this from his daughter Kanakarekhá, he thus answered her: "When a girl is grown up, it is not expedient that she should remain long unmarried, for wicked people envious of good qualities, falsely impute sin. And people are particularly fond of blackening the character of one distinguished; to illustrate this, listen to the story of Harasvámin which I am about to tell you."

Story of Harasvámin.

There is a city on the banks of the Ganges named Kusumapura,* and in it there was an ascetic who visited holy places, named Harasvámin. He was a Bráhman living by begging; and constructing a hut on the banks of the Ganges, he became, on account of his surprisingly rigid asceticism, the object of the people's respect.† And one day a wicked man among the inhabitants, who could not tolerate his virtue, seeing him from a distance going out to beg, said, "Do you know what a hypocritical ascetic that is? It is he that has eaten up all the children in this town." When a second there who was like him, heard this, he said, "It is true, I also have heard people saying this." And a third confirming it said, "Such is the fact." The chain of villains' conversation binds reproach on the good. And in this way the report spread from ear to ear, and gained general credence in the city. And all the citizens kept their children by force in their houses, saying, "Harasvámin carries off all the children and eats them." And then the Bráhmans in that town, afraid that their offspring would be destroyed, assembled and deliberated about his banishment from the city. And as they did not dare to tell him face to face, for fear he might perhaps eat them up in his rage, they sent messengers to him. And those messengers went and said to him from a distance; "The Bráhmans command you to depart from this city." Then in his astonishment he asked them "Why?" And they went on to say; "You eat every child as soon as you see it." When Harasvámin heard that, he went near those Bráhmans, in order to reassure them, and the people fled before him for fear. And the Bráhmans, as soon as they saw him, were terrified and went up to the top of their monastery. People who are deluded by reports are not, as a rule, capable of discrimination. Then Harasvámin standing below called all the Bráhmans who were above, one by one, by name, and said to them, "What delusion is

* The city of flowers, *i. g.* Pátaliputra.

† Perhaps we ought to read *yayau* for *dadau*. This I find is the reading of an excellent MS. in the Sanskrit college, for the loan of which I am deeply indebted to the Principal and the Librarian.

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this, Bráhmans? Why do you not ascertain with one another how many children I have eaten, and whose, and how many of each man's children." When they heard that, the Bráhmans began to compare notes among themselves, and found that all of them had all their children left alive. And in course of time other citizens, appointed to investigate the matter, admitted that all their children were living. And merchants and Bráhmans and all said, "Alas in our folly we have belied a holy man; the children of all of us are alive; so whose children can he have eaten?" Harasvámin, being thus completely exonerated, prepared to leave that city, for his mind was seized with disgust at the slanderous report got up against him by wicked men. For what pleasure can a wise man take in a wicked place, the inhabitants of which are wanting in discrimination? Then the Bráhmans and merchants, prostrating themselves at his feet, entreated him to stay there, and he at last, though with reluctance, consented to do so.

"In this way evil men often impute crime falsely to good men, allowing their malicious garrulity full play on beholding their virtuous behaviour. Much more, if they obtain a slight glimpse of any opportunity for attacking them, do they pour copious showers of oil on the fire thus kindled. Therefore if you wish, my daughter, to draw the arrow from my heart, you must not, while this fresh youth of yours is developing, remain unmarried to please yourself, and so incur the ready reproach of evil men." Such was the advice which the princess Kanakarekhá frequently received from her father the king, but she, being firmly resolved, again and again answered him: "Therefore quickly search for a Bráhman or Kshatriya who has seen that City of Gold and give me to him, for this is the condition I have named." When the king heard that, reflecting that his daughter, who remembered her former birth, had completely made up her mind, and seeing no other way of obtaining for her the husband she desired, he issued another order to the effect that henceforth the proclamation by beat of drum was to take place every day in the city, in order to find out whether any of the newcomers had seen the Golden City. And once more it was proclaimed in every quarter of the city every day, after the drum had been beaten,—"If any Bráhman or Kshatriya has seen the Golden City, let him speak; the king will give him his own daughter, together with the rank of Crown-prince." But no one was found who had obtained a sight of the Golden City.

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CHAPTER XXV.

In the meanwhile the young Bráhman Śaktivega, in very low spirits, having been rejected with contempt by the princess he longed for, said to himself; "To-day by asserting falsely that I had seen the Golden City, I certainly incurred contempt, but I did not obtain that princess. So I must roam through the earth to find it, until I have either seen that city or lost my life. For of what use is my life, unless I can return having seen that city, and obtain the princess as the prize of the achievement?" Having thus taken a vow, that Bráhman set out from the city of Vardhamána, directing his course toward the southern quarter, and as he journeyed, he at last reached the great forest of the Vindhya range, and entered it, which was difficult and long as his own undertaking. And that forest, so to speak, fanned, with the soft leaves of its trees shaken by the wind, him, who was heated by the multitudinous rays of the sun; and through grief at being overrun with many robbers, it made its cry heard day and night in the shrill screams of animals which were being slain in it by lions and other noisome beasts. And it seemed, by the unchecked rays of heat flashed upward from its wild deserts, to endeavour to conquer the fierce brightness of the sun: in it, though there was no accumulation of water, calamity was to be easily purchased:* and its space seemed ever to extend before the traveller as fast as he crossed it. In the course of many days he accomplished a long journey through this forest, and beheld in it a great lake of cold pure water in a lonely spot: which seemed to lord it over all lakes, with its lotuses like lofty umbrellas, and its swans like gleaming white *chowries*. In the water of that lake he performed the customary ablutions, and on its northern shore he beheld a hermitage with beautiful fruit-bearing trees: and he saw an old hermit named Súryatapas sitting at the foot of an Aśvattha tree, surrounded by ascetics, adorned with a rosary, the beads of which by their number seemed to be the knots that marked the centuries of his life,† and which rested against the extremity of his ear that was white with age. And he approached that hermit with a bow, and the hermit welcomed him with hospitable greetings. And the hermit, after entertaining him with fruits and other delicacies, asked him, "Whence have you come, and whither are you going? Tell me, good sir." And Śaktideva inclining respectfully, said to that hermit,—"I have come, venerable sir, from the

* Probably a poor pun.

† *Cf.* Uttara Ráma Charita (Vidyáságara's edition) Act III, p. 82, the speech of the river-goddess Tamasá.

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city of Vardhamána, and I have undertaken to go to the Golden City in accordance with a vow. But I do not know where that city lies; tell me venerable sir, if you know." The hermit answered, "My son, I have lived eight hundred years in this hermitage, and I have never even heard of that city." S'aktideva when he heard this from the hermit, was cast down, and said again—"Then my wanderings through the earth will end by my dying here." Then that hermit, having gradually elicited the whole story said to him, "If you are firmly resolved, then do what I tell you. Three *yojanas* from here there is a country named Kámpilya, and in it is a mountain named Uttara, and on it there is a hermitage. There dwells my noble elder brother named Dírghatapas;* go to him, he being old may perhaps know of that city." When S'aktideva heard that, hope arose in his breast, and having spent the night there he quickly set out in the morning from that place. And wearied with the laborious journey through difficult forest country, he at last reached that region of Kámpilya and ascended that mountain Uttara; and there he beheld that hermit Dírghatapas in a hermitage, and he was delighted and approached him with a bow: and the hermit received him hospitably: and S'aktideva said to him, "I am on my way to the City of Gold spoken of by the king's daughter: but I do not know, venerable sir, where that city is. However I am bound to find it, so I have been sent to you by the sage Súryatapas in order that I may discover where it lies." When he had said this, the hermit answered him, "Though I am so old, my son, I have never heard of that city till to-day; I have made acquaintance with various travellers from foreign lands, and I have never heard any one speak of it; much less have I seen it. But I am sure it must be in some distant foreign island, and I can tell you an expedient to help you in this matter; there is in the midst of the ocean an island named Utsthala, and in it there is a rich king of the Nishádas† named Satyavrata. He goes to and fro among all the other islands, and he may have seen or heard of that city. Therefore first go to the city named Vitankapura situated on the border of the sea. And from that place go with some merchant in a ship to the island where that Nisháda dwells, in order that you may attain your object." When S'aktideva heard this from the hermit, he immediately followed his advice, and taking leave of him set out from the her-

* In the story of the Beautiful Palace East of the Sun and North of the Earth, (Thorpe, Yule-tide Stories, p. 158) an old woman sends the youth, who is in quest of the palace, to her old sister, who again refers him to an older sister dwelling in a small ruinous cottage on a mountain. In Signora von Gonzenbach's Sicilianische Märchen, p. 86, the prince is sent by one "Einsiedler" to his brother, and this brother sends him to an older brother and he again to an older still, who is described as "*Steinalt*" see also p. 162. Compare also the story of Hasan of El Basra in Lane's Arabian Nights.

† Wild aboriginal tribes not belonging to the Aryan race.

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mitage. And after accomplishing many *kos* and crossing many lands, he reached the city of Vitankapura, the ornament of the sea-shore. There he sought out a merchant named Samudradatta, who traded with the island of Utsthala, and struck up a friendship with him. And he went on board his ship with him, and having food for the voyage fully supplied by his kindness, he set out on the ocean-path. Then, when they had but a short distance to travel, there arose a black cloud with rumbling thunder, resembling a roaring Rákshasa, with flickering lightning to represent his lolling tongue. And a furious hurricane began to blow like Destiny herself, whirling up light objects and hurling down heavy.* And from the sea, lashed by the wind, great waves rose aloft like the mountains equipped with wings,† indignant that their asylum had been attacked. And that vessel rose on high one moment, and the next moment plunged below, as if exhibiting how rich men are first elevated and then cast down. And the next moment that ship, shrilly laden with the cries of the merchants, burst and split asunder as if with the weight. And the ship being broken, that merchant its owner fell into the sea, but floating through it on a plank he at last reached another vessel. But as Saktideva fell, a large fish, opening its mouth and neck, swallowed him without injuring any of his limbs. And as that fish was roaming at will in the midst of the sea, it happened to pass near the island of Utsthala; and by chance some servants of that king of the fishermen Satyavrata, who were engaged in the pursuit of small fish, came there and caught it. And those fishermen, proud of their prize, immediately dragged it along to shew to their king, for it was of enormous size. He too, out of curiosity, seeing that it was of such extraordinary size, ordered his servants to cut it open; and when it was cut open, Saktideva came out alive from its belly, having endured a second wonderful imprisonment in the womb.‡ Then the fisher-king Satyavrata, when he saw that young man come out and bestow his blessing on him, was astonished, and asked him, "Who are you, and how did this lot of dwelling in the belly of the fish befall you? What means this exceedingly strange fate that you have suffered." When Saktideva heard this, he answered that king of the fishermen: "I am a Bráhman of the name of Saktideva from the city of Vardhamána;

* Destiny often elevates the worthless, and hurls down men of worth.

† The usual story is that Indra cut off the wings of all except Maináka the son of Himavat by Menâ. He took refuge in the sea. Here it is represented that more escaped. So in Bhartrihari Níti Sataka st. 76 (Bombay edition).

‡ For Saktideva's imprisonment in the belly of the fish cp. Chapter 74 of this work, Indian Fairy Tales by Miss Stokes, No. XIV, and Lucian's Vera Historia, Book I. In this tale the fish swallows a ship. The crew discover countries in the monster's inside, establish a "scientific frontier," and pursue a policy of Annexation. See also Lane's Arabian Nights, Vol. III, p. 104.

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and I am bound to visit the City of Gold, and because I do not know where it is, I have for a long time wandered far over the earth; then I gathered from a speech of Dírghatapas' that it was probably in an island, so I set out to find Satyavrata the king of the fishermen, who lives in the island of Utsthala, in order to learn its whereabouts, but on the way I suffered shipwreck, and so having been whelmed in the sea and swallowed by a fish, I have been brought here now." When Śaktideva had said this, Satyavrata said to him: "I am in truth Satyavrata, and this is the very island you were seeking; but though I have seen many islands, I have never seen the city you desire to find, but I have heard of it as situated in one of the distant islands. Having said this, and perceiving that Śaktideva was cast down, Satyavrata out of kindness for his guest went on to say: "Bráhman, do not be despondent; remain here this night, and to-morrow morning I will devise some expedient to enable you to attain your object." The Bráhman was thus consoled by the king, and sent off to a monastery of Bráhmans, where guests were readily entertained. There Satyavrata was supplied with food by a Bráhman named Vishṇudatta, an inmate of the monastery, and entered into conversation with him. And in the course of that conversation, being questioned by him, he told him in a few words his country, his family, and his whole history. When Vishṇudatta heard that, he immediately embraced him, and said in a voice indistinct from the syllables being choked with tears of joy: "Bravo! you are the son of my maternal uncle and a fellow-countryman of mine. But I long ago in my childhood left that country to come here. So stop here awhile, and soon the stream of merchants and pilots that come here from other islands will accomplish your wish." Having told him his descent in these words, Vishṇudatta waited upon Śaktideva with all becoming attentions. And Śaktideva, forgetting the toil of the journey, obtained delight, for the meeting a relation in a foreign land is like a fountain of nectar in the desert. And he considered that the accomplishment of his object was near at hand, for good luck, befalling one by the way indicates success in an undertaking. So he reclined at night sleepless upon his bed, with his mind fixed upon the attainment of his desire, and Vishṇudatta, who was by his side, in order to encourage and delight him at the same time, related to him the following tale:

*Story of Aśokadatta and Vijayadatta.**

Formerly there was a great Bráhman named Govindasvámin, living on a great royal grant of land on the banks of the Yamuná. And in course of time there were born to that virtuous Bráhman two sons like himself, Aśokadatta and Vijayadatta. While they were living there, there arose a

* Cf. Grimm's Märchen, No. 60, Sicilianische Märchen, Nos. 39 and 40, with Dr. Köhler's notes.

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terrible famine in that land, and so Govindasvámin said to his wife; "This land is ruined by famine, and I cannot bear to behold the misery of my friends and relations. For who gives anything to anybody? So let us at any rate give away to our friends and relations what little food we possess and leave this country. And let us go with our family to Benares to live there." When he said this to his wife, she consented, and he gave away his food, and set out from that place with his wife, sons, and servants. For men of noble soul cannot bear to witness the miseries of their relatives. And on the road he beheld a skull-bearing Śaiva ascetic, white with ashes, and with matted hair, like the god Śiva himself with his half-moon. The Bráhman approached that wise man with a bow, and out of love for his sons, asked him about their destiny, whether it should be good or bad, and that Yogí answered him: "The future destiny of your sons is auspicious, but you shall be separated, Bráhman, from this younger one Vijayadatta, and finally by the might of the second Aśokadatta you shall be reunited to him." Govindasvámin, when that wise man said this to him, took leave of him and departed overpowered with joy, grief, and wonder; and after reaching Benares he spent the day there in a temple of Durgá outside the town, engaged in worshipping the goddess and such like occupations. And in the evening he encamped outside that temple under a tree, with his family, in the company of pilgrims who had come from other countries. And at night, while all were asleep, wearied with their long journey, stretched out on strewn leaves, and such other beds as travellers have to put up with, his younger son Vijayadatta, who was awake, was suddenly seized with a cold ague-fit; that ague quickly made him tremble, and caused his hair to stand on end, as if it had been the fear of his approaching separation from his relations. And oppressed with the cold he woke up his father, and said to him: "A terrible ague afflicts me here now, father, so bring fuel and light me a fire to keep off the cold, in no other way can I obtain relief or get through the night." When Govindasvámin heard him say this, he was distressed at his suffering, and said to him; "Whence can I procure fire now my son?" Then his son said; "Why surely we may see a fire burning near us on this side, and it is very large, so why should I not go there and warm my body? So take me by the hand, for I have a shivering fit, and lead me there." Thus entreated by his son the Bráhman went on to say: "This is a cemetery,* and the fire is that of a funeral pyre, so how can you go to a place terrible from the presence of goblins and other spirits, for you are only a child?" When the brave Vijayadatta heard that speech of his affectionate father's, he laughed and said in his confidence, "What can the wretched goblins and other evil ones do to me? Am I a weakling? So take me there without

* If such a word can be applied to a place where bodies are burnt.

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fear." When he said this so persistently, his father led him there, and the boy warming his body approached the pyre, which seemed to bear on itself the presiding deity of the Rákshasas in visible form, with the smoke of the flames for dishevelled hair, devouring the flesh of men. The boy at once encouraged his father* and asked him what the round thing was that he saw inside the pyre. And his father standing at his side, answered him, "This, my son, is the skull of a man which is burning in the pyre." Then the boy in his recklessness struck the skull with a piece of wood lighted at the top, and clove it. The brains spouted up from it and entered his mouth, like the initiation into the practices of the Rákshasas, bestowed upon him by the funeral flame. And by tasting them that boy became a Rákshasa, with hair standing on end, with sword that he had drawn from the flame, terrible with projecting tusks: so he seized the skull and drinking the brains from it, he licked it with tongue restlessly quivering like the flames of fire that clung to the bone. Then he flung aside the skull, and lifting his sword he attempted to slay his own father Govindasvámin. But at that moment a voice came out from the cemetery, "Kapálasphoṭa,† thou god, thou oughtest not to slay thy father, come here." When the boy heard that, having obtained the title of Kapálasphoṭa and become a Rákshasa, he let his father alone, and disappeared; and his father departed exclaiming aloud, "Alas my son! Alas my virtuous son! Alas Vijayadatta!" And he returned to the temple of Durgá; and in the morning he told his wife and his eldest son Aśokadatta what had taken place. Then that unfortunate man together with them suffered an attack of the fire of grief, terrible like the falling of lightning from a cloud, so that the other people, who were sojourning in Benares, and had come to visit the shrine of the goddess, came up to him and sympathised heartily with his sorrow. In the meanwhile a great merchant, who had come to worship the goddess, named Samudradatta, beheld Govindasvámin in that state. The good man approached him and comforted him, and immediately took him and his family home to his own house. And there he provided him with a bath and other luxuries, for this is the innate tendency of the great, to have mercy upon the wretched. Govindasvámin also and his wife recovered their self-command, having heard‡ the speech of the great S'aiva ascetic, hoping to be re-united to their son. And thenceforth he lived in that city of Benares, in the house of that rich merchant, having been asked by him

* *Samáśvasya*, the reading of a MS. in the Sanskrit College, would perhaps give a better sense.

† *I. e.* skull-cleaver.

‡ Perhaps we ought to read *smritvá* for *s'rutvá*, "Remembering, calling to mind."

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to do so. And there his other son Aśokadatta grew up to be a young man, and after studying the sciences learnt boxing and wrestling. And gradually he attained such eminence in these arts, that he was not surpassed by any champion on the earth. And once on a time there was a great gathering of wrestlers at an idol procession, and a great and famous wrestler came from the Deccan. He conquered all the other wrestlers of the king of Benares, who was called Pratápamukuṭa, before his eyes. Then the king had Aśokadatta quickly summoned from the house of that excellent merchant, and ordered him to contend with that wrestler. That wrestler began the combat by catching the arm of Aśokadatta with his hand, but As'okadatta seized his arm, and hurled him to the ground. Then the field of combat, as it were, pleased, applauded the victor with the resounding noise produced by the fall of that champion wrestler. And the king being gratified, loaded Aśokadatta with jewels, and having seen his might, he made him his own personal attendant. So he became a favourite of the king's, and in time attained great prosperity, for to one who possesses heroic qualities, a king who appreciates merit is a perfect treasure-house. Once on a time, that king went on the fourteenth day of the month away from his capital, to worship the god S'iva in a splendid temple in a distant town. After he had paid his devotions, he was returning by night near the cemetery when he heard this utterance issue from it: "O king, the chief magistrate out of private malice proclaimed that I deserved death, and it is now the third day since I was impaled, and even now my life will not leave my body, though I am innocent, so I am exceedingly thirsty; O king, order water to be given me." When the king heard it, out of pity he said to his personal attendant Aśokadatta, "Send that man some water." Then Aśokadatta said, "Who would go there at night? So I had better go myself." Accordingly he took the water, and set off. After the king had proceeded on his way to his capital, the hero entered that cemetery, the interior of which was difficult to penetrate, as it was filled with dense darkness within; in it there were awful evening oblations offered with the human flesh scattered about by the jackals; in places the cemetery was lighted up by the flaming beacons of the blazing funeral pyres, and in it the Vetálas made terrible music with the clapping of their hands, so that it seemed as if it were the palace of black night. Then he cried aloud, "Who asked the king for water?" And he heard from one quarter an answer, "I asked for it." Following the voice he went to a funeral pyre near, and beheld a man impaled on the top of a stake, and underneath it he saw a woman that he had never seen before, weeping, adorned with beautiful ornaments, lovely in every limb; like the night adorned with the rays of the moon, now that the moon itself had set, its splendour having waned in the dark fortnight, come to worship the funeral pyre. He asked the

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woman: "Who are you, mother, and why are you standing weeping here?" She answered him, "I am the ill-fated wife of him who is here impaled, and I am waiting here with the firm intention of ascending the funeral pyre with him. And I am waiting some time for his life to leave his body, for though it is the third day of his impalement, his breath does not depart. And he often asks for that water which I have brought here, but I cannot reach his mouth, my friend, as the stake is high." When he heard that speech of hers, the mighty hero said to her: "But here is water in my hand sent to him by the king, so place your foot on my back and lift it to his mouth, for the mere touching of another man in sore need does not disgrace a woman." When she heard that, she consented, and taking the water she climbed up so as to plant her two feet on the back of Aśokadatta, who bent down at the foot of the stake. Soon after, as drops of blood unexpectedly began to fall upon the earth and on his back, the hero lifted up his face and looked. Then he saw that woman cutting off slice after slice of that impaled man's flesh with a knife, and eating it.*

Then, perceiving that she was some horrible demon,† he dragged her down in a rage, and took hold of her by her foot with its tinkling anklets in order to dash her to pieces on the earth. She, for her part, dragged away from him that foot, and by her deluding power quickly flew up into the heaven, and became invisible. And the jewelled anklet, which had fallen from her foot, while she was dragging it away, remained in one of Aśokadatta's hands. Then he, reflecting that she had disappeared after shewing herself mild at first, and evil-working in the middle, and at the end horror-striking by assuming a terrible form, like association with wicked men,—and seeing that heavenly anklet in his hand, was astonished, grieved and delighted at the same time; and then he left that cemetery, taking the anklet with him, and went to his own house, and in the morning, after bathing, to the palace of the king.

And when the king said—"Did you give the water to the man who was impaled," he said he had done so, and gave him that anklet; and when the king of his own accord asked him where it came from, he told that king his wonderful and terrible night-adventure. And then the king, perceiving that his courage was superior to that of all men, though he was

* So in Signora Von Gonzenbach's Sicilian Stories, p. 66, a lovely woman opens with a knife the veins of the sleeping prince and drinks his blood. See also Veckenstedt's Wendische Sagen, p. 354. Ralston in his Russian Folk-Tales, p. 17, compares this part of the story with a Russian story and that of Sidi Noman in the "Thousand and One Nights," he refers also to Lane's Translation, vol. I, p. 32.

† One is tempted to read *vikṛitám* for *vikṛitim*, but *vikṛiti* is translated by the Petersburg lexicographers as *Gespensterscheinung*. *Vikṛitám* would mean transformed nto a Rákshasí.

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before pleased with his other excellent qualities, was now more exceedingly delighted; and he took that anklet in his joy and gave it with his own hand to the queen, and described to her the way in which he had obtained it. And she, hearing the story and beholding that heavenly jewelled anklet, rejoiced in her heart and was continually engaged in extolling Aśokadatta. Then the king said to her: "Queen, in birth, in learning, in truthfulness and beauty Aśokadatta is great among the great; and I think it would be a good thing if he were to become the husband of our lovely daughter Madanalekhá; in a bridegroom these qualities are to be looked for, not fortune that vanishes in a moment, so I will give my daughter to this excellent hero." When she heard that speech of her husband's, that queen approving the proposal said, "It is quite fitting, for the youth will be an appropriate match for her, and her heart has been captivated by him, for she saw him in a spring-garden, and for some days her mind has been in a state of vacancy and she neither hears nor sees; I heard of it from her confidante, and, after spending an anxious night, towards morning I fell asleep, and I remember I was thus addressed by some heavenly woman in a dream, 'My child, thou must not give this thy daughter Madanalekhá to any one but Aśokadatta, for she is his wife acquired by him in a former birth.' And when I heard it, I woke up, and in the morning I went myself on the strength of the dream and consoled my daughter. And now, my husband has of his own accord proposed the marriage to me. Let her therefore be united to him, as a spring-creeper to its stalk." When the king's beloved wife said this to him, he was pleased, and he made festal rejoicings, and summoning Aśokadatta gave that daughter to him. And the union of those two, the daughter of the king, and the son of the great Bráhman, was such that each enhanced the other's glory, like the union of prosperity and modesty. And once upon a time the queen said to the king, with reference to the anklet brought by Aśokadatta: "My husband, this anklet by itself does not look well, so let another be made like it." When the king heard that, he gave an order to the goldsmiths and other craftsmen of the kind, to make a second anklet like that. But they, after examining it said;—"It is impossible, O king, to make another like it, for the work is heavenly, not human. There are not many jewels of this kind upon the earth, so let another be sought for where this was obtained." When the king and the queen heard this, they were despondent, and Aśokadatta who was there, on seeing that, immediately said, "I myself will bring you a fellow to that anklet." And having made this promise he could not give up the project on which he was resolved, although the king, terrified at his temerity, endeavoured to dissuade him out of affection. And taking the anklet he went again on the fourteenth night of the black fortnight to the cemetery where he had first obtained it; and after he had entered that cemetery which

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was full of Rákshasas as it was of trees, besmirched with the copious smoke of the funeral pyres, and with men hanging from their trunks* which were weighed down and surrounded with nooses, he did not at first see that woman that he had seen before, but he thought of an admirable device for obtaining that bracelet, which was nothing else than the selling of human flesh.† So he pulled down a corpse from the noose by which it was suspended on the tree, and he wandered about in the cemetery, crying aloud—"Human flesh for sale, buy, buy!" And immediately a woman called to him from a distance, saying, "Courageous man, bring the human flesh and come along with me." When he heard that, he advanced following that woman, and beheld at no great distance under a tree a lady of heavenly appearance, surrounded with women, sitting on a throne, glittering with jewelled ornaments, whom he would never have expected to find in such a place, any more than to find a lotus in a desert. And having been led up by that woman, he approached the lady seated as has been described, and said, "Here I am, I sell human flesh, buy, buy!" And then the lady of heavenly appearance said to him, "Courageous hero, for what price will you sell the flesh?" Then the hero, with the corpse hanging over his shoulder and back, said to her, shewing her at the same time that single jewelled anklet which was in his hand, "I will give this flesh to whoever will give me a second anklet like this one; if you have got a second like it, take the flesh." When she heard that, she said to him, "I have a second like it, for this very single anklet was taken by you from me. I am that very woman who was seen by you near the impaled man, but you do not recognise me now, because I have assumed another shape. So what is the use of flesh? If you do what I tell you, I will give you my second anklet, which matches the one in your hand." When she said this to the hero, he consented and said, "I will immediately do whatever you say." Then she told him her whole desire from the beginning: "There is, good sir, a city named Trighanṭa on a peak of the Himálayas. In it there lived a heroic prince of the Rákshasas named Lambajihva. I am his wife, Vidyuchchhikhá by name, and I can change my form at will. And as fate would have it, that husband of mine, after the birth of my daughter, was slain in battle fighting in front of the king Kapálasphoṭa; then that king being pleased gave me his own city, and I have lived with my daughter in great comfort on its proceeds up to the present time. And that daughter of mine has by this time grown up to fresh womanhood, and I have great anxiety in my mind as to how to obtain for her a brave husband. Then being here on the fourteenth night of the lunar fortnight, and seeing you coming

* *Skandha* when applied to the Rákshasas means shoulder.

† Literally great flesh. "Great" seems to give the idea of unlawfulness, as in the Greek *μέγα ἔργον*.

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along this way with the king, I thought—'This good-looking youth is a hero and a fit match for my daughter. So why should I not devise some stratagem for obtaining him?' Thus I determined, and imitating the voice of an impaled person, I asked for water, and brought you into the middle of that cemetery by a trick. And there I exhibited my delusive power in assuming a false shape and other characteristics, and saying what was false I imposed upon you there, though only for a moment. And I artfully left one of my anklets there to attract you again, like a binding chain to draw you, and then I came away. And to-day I have obtained you by that very expedient, so come to my house; marry my daughter and receive the other anklet." When the Rákshasí said this to him, the hero consented, and by means of her magic power he went with her through the air to her city. And he saw that city built of gold on a peak of the Himálayas, like the orb of the sun fixed in one spot, being weary with the toil of wandering through the heavens. There he married that daughter of the prince of the Rákshasas, by name Vidyutprabhá, like the success of his own daring incarnate in bodily form. And Aśokadatta dwelt with that loved one some time in that city, enjoying great comfort by means of his mother-in-law's wealth. Then he said to his mother-in-law, "Give me that anklet, for I must now go to the city of Benares, for I myself long ago promised the king that I would bring a second anklet, that would vie with the first one so distinguished for its unparalleled beauty." The mother-in-law, having been thus entreated by her son-in-law, gave him that second anklet of hers, and in addition a golden lotus.

Then he left that city with the anklet and the lotus, after promising to return, and his mother-in-law by the power of her magic knowledge carried him once more through the air to the cemetery. And then she stopped under the tree and said to him, "I always come here on the fourteenth night of the black fortnight, and whenever you come here on that* night, you will find me here under the banyan-tree." When Aśokadatta heard this, he agreed to come there on that night, and took leave of that Rákshasí, and went first to his father's house. And just as he was gladdening by his unexpected arrival his parents, who were grieved by such an absence of his, which doubled their grief for their separation from their younger son, the king his father-in-law, who had heard of his arrival, came in. The king indulged in a long outburst of joy, embracing him who bent before him, with limbs the hairs of which stood on end like thorns, as if terrified at touching one so daring.† Then Aśokadatta entered with him the palace of the king,

* Reading *tasyán* for *tasmán*.

† Somadeva no doubt means that the hairs on the king's body stood on end with joy.

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like joy incarnate in bodily form, and he gave to the king those two anklets matched together, which so to speak praised his valour with their tinkling, and he bestowed on that king the beautiful golden lotus, as it were the lotus, with which the presiding Fortune of the Rákshasas' treasure plays, torn, from her hand; then being questioned out of curiosity by the king and queen he told the story of his exploits, which poured nectar into their ears. The king then exclaimed—"Is glittering glory, which astonishes the mind by the description of wonderful exploits, ever obtained without a man's bringing himself to display boldness?" Thus the king spake on that occasion, and he and the queen, who had obtained the pair of anklets, considered their object in life attained, now that they had such a son-in-law. And then that palace, resounding with festal instruments, appeared as if it were chanting the virtues of Aśokadatta. And on the next day the king dedicated the golden lotus in a temple made by himself, placing it upon a beautiful silver vessel; and the two together, the vessel and the lotus, gleamed white and red like the glory of the king and the might* of Aśokadatta. And beholding them thus, the king, a devout worshipper of Śiva, with eyes expanded with joy, spoke inspired with the rapture of adoration, "Ah! this lofty vessel appears, with this lotus upon it, like Śiva white with ashes, with his auburn matted locks. If I had a second golden lotus like it, I would place it in this second silver vessel." When Aśokadatta heard this speech of the king's, he said, "I, king, will bring you a second golden lotus;" when the king heard that, he answered him, "I have no need of another lotus, a truce to your temerity!" Then as days went on, Aśokadatta being desirous of bringing a golden lotus, the fourteenth day of the black fortnight returned; and that evening the sun, the golden lotus of the sky-lake, went to the mountain of setting, as if out of fear, knowing his desire for a golden lotus; and when the shades of night, brown as smoke, began immediately to spread everywhere like Rákshasas, proud of having swallowed the red clouds of evening as if they were raw flesh, and the mouth of night, like that of an awful female goblin, began to yawn, shining and terrible as *tamála*, full of flickering flames,† Aśokadatta of his own accord left the palace where the princess was asleep, and again went to that cemetery. There he beheld at the foot of that banyan-tree his mother-in-law the Rákshasí, who had again come, and who received him with a courteous welcome, and with her the youth went again to her home, the peak of the Himálayas, where his wife was anxiously awaiting him. And after he had remained some time with his wife, he said to his mother-in-law, "Give me a second golden lotus from somewhere or other." When

* According to the canons of Hindu rhetoric glory is always white.

† Night is compared to a female goblin, (*Rákshasí*). These creatures have fiery mouths.

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she heard that, she said to him, "Whence can I procure another golden lotus? But there is a lake here belonging to our king Kapálasphoṭa, where golden lotuses of this kind grow on all sides. From that lake he gave that one lotus to my husband as a token of affection." When she said this, he answered her, "Then take me to that lake, in order that I may myself take a golden lotus from it." She then attempted to dissuade him saying, "It is impossible; for the lake is guarded by terrible Rákshasas;" but nevertheless he would not desist from his importunity." Then at last his mother-in-law was with much difficulty induced to take him there, and he beheld from afar that heavenly lake on the plateau of a lofty mountain, covered with dense and tall-stalked lotuses of gleaming gold, as if from continually facing the sun's rays they had drunk them in, and so become interpenetrated with them.

So he went there and began to gather the lotuses, and while he was thus engaged, the terrible Rákshasas, who guarded it, endeavoured to prevent him from doing so. And being armed he killed some of them, but the others fled and told their king Kapálasphoṭa,* and when that king of the Rákshasas heard of it, he was enraged and came there himself, and saw Aśokadatta with the lotuses he had carried off. And in his astonishment he exclaimed as he recognised his brother: "What! is this my brother Aśokadatta come here?" Then he flung away his weapon, and with his eyes washed with tears of joy, he quickly ran and fell at his feet, and said to him: "I am Vijayadatta, your younger brother, we are both the sons of that excellent Bráhman Govindasvámin. And by the appointment of destiny, I became a Rákshasa such as you see, and have continued such for this long time, and I am called Kapálasphoṭa from my cleaving the skull on the funeral pyre."

But now from seeing you I have remembered my former Bráhman nature, and that Rákshasa nature of mine, that clouded my mind with delusion, has left me." When Vijayadatta said this, Aśokadatta embraced him, and so to speak, washed with copious tears of joy his body defiled by the Rákshasa nature. And while he was thus engaged, there descended from heaven by divine command the spiritual guide of the Vidyádharas, named Kauśika. And he approaching these two brothers, said, "You and your family are all Vidyádharas, who have been reduced to this state by a curse, and now the curse of all of you has terminated. So receive these sciences, which belong to you, and which you must share with your relations. And return to your own proper dwelling taking with you your relations." Having said this, the spiritual guide, after bestowing the sciences on them, ascended to heaven.

And they, having become Vidyádharas, awoke from their long dream,

* Cp. Sicilianische Märchen collected by Laura Von Gonzenbach, Vol. I, p. 160.

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and went through the air to that peak of the Himálayas, taking with them the golden lotuses, and there Aśokadatta repaired to his wife the daughter of the king of the Rákshasas, and then her curse came to an end, and she became a Vidyádharí. And those two brothers went in a moment with that fair-eyed one to Benares, travelling through the air. And there they visited their parents, who were scorched with the fire of separation, and refreshed them by pouring upon them the revivifying nectar of their own appearance. And those two, who, without changing the body, had gone through such wonderful transformations, produced joy not only in their parents, but in the people at large. And when Vijayadatta's father, after so long a separation, folded him in a close embrace, he filled full not only his arms, but also his desire. Then the king Pratápamukuṭa, the father-in-law of Aśokadatta, hearing of it, came there in high delight; and Aśokadatta, being kindly received by the king, entered with his relations the king's palace, in which his beloved was anxiously awaiting him, and which was in a state of festal rejoicing. And he gave many golden lotuses to that king, and the king was delighted at getting more than he had asked for. Then Vijayadatta's father Govindasvámin, full of wonder and curiosity, said to him in the presence of all: "Tell me, my son, what sort of adventures you had, after you had become a Rákshasa in the cemetery during the night." Then Vijayadatta said to him—"My father, when in my reckless frivolity I had cloven the burning skull on the funeral pyre, as fate would have it, I immediately, as you saw, became a Rákshasa by its brains having entered my mouth, being bewildered with delusion. Then I was summoned by the other Rákshasas, who gave me the name of Kapálasphoṭa, and I joined them. And then I was led by them to their sovereign the king of the Rákshasas, and he, when he saw me, was pleased with me and appointed me commander-in-chief. And once on a time that king of the Rákshasas went in his infatuation to attack the Gandharvas, and was there slain in battle by his foes. And then his subjects accepted my rule, so I dwelt in his city and ruled those Rákshasas, and while I was there, I suddenly beheld that elder brother of mine Aśokadatta, who had come for golden lotuses, and the sight of him put a stop to that Rákshasa nature in me. What follows, how we were released from the power of the curse, and thereby recovered our sciences,* all this my elder brother will relate to you." When Vijayadatta had told this story, Aśokadatta began to tell his from the beginning: "Long ago we were Vidyádharas, and from the heaven we beheld the daughters of the hermits bathing in the Ganges near the hermitage of Gálava,† and then we fell suddenly in love with them, and they re-

* Magical sciences, in virtue of which they were Vidyádharas or science-holders.

† A son or pupil of Visvámitra.

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turned our affection; all this took place in secret, but their relations, who possessed heavenly insight, found it out and cursed us in their anger: 'May you two wicked ones be born both of you to a mortal woman, and then you shall be separated in a marvellous manner, but when the second of you shall behold the first arrived in a distant land, inaccessible to man, and shall recognise him, then you shall have your magic knowledge restored to you by the spiritual preceptor of the Vidyádharas, and you shall again become Vidyádharas, released from the curse and re-united to your friends.' Having been cursed in this way by those hermits, we were both born here in this land, and you know the whole story of our separation, and now by going to the city of the king of the Rákshasas, by virtue of my mother-in-law's magic power, to fetch the golden lotuses, I have found this younger brother of mine. And in that very place we obtained the sciences from our preceptor Prajnaptikauśika, and suddenly becoming Vidyádharas we have quickly arrived here." Thus Aśokadatta spoke, and then that hero of various adventures, delighted at having escaped the darkness of the curse, bestowed on his parents and his beloved, the daughter of the king, his own wonderful sciences of many kinds, so that their minds were suddenly awakened, and they became Vidyádharas. Then the happy hero took leave of the king, and with his brother, his parents, and his two wives, flew up, and quickly reached through the air the palace of his emperor. There he beheld him, and received his orders, and so did his brother, and he bore henceforth the name of Aśokavega, and his brother of Vijayavega. And both the brothers, having become noble Vidyádhara youths, went, accompanied by their relations, to the splendid mountain named Govindakúṭa, which now became their home. And Pratápamukuṭa the king of Benares, overpowered by wonder, placed one of the golden lotuses in the second vessel in his temple, and offered to S'iva the other golden lotuses presented by Aśokadatta, and delighted with the honour of his connexion, considered his family highly fortunate.

"Thus divine persons become incarnate for some reason, and are born in this world of men, and possessing their native virtue and courage, attain successes which it is hard to win. So I am persuaded that you, O sea of courage, are some portion of a divinity, and will attain success as you desire; daring in achievements hard to accomplish even by the great, generally indicates a sur-passingly excellent nature. Moreover the princess Kanakarekhá, whom you love, must surely be a heavenly being, otherwise being a mere child how could she desire a husband that has seen the Golden City?" Having heard in secret this long and interesting story from Vishṇudatta, S'aktideva [illegible] in his heart to behold the Golden City, and supporting himself with resolute patience, managed to get through the night.

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CHAPTER XXVI.

The next morning, while S'aktideva was dwelling in the monastery in the island of Utsthala, Satyavrata, the king of the fishermen, came to him, and said to him in accordance with the promise which he had made before, "Bráhman, I have thought of a device for accomplishing your wish; there is a fair isle in the middle of the sea named Ratnakúṭa, and in it there is a temple of the adorable Vishṇu founded by the Ocean, and on the twelfth day of the white fortnight of Aśhádha there is a festival there with a procession, and people come there diligently from all the islands to offer worship. It is possible that some one there might know about the Golden City, so come let us go there, for that day is near." When Satyavrata made this proposal, S'aktideva consented gladly, and took with him the provisions for the journey furnished by Vishṇudatta. Then he went on board the ship brought by Satyavrata, and quickly set out with him on the ocean-path, and as he was going with Satyavrata on the home of marvels* in which the monsters resembled islands, he asked the king, who was steering the ship, "What is this enormous object which is seen in the sea far off in this direction, looking like a huge mountain equipped with wings rising at will out of the sea?" Then Satyavrata said: "Bráhman, this is a banyan-tree,† underneath it they say that there is a gigantic whirlpool, the mouth of the submarine fire. And we must take care in passing this way to avoid that spot, for those who once enter that whirlpool never return again." While Satyavrata was thus speaking, the ship began to be carried in that very direction by the force of the wind;‡ when Satyavrata saw this, he again said to S'aktideva: "Bráhman, it is clear that the time of our destruction has now arrived, for see, this ship suddenly drifts§ in that direction. And now I cannot anyhow prevent it, so we are certain to be cast into that deep whirlpool, as into the mouth of death, by the sea which draws us on as if it were mighty fate, the result of our deeds. And it grieves me not for myself, for whose body is continuing? But it grieves me to think that your desire has not been accomplished in spite of all your toils, so while I keep back this ship for a moment, quickly climb on to the boughs of this banyan-tree, perhaps some expedient may present itself for saving the life of one of such noble form, for who can calculate the caprices of fate or the waves

* *I. e.* the Ocean.

† Compare the ἐρινεὸς μέγας φύλλοισι τεθηλὼς in the Odyssey, Book XII., 103.

‡ The metre of this line is incorrect. There is a superfluous syllable. Perhaps we ought to read *ambuvegataḥ*, by the current.

§ I think we ought to read *adhaḥ*, downwards.

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of the sea?" While the heroic Satyavrata was saying this, the ship drew near the tree; at that moment S'aktideva made a leap in his terror, and caught a broad branch of that marine banyan-tree,* but Satyavrata's body and ship, which he offered for another, were swept down into the whirlpool, and he entered the mouth of the submarine fire. But S'aktideva, though he had escaped to the bough of that tree, which filled the regions with its branches, was full of despair and reflected—"I have not beheld that Golden City, and I am perishing in an uninhabited place, moreover I have also brought about the death of that king of the fishermen. Or rather who can resist the awful goddess of Destiny, that ever places her foot upon the heads of all men?† While the Bráhman youth was thus revolving thoughts suited to the occasion on the trunk of the tree, the day came to an end. And in the evening he saw many enormous birds, of the nature of vultures, coming into that banyan-tree from all quarters, filling the sides of heaven with their cries, and the waves of the sea, that was lashed by the wind of their broad wings, appeared as if running to meet them out of affection produced by long acquaintance.

Then he, concealed by the dense leaves, overheard the conversation of those birds perched on the branches, which was carried on in human language. One described some distant island, another a mountain, another a distant region as the place where he had gone to roam during the day, but an old bird among them said, "I went to-day to the Golden City to disport myself, and to-morrow morning I shall go there again to feed at my ease, for what is the use of my taking a long and fatiguing journey?" S'aktideva's sorrow was removed by that speech of the bird's, which resembled a sudden shower of nectar, and he thought to himself, "Bravo! that city does exist, and now I have an instrument for reaching it, this gigantic bird given me as a means of conveyance." Thinking thus, S'aktideva slowly advanced and hid himself among the back-feathers of that bird while it was asleep, and next morning, when the other birds went off in different directions, that vulture exhibiting a strange partiality to the Bráhman like destiny,‡ carrying S'aktideva unseen on his back where he had climbed up, went immediately to the Golden City to feed again.§ Then the bird alighted in

* Cp. Odyssey XII., 432 αὐτὰρ ἐγὼ ποτὶ μακρὸν ἐρινεὸν ὕψοσ' ἀερθεὶς
τῷ προσφὺς ἐχόμην ὡς νυκτερίς. See also Lane's Arabian Nights, Vol. III, p. 7.

† ἀλλ 'ἄρα ἦγε κατ ἀνδρῶν κράατα βαίνει. Iliad XIX, v. 93.

‡ *Pakshapáta* also means flapping of wings. So there is probably a pun here.

§ So in the Swedish tale "The Beautiful Palace East of the Sun and North of the Earth," the Phœnix carries the youth on his back to the Palace. Dr. Rost compares Arabian Nights, Night 77. See Lane, Vol. III, p. 17 and compare the Halcyon in Lucian's Vera Historia, Book II. 40, (Tauchnitz edition,) whose nest is seven miles in circumference, and whose egg is probably the prototype of that in the Arabian Nights.

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a garden, and S'aktideva got down from its back unobserved and left it, but while he was roaming about there, he saw two women engaged in gathering flowers; he approached them slowly, who were astonished at his appearance, and he asked them, "What place is this, good ladies, and who are you?" And they said to him; "Friend, this is a city called the Golden City, a seat of the Vidyádharas, and in it there dwells a Vidyádharí, named Chandraprabhá, and know that we are the gardeners in her garden, and we are gathering these flowers for her." Then the Bráhman said; "Obtain for me an interview with your mistress here." When they heard this, they consented, and the two women conducted the young man to the palace in their city. When he reached it, he saw that it was glittering with pillars of precious stones, and had walls of gold,* as it were the very *rendezvous* of prosperity. And all the attendants, when they saw him arrived there, went and told Chandraprabhá the marvellous tidings of the arrival of a mortal; then she gave a command to the warder, and immediately had the Bráhman brought into the palace and conducted into her presence; when he entered, he beheld her there giving a feast to his eyes, like the Creator's ability to create marvels, represented in bodily form. And she rose from her jewelled couch, while he was still far off, and honoured him with a welcome herself, overpowered by beholding him. And when he had taken a seat, she asked him, "Auspicious sir, who are you, that have come here in such guise, and how did you reach this land inaccessible to men?" When Chandraprabhá in her curiosity asked him this question, S'aktideva told her his country and his birth and his name, and he related to her how he had come in order to obtain the princess Kanakarekhá as the reward of beholding the Golden City. When Chandraprabhá heard that, she thought a little and heaved a deep sigh, and said to S'aktideva in private; "Listen, I am now about to tell you something, fortunate sir. There is in this land a king of the Vidyádharas named S'aśikhaṇḍa, and we four daughters were born to him in due course; I am the eldest Chandraprabhá, and the next is Chandrarekhá, and the third is S'asirekhá and the fourth S'aśiprabhá. We gradually grew up to womanhood in our father's house, and once upon a time those three sisters of mine went together to the shore of the Ganges to bathe, while I was detained at home by illness; then they began to play in the water, and in the insolence of youth they sprinkled with water a hermit named Agryatapas, while he was in the stream. That hermit in his wrath cursed those girls, who had carried their merriment too far, saying:—"You wicked maidens, be born all of you in the world of mortals." When our father heard that, he went and pacified the great hermit, and the hermit told how the curse of each of them severally should end, and appointed to each of them in her mortal condition the power of remembering her former existence, supplemented with divine insight. Then, they having left their bodies and gone

* We should read *sauvarnabhitti*.

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to the world of men, my father bestowed on me this city, and in his grief went to the forest, but while I was dwelling here, the goddess Durgá informed me in a dream that a mortal should become my husband. For this reason, though my father has recommended to me many Vidyádhara suitors, I have rejected them all and remained unmarried up to this day. But now I am subdued by your wonderful arrival and by your handsome form, and I give myself to you; so I will go on the approaching fourteenth day of the lunar fortnight to the great mountain called Ṛishabha to entreat my father for your sake, for all the most excellent Vidyádharas assemble there from all quarters on that day to worship the god S'iva, and my father comes there too, and after I have obtained his permission, I will return here quickly; then marry me. Now rise up."

Having said this, Chandraprabhá supplied S'aktideva with various kinds of luxuries suited to Vidyádharas, and while he remained there, he was as much refreshed, as one heated by a forest conflagration would be by bathing in a lake of nectar. And when the fourteenth day had arrived, Chandraprabhá said to him: "To-day I go to entreat my father's permission to marry you, and all my attendants will go with me. But you must not be grieved at being left alone for two days, moreover, while you remain alone in this palace, you must by no means ascend the middle terrace." When Chandraprabhá had said this to that young Bráhman, she set out on her journey leaving her heart with him, and escorted on her way by his. And S'aktideva, remaining there alone, wandered from one magnificent part of the palace to another, to delight his mind; and then he felt a curiosity to know why that daughter of the Vidyádhara had forbidden him to ascend the roof of the palace, and so he ascended that middle terrace of the palace, for men are generally inclined to do that which is forbidden: and when he had ascended it, he saw three concealed pavilions, and he entered one of them, the door of which was open, and when he had entered it he saw a certain woman lying on a magnificently jewelled sofa, on which there was a mattress placed, whose body was hidden by a sheet. But when he lifted up the sheet and looked, he beheld lying dead in that guise that beautiful maiden, the daughter of king Paropakárin; and when he saw her there, he thought, "What is this great wonder? Is she sleeping a sleep from which there is no awaking, or is it a complete delusion on my part? That woman, for whose sake I have travelled to this foreign land, is lying here without breath, though she is alive in my own country, and she still retains her beauty unimpaired, so I may be certain that this is all a magic show, which the Creator for some reason or other exhibits to beguile me." Thinking thus, he proceeded to enter in succession those other two pavilions, and he beheld within them in the same way two other maidens; then he went in his astonishment out of the palace, and sitting down he

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remained looking at a very beautiful lake below it, and on its bank he beheld a horse with a jewelled saddle; so he descended immediately from where he was, and out of curiosity approached its side; and seeing that it had no rider on it, he tried to mount it, and that horse struck him with its heel and flung him into the lake. And after he had sunk beneath the surface of the lake, he quickly rose up to his astonishment from the middle of a garden-lake in his own city of Vardhamána; and he saw himself suddenly standing in the water of a lake in his own native city, like the *kumuda* plants, miserable without the light of the moon.* He reflected "How different is this city of Vardhamána from that city of the Vidyádharas! Alas! what is this great display of marvellous delusion? Alas! I, ill-fated wretch, am wonderfully deceived by some strange power; or rather, who on this earth knows what is the nature of destiny?" Thus reflecting Śaktideva rose from the midst of the lake, and went in a state of wonder to his own father's house. There he made a false representation, giving as an excuse for his absence that he had been himself going about with a drum, and being gladly welcomed by his father he remained with his delighted relations; and on the second day he went outside his house, and heard again these words being proclaimed in the city by beat of drum,—"Let whoever, being a Bráhman or a Kshatriya, has really seen the Golden City, say so: the king will give him his daughter, and make him crown-prince." Then Śaktideva hearing that, having successfully accomplished the task, again went and said to those who were proclaiming this by beat of drum,—"I have seen that city." And they took him before that king, and the king recognising him, supposed that he was again saying what was untrue, as he had done before. But he said—"If I say what is false, and if I have not really seen that city, I desire now to be punished with death; let the princess herself examine me." When he said this, the king went and had his daughter summoned by his servants. She, when she saw that Bráhman, whom she had seen before, again said to the king; "My father, he will tell us some falsehood again." Then Śaktideva said to her,—"Princess, whether I speak truly or falsely, be pleased to explain this point which excites my curiosity. How is it that I saw you lying

* Or Chandraprabhá, whose name means "light of the moon." The forbidden chamber will at once remind the reader of Perrault's La Barbe Bleue. The lake incident is exactly similar to one in Chapter 81 of this work and to that of Kandarpaketu in the Hitopadeśa. See Ralston's Russian Folk-tales page 99. He refers to this story and compares it with that of the Third Royal Mendicant, Lane I, 160-173, and gives many European equivalents. See also Veckenstedt's Wendische Sagen, p. 214. Many parallels will be found in the notes to Grimm's Marchen, Nos. 3 and 46; to which Ralston refers in his exhaustive note.

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dead on a sofa in the golden city, and yet see you here alive?" When the princess Kanakarekhá had been asked this question by S'aktideva, and furnished with this token of his truth, she said in the presence of her father: "It is true that this great-hearted one has seen that city, and in a short time he will be my husband, when I return to dwell there. And there he will marry my other three sisters; and he will govern as king the Vidyádharas in that city. But I must to-day enter my own body and that city, for I have been born here in your house owing to the curse of a hermit, who moreover appointed that my curse should end in the following way, 'When you shall be wearing a human form, and a man, having beheld your body in the Golden City, shall reveal the truth, then you shall be freed from your curse, and that man shall become your husband.' And though I am in a human body I remember my origin, and I possess supernatural knowledge, so I will now depart to my own Vidyádhara home, to a happy fortune." Saying this the princess left her body, and vanished, and a confused cry arose in the palace. And S'aktideva, who had now lost both the maidens, thinking over the two beloved ones whom he had gained by various difficult toils, and who yet were not gained, and not only grieved but blaming himself, with his desires not accomplished, left the king's palace and in a moment went through the following train of thought: "Kanakarekhá said that I should attain my desire; so why do I despond, for success depends upon courage? I will again go to the Golden City by the same path, and destiny will without doubt again provide me with a means of getting there." Thus reflecting S'aktideva set out from that city, for resolute men who have once undertaken a project do not turn back without accomplishing their object. And journeying on, he again reached after a long time that city named Vitankapura, situated on the shore of the sea. And there he saw the merchant coming to meet him, with whom he originally went to sea, and whose ship was wrecked there. He thought, "Can this be Samudradatta, and how can he have escaped after falling into the sea? But how can it be otherwise? I myself am a strange illustration of its possibility." While he approached the merchant thinking thus, the merchant recognised him, and embraced him in his delight, and he took him to his own house and after entertaining him, asked him—"When the ship foundered, how did you escape from the sea?" S'aktideva then told him his whole history, how, after being swallowed by a fish, he first reached the island of Utsthala, and then he asked the good merchant in his turn: "Tell me also how you escaped from the sea." Then the merchant said, "After I fell into the sea that time, I remained floating for three days supported on a plank. Then a ship suddenly came that way, and I, crying out, was descried by those in her, and taken on board her. And when I got on board, I saw my own father who had gone to a distant island long before, and was now returning

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after a long absence. My father, when he saw me, recognised me, and embracing me asked my story with tears, and I told it him as follows—'My father, you had been away for a long time and had not returned, and so I set about trading myself, thinking it was my proper employment; then on my way to a distant island my ship was wrecked, and I was plunged in the sea, and you have found me and rescued me.' When I had said this to him, my father asked me reproachfully—'Why do you run such risks? For I possess wealth, my son, and I am engaged in acquiring it, see, I have brought you back this ship full of gold.' Thus spoke my father to me, and comforting me took me home in that very ship to my own dwelling in Viṭankapura." When S'aktideva had heard this account from the merchant, and had rested that night, he said to him on the next day—"Great merchant, I must once more go to the island of Utsthala, so tell me how I can get there now." The merchant said to him—"Some agents of mine are preparing to go there to-day, so go on board the ship, and set out with them." Thereupon the Bráhman set out with the merchant's agents to go to that island of Utsthala, and by chance the sons of the king of the fishermen saw him there, and when they were near him, they recognised him and said,—"Bráhman, you went with our father to search here and there for the Golden City, and how is it that you have come back here to-day alone?" Then S'aktideva said, "Your father, when out at sea, fell into the mouth of the submarine fire, his ship having been dragged down by the current." When those sons of the fisher-king heard that, they were angry and said to their servants—"Bind this wicked man, for he has murdered our father. Otherwise how could it have happened that, when two men were in the same ship, one should have fallen into the mouth of the submarine fire, and the other escaped it. So we must to-morrow morning sacrifice our father's murderer in front of the goddess Durgá, treating him as a victim." Having said this to their servants, those sons of the fisher-king bound S'aktideva, and took him off to the awful temple of Durgá, the belly of which was enlarged, as if it continually swallowed many lives, and which was like the mouth of death devouring *tamála* with projecting teeth. There S'aktideva remained bound during the night in fear for his life, and he thus prayed to the goddess Durgá,—"Adorable one, granter of boons, thou didst deliver the world with thy form which was like the orb of the rising sun, appearing as if it had drunk its fill of the blood gushing freely from the throat of the giant Ruru;* therefore deliver me, thy constant votary, who have come a long distance out of desire to obtain my beloved, but am now fallen without cause into the power of my enemies." Thus he prayed to

* The *Dánavas* are a class of demons or giants. Ruru was a Dánava slain by Durgá.

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the goddess, and with difficulty went off to sleep, and in the night he saw a woman come out of the inner cell of the temple; that woman of heavenly beauty came up to him, and said with a compassionate manner, "Do not fear, Śaktideva, no harm shall happen to you. The sons of that fisher-king have a sister named Vindumatí, that maiden shall see you in the morning and claim you for a husband, and you must agree to that, she will bring about your deliverance: and she is not of the fisher-caste: for she is a celestial female degraded in consequence of a curse." When he heard this, he woke up, and in the morning that fisher-maiden came to the temple, a shower of nectar to his eyes. And announcing herself, she came up to him and said in her eagerness, "I will have you released from this prison, therefore do what I desire. For I have refused all these suitors approved of by my brothers, but the moment I saw you, love arose in my soul, therefore marry me." When Vindumatí, the daughter of the fisher-king, said this to him, Śaktideva remembering his dream, accepted her proposal gladly; she procured his release, and he married that fair one, whose wish was gratified by her brothers receiving the command to do so from Durgá in a dream. And he lived there with that heavenly creature that had assumed a human form, obtained solely by his merits in a former life, as if with happy success. And one day, as he was standing upon the roof of his palace, he saw a Chaṇḍála coming along with a load of cow's flesh, and he said to his beloved—"Look, slender one! how can this evildoer eat the flesh of cows, those animals that are the object of veneration to the three worlds?" Then Vindumatí, hearing that, said to her husband; "The wickedness of this act is inconceivable, what can we say in palliation of it. I have been born in this race of fishermen for a very small offence owing to the might of cows, but what can atone for this man's sin?" When she said this, Śaktideva said to her;—"That is wonderful: tell me, my beloved, who you are, and how you came to be born in a family of fishermen." When he asked this with much importunity, she said to him, "I will tell you, though it is a secret, if you promise to do what I ask you." He affirmed with an oath; "Yes, I will do what you ask me."

She then told him first what she desired him to do; "In this island you will soon marry another wife, and she, my husband, will soon became pregnant, and in the eighth month of her pregnancy you must cut her open and take out the child, and you must feel no compunction about it." Thus she said, and he was astonished, exclaiming, "What can this mean?" and he was full of horror, but that daughter of the fisher-king went on to say, "This request of mine you must perform for a certain reason; now hear who I am, and how I came to be born in a family of fishermen. Long ago in a former birth I was a certain Vidyádharí, and now I have fallen into the

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world of men in consequence of a curse. For when I was a Vidyádharí, I bit asunder some strings with my teeth and fastened them to lyres, and it is owing to that that I have been born here in the house of a fisherman. So, if such a degradation is brought about by touching the mouth with the dry sinew of a cow, much more terrible must be the result of eating cow's flesh!" While she was saying this, one of her brothers rushed in in a state of perturbation, and said to Śaktideva, "Rise up, an enormous boar has appeared from somewhere or other, and after slaying innumerable persons is coming this way in its pride, towards us." When Śaktideva heard that, he descended from his palace, and mounting a horse, spear in hand,* he galloped to meet the boar, and struck it the moment he saw it, but when the hero attacked him the boar fled, and managed, though wounded, to enter a cavern: and Śaktideva entered there in pursuit of him, and immediately beheld a great garden-shrubbery with a house. And when he was there, he beheld a maiden of very wonderful beauty, coming in a state of agitation to meet him, as if it were the goddess of the wood advancing to receive him out of love.

And he asked her,—"Auspicious lady, who are you, and why are you perturbed?"—Hearing that, the lovely one thus answered him; "There is a king of the name of Chaṇḍavikrama, lord of the southern region. I am his daughter, auspicious sir, a maiden named Vindurekhá. But a wicked Daitya, with flaming eyes, carried me off by treachery from my father's house to-day, and brought me here. And he, desiring flesh, assumed the form of a boar, and sallied out, but while he was still hungry, he was pierced with a spear to-day by some hero; and as soon as he was pierced, he came in here and died. And I rushed out and escaped without being outraged by him." Then Śaktideva said to her, "Then why all this perturbation? For I slew that boar with a spear, princess." Then she said, "Tell me who you are," and he answered her "I am a Bráhman named Śaktideva." Then she said to him, "You must accordingly become my husband," and the hero consenting went out of the cavern with her. And when he arrived at home, he told it to his wife Vindumatí, and with her consent he married that princess Vindurekhá. So, while Śaktideva was living there with his two wives, one of his wives Vindurekhá became pregnant; and in the eighth month of her pregnancy, the first wife Vindumatí came up to him of her own accord and said to him, "Hero, remember what you promised me; this is the eighth month of the pregnancy of your second wife: so go and cut her open and bring the child here, for you cannot act contrary to your own word of honour." When she said this to Śaktideva, he was bewildered by affection and compassion; but being bound by his promise

* In Śloka 172 b. I conjecture *Śaktihasto* for *Śaktidevo*, as we read in Śl. 181 b. that the boar was wounded with a *śakti*.

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he remained for a short time unable to give an answer; at last he departed in a state of agitation and went to Vindurekhá; and she seeing him come with troubled air, said to him, "Husband, why are you despondent to-day? Surely I know; you have been commissioned by Vindumatí to take out the child with which I am pregnant; and that you must certainly do, for there is a certain object in view, and there is no cruelty in it, so do not feel compunction; in proof of it, hear the following story of Devadatta."

Story of Devadatta.

Long ago there lived in the city of Kambuka a Bráhman named Haridatta; and the son of that auspicious man, who was named Devadatta, though he studied in his boyhood, was, as a young man, exclusively addicted to the vice of gaming. As he had lost his clothes and everything by gambling, he was not able to return to his father's house, so he entered once on a time an empty temple. And there he saw alone a great ascetic, named Jálapáda, who had attained many objects by magic, and he was muttering spells in a corner. So he went up to him slowly and bowed before him, and the ascetic, abandoning his habit of not speaking to any one, greeted him with a welcome; and after he had remained there a moment, the ascetic, seeing his trouble, asked him the cause, and he told him of his affliction produced by the loss of his wealth, which had been dissipated in gambling. Then the ascetic said to Devadatta; "My child, there is not wealth enough in the whole world to satisfy gamblers; but if you desire to escape from your calamity, do what I tell you, for I have made preparations to attain the rank of a Vidyádhara; so help me to accomplish this, O man of fortunate destiny,* you have only to obey my orders and then your calamities will be at an end." When the ascetic said this to him, Devadatta promised to obey him, and immediately took up his residence with him. And the next day the ascetic went into a corner of the cemetery and performed worship by night under a *banyan*-tree, and offered rice boiled in milk, and flung portions of the oblation towards the four cardinal points, after worshipping them, and said to the Bráhman who was in attendance on him; "You must worship here in this style every day, and say 'Vidyutprabhá, accept this worship.' And then I am certain that we shall both attain our ends;" having said this the ascetic went with him to his own house. Then Devadatta, consenting, went every day and duly performed worship at the foot of that tree, according to his instructions. And one day, at the end of his worship, the tree suddenly clave open, and a heavenly nymph came out of it before his eyes, and said, "My good sir, my mistress summons you to come to her." And then she introduced him into the middle of that tree. When he entered it, he beheld a heavenly palace made of jewels, and a beautiful lady within it reclining upon a sofa.

* Literally, having auspicious marks.

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And he immediately thought—"This may be the success of our enterprise incarnate in bodily form," but while he was thinking thus, that beautiful lady, receiving him graciously, rose with limbs on which the ornaments rang as if to welcome him, and seated him on her own sofa. And she said to him, "Illustrious sir, I am the maiden daughter of a king of the Yakshas, named Ratnavarsha, and I am known by the name of Vidyutprabhá; and this great ascetic Jálapáda was endeavouring to gain my favour, to him I will give the attainment of his ends, but you are the lord of my life. So, as you see my affection, marry me." When she said this, Devadatta consented, and did so. And he remained there some time, but when she became pregnant, he went to the great ascetic with the intention of returning, and in a state of terror he told him all that had happened, and the ascetic, desiring his own success, said to him, "My good sir, you have acted quite rightly, but go and cut open that Yakshi and taking out the embryo, bring it quickly here." The ascetic said this to him, and then reminded him of his previous promise, and being dismissed by him, the Bráhman returned to his beloved, and while he stood there despondent with reflecting on what he had to do, the Yakshí Vidyutprabhá of her own accord said to him;—"My husband, why are you cast down? I know, Jálapáda has ordered you to cut me open, so cut me open and take out this child, and if you refuse, I will do it myself, for there is an object in it." Though she said this to him, the Bráhman could not bring himself to do it, then she cut herself open and took out the child, and flung it down before him and said, "Take this, which will enable him who consumes it, to obtain the rank of a Vidyádhara. But I, though properly a Vidyádharí, have been born as a Yakshí owing to a curse, and this is the appointed end of my curse, strange as it is, for I remember my former existence. Now I depart to my proper home, but we two shall meet again in that place." Saying this Vidyutprabhá vanished from his eyes. And Devadatta took the child with sorrowful mind, and went to that ascetic Jálapáda, and gave it to him, as that which would ensure the success of his incantations, for good men do not even in calamity give way to selfishness. The great ascetic divided the child's flesh, and sent Devadatta to the wood to worship Durgá in her terrific form. And when the Bráhman came back after presenting an oblation, he saw that the ascetic had made away with all the flesh. And while he said—"What, have you consumed it all?" the treacherous Jálapáda, having become a Vidyádhara, ascended to heaven. When he had flown up, with sword blue as the sky, adorned with necklace and bracelet, Devadatta reflected, "Alas! how I have been deceived by this evil-minded one! Or rather on whom does not excessive compliance entail misfortune? So how can I revenge myself on him for this ill turn, and how can I reach

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him who has become a Vidyádhara? Well! I have no other resource in this matter except propitiating a Vetála."* After he had made up his mind to do this, he went at night to the cemetery. There he summoned at the foot of a tree a Vetála into the body of a man, and after worshipping him, he made an oblation of human flesh to him. And as that Vetála was not satisfied, and would not wait for him to bring more, he prepared to cut off his own flesh in order to gratify him. And immediately that Vetála said to that brave man;—"I am pleased with this courage of yours, do not act recklessly. So, my good sir, what desire have you for me to accomplish for you?" When the Vetála said this, the hero answered him; "Take me to the dwelling-place of the Vidyádharas, where is the ascetic Jálapáda, who deceives those that repose confidence in him, in order that I may punish him." The Vetála consented, and placing him on his shoulder, carried him through the air in a moment to the dwelling of the Vidyádharas; and there he saw Jálapáda in a palace, seated on a jewelled throne, elated at being a king among the Vidyádharas, endeavouring by various speeches to induce that Vidyutprabhá,† who had obtained the rank of a Vidyádharí, to marry him in spite of her reluctance. And the moment that the young man saw him, he attacked him with the help of the Vetála, being to the eyes of the delighted Vidyutprabhá, what the moon, the repository of nectar, is to the partridges.‡ And Jálapáda beholding him suddenly arrived in this way, dropped his sword in his fright, and fell from his throne on the floor. But Devadatta, though he had obtained his sword, did not slay him, for the great-hearted feel pity even for their enemies when they are terrified.

And when the Vetála wanted to kill him, he dissuaded him, and said, "Of what use will it be to us to kill this miserable heretic? So take him and place him in his own house on earth, it is better that this wicked skull-bearing ascetic should remain there." At the very moment that Devadatta was saying this, the goddess Durgá descended from heaven and appeared to him, and said to him who bent before her, "My son, I am satisfied with thee now, on account of this incomparable courage of thine; so I give thee on the spot the rank of king of the Vidyádharas." Having said this, she bestowed the magic sciences§ on him, and immediately disappeared. And the Vetála immediately took Jálapáda, whose splendour fell from him, and placed him on earth; (wickedness does not long ensure success;) and Devadatta accompanied by Vidyutprabhá, having obtained that sovereignty of the Vidyádharas, flourished in his kingdom.

* A spirit that enters dead bodies.

† I read *Vidyutprabhám* for *Vidyádharím*. But perhaps it is unnecessary.

‡ The Chakora is said to subsist upon moonbeams.

§ So making him a Vidyádhara or "magic-knowledge-holder."

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Having told this story to her husband Śaktideva, the softly-speaking Vindurekhá again said to him with eagerness; "Such necessities do arise, so cut out this child of mine as Vindumatí told you, without remorse." When Vindurekhá said this, Śaktideva was afraid of doing wrong, but a voice sounded from heaven at this juncture, "O Śaktideva, take out this child without fear, and seize it by the neck with your hand, then it will turn into a sword." Having heard this divine voice, he cut her open; and quickly taking out the child, he seized it by the throat with his hand; and no sooner did he seize it, than it became a sword in his hand; like the long hair of Good Fortune seized by him with an abiding grasp. Then that Bráhman quickly became a Vidyádhara, and Vindurekhá that moment disappeared. And when he saw that, he went, as he was, to his second wife Vindumatí, and told her the whole story. She said to him, "My lord, we are three sisters, the daughter of a king of the Vidyádharas, who have been banished from Kanakapurí in consequence of a curse. The first was Kanakarekhá, the termination of whose curse you beheld in the city of Vardhamána; and she has gone to that city of hers, her proper home. For such was the strange end of her curse, according to the dispensation of fate, and I am the third sister, and now my curse is at an end. And this very day I must go to that city of mine, my beloved, for there our Vidyádhara bodies remain. And my elder sister, Chandraprabhá, is dwelling there; so you also must come there quickly by virtue of the magic power of your sword. And you shall rule in that city, after obtaining all four of us as wives, bestowed upon you by our father who has retired to the forest, and others in addition to us."

Thus Vindumatí declared the truth about herself, and Śaktideva consenting, went again to the City of Gold, this time through the air, together with that Vindumatí. And when he arrived, he again saw those three darlings of his bending before him, Kanakarekhá and the others, after entering with their souls, as was fitting, those heavenly female bodies, which he saw on a former occasion extended lifeless on the couches in those three pavilions. And he saw that fourth sister there, Chandraprabhá, who had performed auspicious ceremonies, and was drinking in his form with an eye rendered eager by seeing him after so long an absence. His arrival was joyfully hailed by the servants, who were occupied in their several duties, as well as by the ladies, and when he entered the private apartments, that Chandrapabhá said to him—"Noble sir, here is that princess Kanakarekhá, who was seen by you in the city of Vardhamána, my sister called Chandrarekhá. And here is that daughter of the fisher king, Vindumatí, whom you first married in the island of Utsthala, my sister Śaśirekhá. And here is my youngest sister Śaśiprabhá, the princess who after that was brought there by the Dánava, and then became your wife. So now come,

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successful hero, with us into the presence of our father, and quickly marry us all, when bestowed upon you by him."

When Chandraprabhá had swiftly and boldly uttered this decree of Cupid, S'aktideva went with those four to the recesses of the wood to meet their father, and their father, the king of the Vidyádharas, having been informed of the facts by all his daughters who bowed at his feet, and also moved by a divine voice, with delighted soul gave them all at once to S'aktideva Immediately after that, he bestowed on S'aktideva his opulent realm in the City of Gold, and all his magic sciences, and he gave the successful hero his name, by which he was henceforth known among his Vidyádharas. And he said to him; "No one else shall conquer thee, but from the mighty lord of Vatsa there shall spring a universal emperor, who shall reign among you here under the title of Naravâhanadatta and be thy superior, to him alone wilt thou have to submit." With these words the mighty lord of the Vidyádharas, named S'aśikhaṇḍapada, dismissed his son-in-law from the wood where he was practising asceticism, after entertaining him kindly, that he might go with his wives to his own capital. Then that S'aktivega, having become a king, entered the City of Gold, that glory of the Vidyádhara world, proceeding thither with his wives. Living in that city, the palaces of which gleamed with fabric of gold, which seemed on account of its great height to be the condensed rays of the sun falling in brightness, he enjoyed exceeding happiness with those fair-eyed wives, in charming gardens, the lakes of which had steps made out of jewels.

Having thus related his wonderful history, the eloquent S'aktivega went on to say to the king of Vatsa, "Know me, O lord of Vatsa, ornament of the lunar race, to be that very S'aktideva come here, full of desire to behold the two feet of your son who is just born, and is destined to be our new emperor. Thus I have obtained, though originally a man, the rank of sovereign among the Vidyádharas by the favour of S'iva: and now, O king, I return to my own home; I have seen our future lord; may you enjoy unfailing felicity."

After finishing his tale, S'aktivega said this with clasped hands, and receiving permission to depart, immediately flew up into the sky like the moon in brightness, and then the king of Vatsa in the company of his wives, surrounded by his ministers, and with his young son, enjoyed, in his own capital a state of indescribable felicity.

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BOOK VI.

CHAPTER XXVII.

May the god with the face of an elephant,* who appears, with his head bowed down and then raised, to be continually threatening the hosts of obstacles, protect you.

I adore the god of Love, pierced with the showers of whose arrows even the body of Śiva seems to bristle with dense thorns, when embraced by Umá.

Now hear the heavenly adventures which Naraváhanadatta, speaking of himself in the third person, told from the very beginning, after he had obtained the sovereignty of the Vidyádharas, and had been questioned about the story of his life on some occasion or other by the seven Ṛishis and their wives.

Then that Naraváhanadatta being carefully brought up by his father, passed his eighth year. The prince lived at that time with the sons of the ministers, being instructed in sciences, and sporting in gardens. And the queen Vásavadattá and Padmávatí also on account of their exceeding affection were devoted to him day and night. He was distinguished by a body which was sprung from a noble stock, and bent under the weight of his growing virtues, and gradually filled out, as also by a bow which was made of a good bamboo, which bent as the string rose, and slowly arched itself into a crescent.† And his father the king of Vatsa spent his time in wishes for his marriage and other happiness, delightful because so soon to bear fruit. Now hear what happened at this point of the story.

Story of the merchant's son in Takshaśilá.

There was once a city named Takshaśilá‡ on the banks of the Vitastá, the reflection of whose long line of palaces gleamed in the waters of the river, as if it were the capital of the lower regions come to gaze at its splendour. In it there dwelt a king named Kalingadatta, a distinguished

* *I. e.* Ganeśa who is invoked to remove obstacles.

† This is an elaborate pun in the original. *Guṇa* = string and virtue; *vaṁśa* = race and bamboo.

‡ The Taxila of the Greek writers. The Vitastá is the Hydaspes of the Greeks, now called Jhelum.

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Buddhist, all whose subjects were devoted to the great Buddha the bridegroom of Tárá.* His city shone with splendid Buddhist temples densely crowded together, as if with the horns of pride elevated because it had no rival upon earth. He not only cherished his subjects like a father, but also himself taught them knowledge like a spiritual guide. Moreover there was in that city a certain rich Buddhist merchant called Vitastadatta, who was exclusively devoted to the honouring of Buddhist mendicants. And he had a son, a young man named Ratnadatta. And he was always expressing his detestation of his father, calling him an impious man. And when his father said to him, "Son, why do you blame me?"—the merchant's son answered with bitter scorn, "My father, you abandon the religion of the three Vedas and cultivate irreligion. For you neglect the Bráhmans and are always honouring S'ramaṇas.† What have you to do with that Buddhist discipline, which all kinds of low-caste men resort to, to gratify their desire to have a convent to dwell in, released from bathing and other strict ordinances, loving to feed whenever it is convenient,‡ rejecting the Bráhmanical lock and other prescribed methods of doing the hair, quite at ease with only a rag round their loins?" When the merchant heard that he said—"Religion is not confined to one form; a transcendent religion is a different thing from a religion that embraces the whole world. People say that Bráhmanism too consists in avoiding passion and other sins, in truth, and compassion to creatures, not in quarrelling causelessly with one's relations.§ Moreover you ought not to blame generally that school which I follow, which extends security to all creatures, on account of the fault of an individual. Nobody questions the propriety of conferring benefits, and my beneficence consists simply in giving security to creatures. So, if I take exceeding pleasure in this system, the principal characteristic of which is abstinence from injuring any creature, and which brings liberation, wherein am I irreligious in doing so?" When his father said this to him, that merchant's son obstinately refused to admit it, and only blamed his father all the more. Then his father, in disgust, went and reported the

* Monier Williams says that Tárá was the wife of the Buddha Amoghasiddha. Benfey (Orient und Occident, Vol. I, p. 373) says she was a well known Buddhist saint. The passage might perhaps mean "The Buddha adorned with most brilliant stars."

It has been suggested to me that Tárávara may mean S'iva, and that the passage means that the Saiva and Bauddha religions were both professed in the city of Takshaśilá.

† *I. e.* Buddhist ascetics.

‡ A MS. in the Sanskṛit College reads *sukála* for *svakála*: the meaning is much the same.

§ A MS. in the Sanskṛit College reads *nigrahaḥ* = blaming one's relations without cause.

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whole matter to the king Kalingadatta, who superintended the religion of his people. The king, for his part, summoned on some pretext the merchant's son into his judgement-hall, and feigning an anger he did not feel, said to the executioner, "I have heard that this merchant's son is wicked and addicted to horrible crimes, so slay him without mercy as a corrupter of the realm." When the king had said this, the father interceded, and then the king appointed that the execution should be put off for two months, in order that he might learn virtue, and entrusted the merchant's son to the custody of his father, to be brought again into his presence at the end of that time. The merchant's son, when he had been taken home to his father's house, was distracted with fear, and kept thinking, "What crime can I have committed against the king?" and pondering over his causeless execution which was to take place at the end of two months: and so he could get no sleep day or night, and was exhausted by taking less than his usual food at all times. Then, the reprieve of two months having expired, that merchant's son was again taken, thin and pale, into the presence of the king. And the king seeing him in such a depressed state said to him—"Why have you become so thin? Did I order you not to eat?" When the merchant's son heard that, he said to the king—"I forgot myself for fear, much more my food. Ever since I heard your majesty order my execution, I have been thinking every day of death slowly advancing." When the merchant's son said this, the king said to him, "I have by an artifice made you teach yourself what the fear of death is.* Such must be the fear which every living creature entertains of death, and tell me what higher piety can there be than the benefit of preserving creatures from that? So I shewed you this in order that you might acquire religion and the desire of salvation,† for a wise man being afraid of death strives to attain salvation. Therefore you must not blame your father who follows this religion." When the merchant's son heard this, he bowed and said to the king—"Your majesty has made me a blessed man by teaching me religion, and now a desire for salvation has arisen in me, teach me that also, my lord." When the king heard that, as it was a feast in the city, he gave a vessel full of oil into the hand of the merchant's son and said to him, "Take this vessel in your hand and walk all round this city, and you must avoid spilling a single drop of it, my son; if you spill one drop of it, these men will immediately cut you down."‡ Having said this, the king dismissed the merchant's son to walk round the city, ordering men with drawn swords to follow him. The merchant's son, in his fear, took care to avoid spilling a drop of oil, and having perambulated that city with

* Cp. Ralston's Russian Folk-Tales, p. 122.

† *Moksha* is the soul's final release from further transmigrations.

‡ Cp. Gesta Romanorum CXLIII (Bohn's Edition).

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much difficulty, returned into the presence of the king. The king, when he saw that he had brought the oil without spilling it, said to him: "Did you see any one to-day, as you went along in your perambulation of the city?" When the merchant's son heard that, he clasped his hands, and said to the king—"In truth, my lord, I neither saw nor heard any thing, for at the time when I was perambulating the city I had my undivided attention fixed on avoiding spilling a drop of oil, lest the swords should descend upon me." When the merchant's son said this, the king said to him; "Because your whole soul was intent on looking at the oil, you saw nothing. So practise religious contemplation with the same undivided attention. For a man, who with intent concentration averts his attention from all outward operations, has intuition of the truth, and after that intuition he is not entangled again in the meshes of works. Thus I have given you in a compendious form instruction in the doctrine of salvation." Thus the king spoke and dismissed him, and the merchant's son fell at his feet and went home rejoicing to his father's house, having attained all his objects. This Kalingadatta, who superintended in this way the religion of his subjects, had a wife named Táradattá, of equal birth with the king, who being politic and and well-conducted, was such an ornament to the king as language is to a poet, who delights in numerous illustrations. She was meritorious for her bright qualities and was inseparable from that beloved king, being to him what the moonlight is to the moon, the receptacle of nectar. The king lived happily there with that queen, and passed his days like Indra with Śachí in heaven.

Story of the Apsaras Surabhidattá.

At this point of my tale Indra, for some cause or other, had a great feast in heaven. All the Apsarases assembled there to dance, except one beautiful Apsaras named Surabhidattá, who was not to be seen there. Then Indra by his divine power of insight perceived her associating in secret with a certain Vidyádhara in Nandana. When Indra saw it, wrath arose in his bosom, and he thought—"Ah! these two, blinded with love, are both wicked: the Apsaras, because forgetting us she acts in a wilful manner, the Vidyádhara, because he enters the domain of the gods and commits improprieties. Or rather, what fault is that miserable Vidyádhara guilty of? For she has enticed him here, ensnaring him with her beauty. A lovely one will sweep away with the sea of her beauty, flowing between the lofty banks of her breasts, even one who can restrain his passions. Was not even Śiva disturbed long ago when he beheld Tilottamá, whom the Creator made by taking an atom from all the noblest beings?* And did not Viśvámitra leave his asceticism when he be-

* A kind of Pandora.

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held Menaká? And did not Yayáti come to old age for love of Śarmishtá? So this young Vidyádhara has committed no crime in allowing himself to be allured by an Apsaras with her beauty, which is able to bewilder the three worlds.* But this heavenly nymph is in fault, wicked creature, void of virtue, who has deserted the gods, and introduced this fellow into Nandana." Thus reflecting, the lover of Ahalyá† spared the Vidyádhara youth, but cursed that Apsaras in the following words: "Wicked one, take upon thyself a mortal nature, but after thou hast obtained a daughter not sprung from the womb, and hast accomplished the object of the gods, thou shalt return to this heaven."

In the meanwhile Tárádattá, the consort of that king in the city of Takshaśilá, reached the period favourable for procreation. And Surabhidattá, the Apsaras who had been degraded from heaven by the curse of Indra, was conceived in her, giving beauty to her whole body. Then Tárádattá beheld in a dream a flame descending from heaven and entering into her womb; and in the morning she described with astonishment her dream to her husband, the king Kalingadatta; and he being pleased said to her,—"Queen, heavenly beings owing to a curse fall into human births, so I am persuaded that this is some divine being conceived in you. For beings, bound by various works, good and evil, are ever revolving in the state of mundane existence in these three worlds, to receive fruits blessed and miserable." When the queen was thus addressed by the king, she took the opportunity of saying to him; "It is true, actions, good and bad, have a wonderful power, producing the perception of joy and sorrow,‡ and in proof of it I will tell you this illustration, listen to me."

Story of king Dharmadatta and his wife Nágaśrí.

There once lived a king named Dharmadatta, the lord of Kośala; he had a queen named Nágaśrí, who was devoted to her husband and was called Arundhatí on the earth, as, like her, she was the chief of virtuous women. And in course of time, O slayer of your enemies, I was born as the daughter of that king by that queen; then, while I was a mere child, that mother of mine suddenly remembered her former birth and said to her husband; "O king, I have suddenly to-day remembered my former birth; it is disagreable to me not to tell it, but if I do tell it, it will cause my death, because they say that, if a person suddenly remembers his or her former birth and tells it, it surely brings death. Therefore, king, I feel excessively despondent." When his queen said this to him, the king answered her;

* Compare the argument in the Eunuchus of Terence (III. 5.36 & ff) which shocked St. Augustine so much (Confessions I. 16).

† Et tonantem Jovem et adulterantem.

‡ I separate *balavad* from *bhogadáyi*.

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"My beloved, I, like you, have suddenly remembered my former birth; therefore tell me yours, and I will tell you mine, let what will be, be; for who can alter the decree of fate." When thus urged by her husband, the queen said to him, "If you press the matter, king, then I will tell you, listen.

"In my former birth I was a well-conducted female slave in this very land, in the house of a certain Bráhman named Mádhava. And in that birth I had a husband named Devadása, an excellent hired servant in the house of a certain merchant. And so we two dwelled there, having built a house that suited us, living on the cooked rice brought from the houses of our respective masters. A water vessel and a pitcher, a broom and a brazier, and I and my husband, formed three couples. We lived happy and contented in our house into which the demon of quarrelling never entered, eating the little food that remained over after we had made offerings to the gods, the manes and guests.

"And any clothes which either of us had over, we gave to some poor person or other. Then there arose a grievous famine in our country, and owing to that the allowance of food, which we had to receive every day, began to come to us in small quantities. Then our bodies became attenuated by hunger, and we began to despond in mind, when once on a time at meal-time there arrived a weary Bráhman guest. To him we both gave all our own food, as much as we had, though we were in danger of our lives. When the Bráhman had eaten and departed, my husband's breath left him, as if angry that he respected a guest more than it. And then I heaped up in honour of my husband a suitable pyre, and ascended it, and so laid down the load of my own calamity. Then I was born in a royal family, and I became your queen, for the tree of good deeds produces to the righteous inconceivably glorious fruit." When his queen said this to him, the king Dharmadatta said—"Come, my beloved, I am that husband of thine in a former birth; I was that very Devadása the merchant's servant, for I have remembered this moment this former existence of mine." Having said this, and mentioned the tokens of his own identity, the king, despondent and yet glad, suddenly went with his queen to heaven.

"In this way my parents went to another world, and my mother's sister brought me to her own house to rear me, and while I was unmarried, there came there a certain Bráhman guest, and my mother's sister ordered me to wait on him. And I diligently strove to please him as Kuntí to please Durvásas, and owing to a boon conferred by him, I obtained you, a virtuous husband. Thus good fortune is the result of virtue, owing to which my parents were both born at the same time in royal families, and also remembered their former birth." Having heard this speech of the queen Táradattá, the king Kalingadatta, who was exclusively devoted to

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righteousness, answered her, "It is true, a trifling act of righteousness duly performed will bring much fruit, and in proof of this, O queen, hear the ancient tale of the seven Bráhmans."

Story of the seven Bráhmans who devoured a cow in time of famine.

Long ago, in a city called Kuṇḍina, a certain Bráhman teacher had for pupils seven sons of Bráhmans. Then that teacher, under pressure of famine, sent those pupils to ask his father-in-law, who was rich in cows, to give him one. And those pupils of his went, with their bellies pinched by hunger, to his father-in-law, who dwelt in another land, and asked him, as their teacher had ordered them, for a cow. He gave them one cow to support them, but the miserly fellow did not give them food, though they were hungry. Then they took the cow, and as they were returning and had accomplished half the journey, being excessively pained by hunger, they fell exhausted on the earth. They said—"Our teacher's house is far off, and we are afflicted by calamity far from home, and food is hard to obtain everywhere, so it is all over with our lives. And in the same way this cow is certain to die in this wilderness without water, wood, or human beings, and our teacher will not derive even the smallest advantage from it. So let us support our lives with its flesh, and quickly restore our teacher and his family with what remains over: for it is a time of sore distress." Having thus deliberated, those seven students treated that cow as a victim, and sacrificed it on the spot according to the system prescribed in the sacred treatises. After sacrificing to the gods and manes, and eating its flesh according to the prescribed method, they went and took what remained of it to their teacher. They bowed before him, and told him all that they had done, to the letter, and he was pleased with them, because they told the truth, though they had committed a fault. And after seven days they died of famine, but because they told the truth on that occasion, they were born again with the power of remembering their former birth.

"Thus even a small germ of merit, watered with the water of holy aspiration, bears fruit to men in general, as a seed to cultivators, but the same corrupted by the water of impure aspiration bears fruit in the form of misfortune, and *à propos* of this I will tell you another tale, listen!"

Story of the two ascetics, one a Bráhman the other a Chaṇḍála.

Once on a time two men remained for the same length of time fasting on the banks of the Ganges, one a Bráhman and the other a Chaṇḍála. Of those two, the Bráhman being overpowered with hunger, and seeing some Nishádas* come that way bringing fish and eating them, thus reflected in his folly—"O happy in the world are these fishermen, sons of female

* The name of certain aboriginal tribes described as hunters, fishermen, robbers &c.

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slaves though they be, for they eat to their fill of the fresh meat of fish!" But the other, who was a Chaṇḍála, thought, the moment he saw those fishermen, "Out on these destroyers of life, and devourers of raw flesh! So why should I stand here and behold their faces?" Saying this to himself, he closed his eyes and remained buried in his own thoughts. And in course of time those two, the Bráhman and the Chaṇḍála, died of starvation; the Bráhman was eaten by dogs on the bank, the Chaṇḍála rotted in the water of the Ganges. So that Bráhman, not having disciplined his spirit, was born in the family of a fisherman, but owing to the virtue of the holy place, he remembered his former existence. As for that Chaṇḍála, who possessed self-control, and whose mind was not marred by passion, he was born as a king in a palace on that very bank of the Ganges, and recollected his former birth. And of those two, who were born with a remembrance of their former existence, the one suffered misery being a fisherman, the other being a king enjoyed happiness.

"Such is the root of the tree of virtue; according to the purity or impurity of a man's heart is without doubt the fruit which he receives." Having said this to the queen Tárádattá, king Kalingadatta again said to her in the course of conversation,—"Moreover actions which are really distinguished by great courage produce fruit, since prosperity follows on courage; and to illustrate this I will tell the following wonderful tale. Listen!"

Story of king Vikramasinha and the two Bráhmans.

There is in Avanti a city named Ujjayiní, famous in the world, which is the dwelling-place of Śiva,* and which gleams with its white palaces as if with the peaks of Kailása, come thither in the ardour of their devotion to the god. This vast city, profound as the sea, having a splendid emperor for its water, had hundreds of armies entering it, as hundreds of rivers flow into the sea, and was the refuge of allied kings, as the sea is of mountains that retain their wings.† In that city there was a king who had the name of Vikramasinha,‡ a name that thoroughly expressed his character, for his enemies were like deer and never met him in fight. And he, because he could never find any enemy to face him, became disgusted with weapons and the might of his arm, and was inwardly grieved as he never obtained the joy of battle. Then his minister Amaragupta, who discovered his

* In the original Mahákála, an epithet of Śiva in his character as the destroying deity.

† Generally only one mountain named Maináka is said to have fled into the sea, and retained its wings when Indra clipped those of the others. The passage is of course an elaborate pun.

‡ *i. e.* lion of valour.

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longing, said to him incidentally in the course of conversation—"King, it is not hard for kings to incur guilt, if through pride in their strong arms, and confidence in their skill in the use of weapons, they even long for enemies; in this way Bána in old time, through pride in his thousand arms, propitiated Śiva and asked for an enemy that was a match for him in fight, until at last his prayer was actually granted, and Vishṇu became his enemy, and cut off his innumerable arms in battle. So you must not shew dissatisfaction because you do not obtain an opportunity of fighting, and a terrible enemy must never be desired. If you want to shew here your skill in weapons and your strength, shew it in the forest an appropriate field for it, and in hunting. And since kings are not generally exposed to fatigue, hunting is approved to give them exercise and excitement, but warlike expeditions are not recommended. Moreover the malignant wild animals desire that the earth should be depopulated, for this reason the king should slay them; on this ground too hunting is approved. But wild animals should not be too unremittingly pursued, for it was owing to the vice of exclusive devotion to hunting that former kings, Páṇḍu and others, met destruction." When the wise minister Amaragupta said this to him, the king Vikramasinha approved the advice saying—"I will do so." And the next day the king went out of the city to hunt, to a district beset with horses, footmen and dogs, and where all the quarters were filled with the pitching of various nets, and he made the heaven resound with the shouts of joyous huntsmen. And as he was going out on the back of an elephant, he saw two men sitting together in private in an empty temple outside the walls. And the king, as he beheld them from afar, supposed that they were only deliberating together over something at their leisure, and passed on to the forest where his hunting was to be. There he was delighted with the drawn swords, and with the old tigers, and the roaring of lions, and the scenery, and the elephants. He strewed that ground with pearls fallen from the nails of elephant-slaying lions whom he killed, resembling the seeds of his prowess. The deer leaping sideways, being oblique-goers,* went obliquely across his path; his straight-flying arrow easily transfixing them first, reached afterwards the mark of delight. And after the king had long enjoyed the sport of hunting, he returned, as his servants were weary, with slackened bowstring to the city of Ujjayiní. There he saw those two men, whom he had seen as he was going out, who had remained the whole time in the temple occupied in the same way. He thought to himself—"Who are these, and why do they deliberate so long? Surely they must be spies, having a long talk over secrets." So he sent his warder, and had those men

* *i. e.* animals, horizontal goers. The pun defies translation, the word I have translated arrow is literally "the not-sideways-goer."

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captured and brought into his presence, and then thrown into prison. And the next day he had them brought into his judgement-hall, and asked them—"Who are you and why did you deliberate together so long?" When the king in person asked them this, they entreated him to spare their lives, and one of these young men began to say; "Hear, O king, I will now tell the whole story as it happened.

"There lived a Bráhman, of the name of Karabhaka, in this very city of yours. I, whom you see here, am the son of that learned student of the Vedas, born by his propitiating the god of fire in order to obtain a heroic son. And, when my father went to heaven, and his wife followed him,* I being a mere boy, though I had learned the sciences, abandoned the course of life suited to my caste, because I was friendless. And I set myself to practise gaming and the use of arms; what boy does not become self-willed if he is not kept in order by some superior? And, having passed my childhood in this way, I acquired overweening confidence in my prowess, and went one day to the forest to practise archery. And while I was thus engaged, a bride came out of the city in a covered palankeen, surrounded by many attendants of the bridegroom. And suddenly an elephant, that had broken its chain, came from some quarter or other at that very moment, and attacked that bride in its fury. And through fear of that elephant, all those cowardly attendants and her husband with them deserted the bride, and fled in all directions. When I saw that, I immediately said to myself in my excitement,—'What! have these miserable wretches left this unfortunate woman alone? So I must defend this unprotected lady from this elephant. For what is the use of life or courage, unless employed to succour the unfortunate?' Thus reflecting I raised a shout and ran towards that huge elephant; and the elephant, abandoning the woman, charged down upon me. Then I, before the eyes of that terrified woman, shouted and ran, and so drew off that elephant to a distance, at last I got hold of a bough of a tree thickly covered with leaves, which had been broken off, and covering myself with it, I went into the middle of the tree; and placing the bough in front of me, I escaped by a dexterous oblique movement, while the elephant trampled the bough to pieces. Then I quickly went to that lady, who remained terrified there, and asked her whether she had escaped without injury. She, when she saw me, said with afflicted and yet joyful manner; 'How can I be said to be uninjured, now that I have been bestowed on this coward, who has deserted me in such straits, and fled somewhere or other; but so far at any rate I am uninjured, that I again behold you unharmed. So my husband is nothing to me; you henceforth are my husband, by whom regardless of your life, I have been delivered from the jaws of death. And here I see

* *i. e.* by burning herself upon the funeral pyre.

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my husband coming with his servants, so follow us slowly; for when we get an opportunity, you and I will elope somewhere together.' When she said this, I consented. I ought to have thought—'Though this woman is beautiful, and flings herself at my head, yet she is the wife of another; what have I to do with her?' But this is the course of calm self-restraint, not of ardent youth. And in a moment her husband came up and greeted her, and she proceeded to continue her journey with him and his servants. And I, without being detected, followed her through her long journey, being secretly supplied with provisions for the journey by her, though I passed for some one unconnected with her. And she, throughout the journey, falsely asserted that she suffered pain in her limbs, from a strain produced by falling in her terror at the elephant, and so avoided even touching her husband. A passionate woman, like a female snake, terrible from the condensed venom she accumulates within, will never, if injured, neglect to wreak her vengeance. And in course of time we reached the city of Lohanagara, where was the house of the husband of that woman, who lived by trading. And we all remained during that day in a temple outside the walls. And there I met my friend this second Bráhman. And though we had never met before, we felt a confidence in one another at first sight; the heart of creatures recognises friendships formed in a previous birth. Then I told him all my secret. When he heard it, he said to me of his own accord; 'Keep the matter quiet, I know of a device by which you can attain the object for which you came here; I know here the sister of this lady's husband. She is ready to fly from this place with me, and take her wealth with her. So with her help I will accomplish your object for you.'

"When the Bráhman had said this to me, he departed, and secretly informed the merchant's wife's sister-in-law of the whole matter. And on the next day the sister-in-law, according to arrangement, came with her brother's wife and introduced her into the temple. And while we were there, she made my friend at that very time, which was the middle of the day, put on the dress of her brother's wife. And she took him so disguised into the city, and went into the house in which her brother lived, after arranging what we were to do. But I left the temple, and fleeing with the merchant's wife dressed as a man, reached at last this city of Ujjayiní. And her sister-in-law at night fled with my friend from that house, in which there had been a feast, and so the people were in a drunken sleep.

"And then he came with her by stealthy journeys to this city; so we met here. In this way we two have obtained our two wives in the bloom of youth, the sister-in-law and her brother's wife, who bestowed themselves on us out of affection. Consequently, king, we are afraid to dwell anywhere; for whose mind is at ease after performing deeds of reckless teme-

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rity? So the king saw us yesterday from a distance, while we were debating about a place to dwell in, and how we should subsist. And your majesty, seeing us, had us brought and thrown into prison on the suspicion of being thieves, and to-day we have been questioned about our history, and I have just told it; now it is for your highness to dispose of us at pleasure." When one of them had said this, the king Vikramasinha said to those two Bráhmans,—"I am satisfied, do not be afraid, remain in this city, and I will give you abundance of wealth." When the king had said this, he gave them as much to live on as they wished, and they lived happily in his court accompanied by their wives.

"Thus prosperity dwells for men even in questionable deeds, if they are the outcome of great courage, and thus kings, being satisfied, take pleasure in giving to discreet men who are rich in daring. And thus this whole created world with the gods and demons will always reap various fruits, corresponding exactly to their own stock of deeds good or bad, performed in this or in a former birth. So rest assured, queen, that the flame which was seen by you falling from heaven in your dream, and apparently entering your womb, is some creature of divine origin, that owing to some influence of its works has been conceived in you." The pregnant queen Tárádattá, when she heard this from the mouth of her own husband Kalingadatta, was exceedingly delighted.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Then the queen Tárádattá, the consort of king Kalingadatta in Takshasílá, slowly became oppressed with the burden of her unborn child. And she, now that her delivery was near, being pale of countenance, with tremulous eyeballs,* resembled the East in which the pale streak of the young moon is about to rise. And there was soon born from her a daughter excelling all others, like a specimen of the Creator's power to produce all beauty. The lights kept burning to protect the child against evil spirits, blazing with oil,† were eclipsed by her beauty, and darkened, as if through grief that a son of equal beauty had not been born instead. And her father Kalingadatta, when he saw her born, beautiful though she was,

* The word *táraká* means also a star. So here we have one of those puns in which our author delights.

† Also full of affection. This is a common pun.

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was filled with despondency at the disappointment of his hope to obtain a son like her. Though he divined that she was of heavenly origin, he was grieved because he longed for a son. For a son, being embodied joy, is far superior to a daughter, that is but a lump of grief. Then in his affliction, the king went out of his palace to divert his mind, and he entered a monastery full of many images of Buddha. In a certain part of the monastery, he heard this speech being uttered by a begging hermit, who was a religious preacher, as he sat in the midst of his hearers.

"They say that the bestowal of wealth in this world is great asceticism; a man who gives wealth is said to give life, for life depends on wealth. And Buddha, with mind full of pity, offered up himself for another, as if he were worthless straw, much more should one offer up sordid pelf. And it was by such resolute asceticism, that Buddha, having got rid of desire, and obtained heavenly insight, attained the rank of a Buddha. Therefore a wise man should do what is beneficial to other beings, by abstaining from selfish aspirations even so far as to sacrifice his own body, in order that he may obtain perfect insight."

Story of the seven princesses.

Thus, long ago, there were born in succession to a certain king named Kṛita seven very beautiful princesses, and even while they were still youthful they abandoned, in disgust with life, the house of their father, and went to the cemetery, and when they were asked why they did it, they said to their retinue—"This world is unreal, and in it this body, and such delights as union with the beloved are the baseless fabric of a dream; only the good of others in this revolving world is pronounced to be real; so let us with these bodies of ours do good to our fellow creatures, let us fling these bodies, while they are alive, to the eaters of raw flesh* in the cemetery; what is the use of them, lovely though they be?"

Story of the prince who tore out his own eye.

For there lived in old time a certain prince who was disgusted with the world, and he, though young and handsome, adopted the life of a wandering hermit. Once on a time that beggar entered the house of a certain merchant, and was beheld by his young wife with his eyes long as the leaf of a lotus. She, with heart captivated by the beauty of his eyes said to him, "How came such a handsome man as you to undertake such a severe vow as this? Happy is the woman who is gazed upon with this eye of yours!" When the begging hermit was thus addressed by the lady, he tore out one eye, and holding it in his hand, said, "Mother, behold this eye, such as it is; take the loathsome mass of flesh and blood, if it pleases

* Beasts of prey, or possibly Rákshasas.

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you.* And the other is like it; say, what is there attractive in these?" When he said this to the merchant's wife, and she saw the eye, she was despondent, and said, "Alas! I, unhappy wretch that I am, have done an evil deed, in that I have become the cause of the tearing out of your eye!" When the beggar heard that, he said,—"Mother, do not be grieved, for you have done me a benefit; hear the following example, to prove the truth of what I say."

Story of the ascetic who conquered anger.

There lived long ago, in a certain beautiful garden on the banks of the Ganges, a hermit animated by the desire of experiencing all asceticism. And while he was engaged in mortifying the flesh, it happened that a certain king came there to amuse himself with the women of his harem. And after he had amused himself, he fell asleep under the influence of his potations, and while he was in this state, his queens left him out of thoughtlessness and roamed about in the garden. And beholding in a corner of the garden that hermit engaged in meditation, they stood round him out of curiosity, wondering what on earth he could be. And as they remained there a long time, that king woke up, and not seeing his wives at his side, wandered all round the garden. And then he saw the queens standing all round the hermit, and being enraged, he slashed the hermit with his sword out of jealousy. What crime will not sovereign power, jealousy, cruelty, drunkenness, and indiscretion cause separately, much more deadly are they when combined, like five fires.† Then the king departed, and though the hermit's limbs were gashed, he remained free from wrath; whereupon a

* Compare the translation of the life of St. Brigit by Whitley Stokes, (Three Middle Irish Homilies, p. 65.)

"Shortly after that came a certain nobleman unto Dubthach to ask for his daughter in marriage. Dubthach and his sons were willing, but Brigit refused. Said a brother of her brethren named Beccán unto her: 'Idle is the fair eye that is in thy head not to be on a pillow near a husband.' 'The son of the Virgin knoweth' said Brigit, 'it is not lively for us if it brings harm upon us.' Then Brigit put her finger under her eye and drew it out of her head till it was on her cheek; and she said: 'Lo, here is thy delightful eye, O Beccán.' Then his eye burst forthwith. When Dubthach and his brethren saw that, they promised that she should never be told to go to a husband. Then she put her palm to her eye and it was whole at once. But Beccán's eye was not whole till his death."

That the biographers of Christian saints were largely indebted to Buddhist hagiology, has been shewn by Liebrecht in his Essay on the sources of Barlaam and Josaphat, (Zur Volkskunde, p. 441.) In Mr. Stokes's book, p. 34, will also be found a reference to the practice of shewing reverence by walking round persons or things keeping the right hand towards them. This is pointed out by Mr. Stokes in his Preface as an interesting link between Ireland and India.

† They are compared to the five sacred fires.

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certain deity appeared and said to him,—"Great-souled one, if you approve I will slay by my power that wicked man who did this to you in a passion." When the hermit heard that, he said, "O goddess, say not so, for he is my helper in virtue, not a harmer of me. For by his favour I have attained the grace of patience; to whom could I have shown patience, O goddess, if he had not acted thus towards me? What anger does the wise man shew for the sake of this perishing body? To shew patience equally with regard to what is agreeable and disagreeable is to have attained the rank of Brahmá." When the hermit said this to the deity, she was pleased, and after healing the wounds in his limbs, she disappeared.

"In the same way as that king was considered a benefactor by the hermit, you, my mother, have increased my asceticism by causing me to tear out my eye." Thus spake the self-subduing hermit to the merchant's wife, who bowed before him, and being regardless of his body, lovely though it was, he passed on to perfection.

"Therefore, though our youth be very charming, why should we cling to this perishable body? But the only thing which, in the eye of the wise man, it is good for, is to benefit one's fellow-creatures. So we will lay down our bodies to benefit living creatures in this cemetery, the natural home of happiness." Having said this to their attendants, those seven princesses did so, and obtained therefrom the highest beatitude.

"Thus you see that the wise have no selfish affection even for their own bodies, much less for such worthless things* as son, wife, and servants."

When the king Kalingadatta had heard these and other such things from the religious teacher in the monastery, having spent the day there, he returned to his palace. And when he was there, he was again afflicted with grief on account of the birth of a daughter to him, and a certain Bráhman, who had grown old in his house, said to him—"King, why do you despond on account of the birth of a pearl of maidens? Daughters are better even than sons, and produce happiness in this world and the next. Why do kings care so much about those sons that hanker after their kingdom, and eat up their fathers like crabs? But kings like Kuntibhoja and others, by the virtues of daughters like Kunti and others, have escaped harm from sages like the terrible Durvásas. And how can one obtain from a son the same fruit in the next world, as one obtains from the marriage of a daughter? Moreover I now proceed to tell the tale of Sulochaná, listen to it."

Story of Sulochaná and Sushena.

There was a young king named Sushena on the mountain of Chitrakúṭa, who was created like another god of love by the Creator to spite Śiva. He made at the foot of that great mountain a heavenly garden, which was calculated to make the gods averse to dwelling in the garden of Nandana.

* Literally the worthless straw-heap of &c.

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And in the middle of it he made a lake with full-blown lotuses, like a new productive bed for the lotuses with which the goddess of Fortune plays. This lake had steps leading down into it made of splendid gems, and the king used to linger on its bank without a bride, because there were no eligible matches for him. Once on a time Rambhá, a fair one of heaven, came that way, wandering at will through the air from the palace of Indra. She beheld the king roaming in that garden like an incarnation of the Spring in the midst of a garden of full-blown flowers. She said—"Can this be the moon, that has swooped down from heaven in pursuit of the goddess of Fortune fallen into a cluster of lotuses of the lake? But that cannot be, for this hero's fortune in the shape of beauty never passes away.* Surely this must be the god of the flowery arrows come to the garden in quest of flowers. But where has Rati, his companion, gone?" Thus Rambhá described him in her eagerness, and descending from heaven in human form, she approached that king. And when the king suddenly beheld her advancing towards him, he was astonished and reflected—"Who can this be of incredible beauty? She cannot surely be a human being, since her feet do not touch the dust, and her eye does not wink, therefore she must be some divine person. But I must not ask her who she is, for she might fly from me. Divine beings, who visit men for some cause or other, are generally impatient of having their secrets revealed." While such thoughts were passing in the monarch's mind, she began a conversation with him, which led in due course to his throwing his arms round her neck then and there. And he sported long there with this Apsaras, so that she forgot heaven; love is more charming than one's native home. And the land of that king was filled with heaps of gold, by means of the Yakshiṇís, friends of hers, who transformed themselves into trees, as the heaven is filled with the peaks of Meru. And in course of time that excellent Apsaras became pregnant, and bore to king Sushena an incomparably beautiful daughter, and no sooner had she given her birth, than she said to the king—"O king, such has been my curse, and it is now at an end; for I am Rambhá, a heavenly nymph that fell in love with you on beholding you: and as I have given birth to a child, I must immediately leave you and depart. For such is the law that governs us heavenly beings; therefore take care of this daughter; when she is married, we shall again be united in heaven." When the Apsaras Rambhá had said this, she departed, sorely against her will, and through grief at it, the king was bent on abandoning life. But his ministers said to him, "Did Viśvámitra, though despondent, abandon life when Menaká had departed after giving birth to Śakuntalá?" When the king had been plied by them with such arguments, he took the right view of the matter, and slowly recovered his self-command, taking to his heart

* Here there is a pun on the two meanings of Śrí.

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the daughter who was destined to be the cause of their re-union. And that daughter, lovely in all her limbs, her father, who was devoted to her, named Sulochaná, on account of the exceeding beauty of her eyes.

In time she grew up to womanhood, and a young hermit, named Vatsa, the descendant of Kaśyapa, as he was roaming about at will, beheld her in a garden. He, though he was all compact of asceticism, the moment he beheld that princess, felt the emotion of love, and he said to himself then and there; "Oh! exceedingly wonderful is the beauty of this maiden! If I do not obtain her as a wife, what other fruit of my asceticism can I obtain?" While thinking thus, the young hermit was beheld by Sulochaná, and he seemed to her all glorious with brightness, like fire free from smoke. When she saw him with his rosary and water vessel, she fell in love also and thought—"Who can this be that looks so self-restrained and yet so lovely?" And coming towards him as if to select him for her husband, she threw over his body the garland* of the blue lotuses of her eyes, and bowed before that hermit. And he, with mind overpowered by the decree of Cupid, hard for gods and Asuras to evade, pronounced on her the following blessing—"Obtain a husband." Then the excellent hermit was thus addressed by that lady, whose modesty was stolen away by love for his exceeding beauty, and who spoke with downcast face—"If this is your desire, and if this is not jesting talk, then, Bráhman, ask the king, my father, who has power to dispose of me." Then the hermit, after hearing of her deseent from her attendants, went and asked the king Sushena, her father, for her hand. He, for his part, when he saw that the young hermit was eminent both in beauty and asceticism, entertained him, and said to him—"Reverend sir, this daughter is mine by the nymph Rambhá, and by my daughter's marriage I am to be re-united with her in heaven; so Rambhá told me when she was returning to the sky; consider, auspicious sir, how that is to be accomplished." When the hermit heard that, he thought for a moment—"Did not the hermit Ruru, when Pramadvará the daughter of Menaká was bitten by a snake, give her the half of his life, and make her his wife? Was not the Chaṇḍála Triśanku carried to heaven by Viśvámitra? So why should not I do the same by expending my asceticism upon it? Having thus reflected, the hermit said—"There is no difficulty in it," and exclaimed—"Hearken ye gods, may this king mount with his body to heaven to obtain possession of Rambhá by virtue of part of my asceticism." Thus the hermit spoke in the hearing of the court, and a distinct answer was heard from heaven—"So be it." Then the king gave his daughter Sulochaná to the hermit Vatsa, the descendant of Kaśyapa, and ascended to heaven. There

* In the Svayamvara the maiden threw a garland over the neck of the favoured suitor.

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he obtained a divine nature, and lived happily with that Rambhá of god-like dignity, appointed his wife by Indra.

"Thus, O king, Sushena obtained all his ends by means of a daughter. For such daughters become incarnate in the houses of such as you. And this daughter is surely some heavenly nymph, fallen from her high estate owing to a curse, and born in your house, so do not grieve, monarch, on account of her birth." When king Kalingadatta had heard this tale from the Bráhman that had grown old in his house, he left off being distressed, and was comforted. And he gave to his dear young daughter, who gave pleasure to his eyes, as if she had been a digit of the moon, the name of Kalingasená. And the princess Kalingasená grew up in the house of her father amongst her companions. And she sported in the palaces, and in the palace-gardens, like a wave of the sea of infancy that is full of the passion* for amusement.

Once on a time the daughter of the Asura Maya, named Somaprabhá, as she was journeying through the sky, saw her on the roof of a palace engaged in play. And Somaprabhá, while in the sky, beheld her lovely enough to bewilder with her beauty the mind even of a hermit, and feeling affection for her, reflected—"Who is this? Can she be the form of the moon? If so, how is it that she gleams in the day? But if she is Rati, where is Káma? Therefore I conclude that she is a mortal maiden.

"She must be some celestial nymph that has descended into a king's palace in consequence of a curse; and I am persuaded I was certainly a friend of her's in a former life. For my mind's being full of exceeding affection for her, tells me so. Therefore it is fitting that I should again select her as my chosen friend." Thus reflecting Somaprabhá descended invisible from heaven, in order not to frighten that maiden; and she assumed the appearance of a mortal maiden to inspire confidence, and slowly approached that Kalingasená. Then Kalingasená, on beholding her, reflected—"Bravo! here is a princess of wonderful beauty come to visit me of her own accord! she is a suitable friend for me." So she rose up politely and embraced that Somaprabhá. And making her take a seat, she asked her immediately her descent and name. And Somaprabhá said to her; "Be patient, I will tell you all." Then in the course of their conversation they swore friendship to each other with plighted hands. Then Somaprabhá said—"My friend, you are a king's daughter, and it is hard to keep up friendship with the children of kings. For they fly into an immoderate passion on account of a small fault. Hear, with regard to this point, the story of the prince and the merchant's son which I am about to tell you."

* *Rasa* also means water.

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*Story of the prince and the merchant's son who saved his life.**

In the city of Pushkarávatí there was a king named Gúḍhasena, and to him there was born one son. That prince was overbearing, and whatever he did, right or wrong, his father acquiesced in, because he was an only son. And once upon a time, as he was roaming about in a garden, he saw the son of a merchant, named Brahmadatta, who resembled himself in wealth and beauty. And the moment he saw him, he selected him for his special friend, and those two, the prince and the merchant's son, immediately became like one another in all things.† And soon they were not able to live without seeing one another, for intimacy in a former birth quickly knits friendship. The prince never tasted food that was not first prepared for that merchant's son.

Once on a time the prince set out for Ahichchhatra in order to be married, having first decided on his friend's marriage. And, as he was journeying with his troops, in the society of that friend, mounted on an elephant, he reached the bank of the Ikshuvatí, and encamped there. There he had a wine-party, when the moon arose; and after he had gone to bed, he began to tell a story at the solicitation of his nurse. When he had begun his story, being tired and intoxicated he was overcome by sleep, and his nurse also, but the merchant's son kept awake out of love for him. And when the others were asleep, the merchant's son, who was awake, heard in the air what seemed to be the voices of women engaged in conversation. The first said—"This wretch has gone to sleep without telling his tale, therefore I pronounce this curse on him. To-morrow morning he shall see a necklace, and if he take hold of it, it shall cling to his neck, and that moment cause his death." Then the first voice ceased, and the second went on: "And if he escape that peril, he shall see a mango-tree, and if he eat the fruit of

* This story is compared by Benfey (Orient und Occident, Vol I, p. 374) with the story of the faithful servant Víravara in the Hitopadeśa, which is also found in the Vetálapanchavinśati, (see chapter 78 of this work.) Víravara, according to the account in the Vetálapanchavinśati, hears the weeping of a woman. He finds it is the king's fortune deserting him. He accordingly offers up his son, and finally slays himself. The king is about to do the same when the goddess Durgá restores the dead to life. The story of "Der Treue Johannes" will at once occur to readers of Grimm's tales. According to Benfey, it is also found in the Pentamerone of Basile. The form of the tale in our text is very similar to that in Grimm. (See Benfey's Panchatantra, Vol. I, p. 416.) The story of the faithful Víravara occurs twice in this collection. in chapter 53, and also in chapter 78. Sir G. Cox (in his Aryan Mythology, Vol. I p. 148), compares the German story with one in Miss Frere's Old Deccan Days, the 5th in that collection. Other parallels will be found in the notes in Grimm's third volume.

† The same idea is found in Midsummer Night's Dream, Act III, Sc. 2, beginning, "We, Hermia, like two artificial gods &c."

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it, he shall then and there lose his life." Having uttered this, that voice also ceased, and then the third said—"If he escape this also, then, if he enter a house to be married, it shall fall on him and slay him." Having said so much, that voice also ceased, and the fourth said, "If he escape this also, when he enters that night into his private apartments, he shall sneeze a hundred times; and if some one there does not a hundred times say to him, 'God bless you,' he shall fall into the grasp of death. And if the person, who has heard all this, shall inform him of it in order to save his life, he also shall die," having said this, the voice ceased.* And the merchant's son having heard all this, terrible as a thunderstroke, being agitated on account of his affection for the prince, reflected—"Beshrew this tale that was begun, and not finished, for divinities have come invisible to hear it, and are cursing him out of disappointed curiosity. And if this prince dies, what good will my life do to me? So I must by some artifice deliver my friend whom I value as my life. And I must not tell him what has taken place, lest I too should suffer." Having thus reflected, the merchant's son got through the night with difficulty.

And in the morning the prince set out with him on his journey, and he saw a necklace in front of him, and wished to lay hold of it. Then the merchant's son said, "Do not take the necklace, my friend, it is an illusion, else why do not these soldiers see it?" When the prince heard that, he let the necklace alone, but going on further he saw a mango-tree, and he felt a desire to eat its fruit. But he was dissuaded by the merchant's son, as before. He felt much annoyed in his heart, and travelling on slowly he reached his father-in-law's palace. And he was about to enter a building there for the purpose of being married, but just as his friend had persuaded him not to do so, the house fell down. So he escaped this danger by a hair's breadth, and then he felt some confidence in his friend's prescience. Then the prince and his wife entered at night another building. But the merchant's son slipped in there unobserved. And the prince, when he went to bed, sneezed a hundred times, but the merchant's son underneath it said a hundred times—"God bless you"—and then the merchant's son, having accomplished his object, of his own accord left the house in high spirits. But the prince, who was with his wife, saw him going out, and through jealousy, forgetting his love for him, he flew into a passion and said to the sentinels at his gate: "This designing wretch has entered my

* Cp. Ralston's Russian Folk-Tales, pp. 69 and 71, for the three dangers. The custom of saying "God bless you," or equivalent words, when a man sneezes, is shewn by Tylor (Primitive Culture, Vol. I, pp. 88-94) to exist in many parts of the world. He quotes many passages from classical literature relating to it. "Even the emperor Tiberius, that saddest of men, exacted this observance."

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private apartments when I wished to be alone, so keep him in durance for the present, and he shall be executed in the morning." When the guards heard that, they put him under arrest, and he spent the night in confinement, but as he was being led off to execution in the morning, he said to them—"First take me into the presence of the prince, in order that I may tell him a certain reason, which I had for my conduct; and then put me to death." When he said this to the guards, they went and informed the prince, and on their information and the advice of his ministers, the prince ordered him to be brought before him. When he was brought, he told the prince the whole story, and he believed it to be true, for the fall of the house carried conviction to his mind. So the prince was satisfied, and countermanded the order for his friend's execution, and he returned with him to his own city, a married man. And there his friend the merchant's son married, and lived in happiness, his virtues being praised by all men.

"Thus the children of kings break loose from restraint and slaying their guides, disregard benefits, like infuriated elephants And what friendship can there be with those Vetálas, who take people's lives by way of a joke. Therefore, my princess, never abandon your friendship with me."

When Kalingasená heard this story in the palace from the mouth of Somaprabhá, she answered her affectionate friend,—"Those of whom you speak are considered Piśáchas, not the children of kings, and I will tell you a story of the evil importunity of Piśáchas, listen!"

Story of the Bráhman and the Pisácha.

Long ago there was a Bráhman dwelling on a royal grant, which was called Yajnasthala. He once upon a time, being poor, went to the forest to bring home wood. There, a piece of wood being cleft with the axe, fell, as chance would have it, upon his leg, and piercing it, entered deep into it. And as the blood flowed from him, he fainted, and he was beheld in that condition by a man who recognised him, and taking him up carried him home. There his distracted wife washed off the blood, and consoling him, placed a plaster upon the wound. And then his wound, though tended day by day, not only did not heal, but formed an ulcer. Then the man, afflicted with his ulcerated wound, poverty-stricken, and at the point of death, was thus advised in secret by a Bráhman friend, who came to him; "A friend of mine, named Yajnadatta, was long very poor, but he gained the aid of a Piśácha by a charm, and so, having obtained wealth, lived in happiness. And he told me that charm, so do you gain, my friend, by means of it, the aid of a Piśácha; he will heal your wound." Having said this, he told him the form of words and described to him the ceremony as follows: "Rise up in the last watch of the night, and with dishevelled hair and naked, and without rinsing your mouth, take two handfuls of rice as large as you

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can grasp with your two hands, and muttering the form of words go to a place where four roads meet, and there place the two handfuls of rice, and return in silence without looking behind you. Do so always until that Piśácha appears, and himself says to you, 'I will put an end to your ailment.' Then receive his aid gladly, and he will remove your complaint."

When his friend had said this to him, the Bráhman did as he had been directed. Then the Piśácha, being conciliated, brought heavenly herbs from a lofty peak of the Himálayas and healed his wound. And then he became obstinately persistent, and said to the Bráhman, who was delighted at being healed, "Give me a second wound to cure, but if you will not, I will do you an injury or destroy your body." When the Bráhman heard that, he was terrified, and immediately said to him to get rid of him—"I will give you another wound within seven days." Whereupon the Piśácha left him, but the Bráhman felt hopeless about his life. But eventually he baffled the Piśácha by the help of his daughter, and having got over the disease, he lived in happiness.*

"Such are Piśáchas, and some young princes are just like them, and, though conciliated, produce misfortune, my friend, but they can be guarded against by counsel. But princesses of good family have never been heard to be such. So you must not expect any injury from associating with me." When Somaprabhá heard from the mouth of Kalingásená in due course this sweet, entertaining, and amusing tale, she was delighted. And she said to her—"My house is sixty *yojanas* distant hence, and the day is passing away; I have remained long, so now I must depart, fair one." Then, as the lord of day was slowly sinking to the eastern mountain, she took leave of her friend who was eager for a second interview, and in a moment flew up into the air, exciting the wonder of the spectators, and rapidly returned to her own house. And, after beholding that wonderful sight, Kalingasená entered into her house with much perplexity, and reflected, "I do not know, indeed, whether my friend is a Siddha female, or an Apsaras, or a Vidyádhárí. She is certainly a heavenly female that travels through the upper air. And heavenly females associate with mortal ones led by excessive love. Did not Arundhatí live in friendship with the daughter of king Pṛithu? Did not Pṛithu by means of her friendship bring Surabhi from heaven to earth. And did not he by consuming its milk return to heaven though he had fallen from it. And were not thenceforth perfect cows born upon earth? So I am fortunate; it is by good luck that I have obtained this heavenly creature as a friend; and when she

* I have been obliged to omit some portion of this story. "It was," Wilson remarks, "acceptable to the *conteurs* of Europe, and is precisely the same as that of 'Le petit diable de Papefigue' of Fontaine."

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comes to-morrow I will dexterously ask her her descent and name." Thinking such thoughts in her heart, Kalingasená spent that night there, and Somaprabhá spent the night in her own house being eager to behold her again.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Then in the morning Somaprabhá took with her a basket, in which she had placed many excellent mechanical dolls of wood with magic properties in order to amuse her friend, and travelling through the air she came again to Kalingasená. And when Kalingasená saw her, she was full of tears of joy, and rising up she threw her arms round her neck, and said to her, as she sat by her side—"The dark night of three watches has this time seemed to me to be of a hundred watches without the sight of the full moon of your countenance. So, if you know, my friend, tell me of what kind may have been my union with you in a former birth, of which this present friendship is the result." When Somaprabhá heard this, she said to that princess: "Such knowledge I do not possess, for I do not remember my former birth; and hermits are not acquainted with this, but if any know, they are perfectly acquainted with the highest truth, and they are the original founders of the science by which it is attained." When she had spoken thus, Kalingasená, being full of curiosity, again asked her in private in a voice tender from love and confidence, "Tell me, friend, of what divine father you have adorned the race by your birth, since you are completely virtuous like a beautifully-rounded pearl.* And what, auspicious one, is your name, that is nectar to the ears of the world. What is the object of this basket? And what thing is there in it?" On hearing this affectionate speech from Kalingasená, Somaprabhá began to tell the whole story in due course.

"There is a mighty Asura of the name of Maya, famous in the three worlds. And he, abandoning the condition of an Asura, fled to Śiva as his protector. And Śiva having promised him security, he built the palace of Indra. But the Daityas were angry with him, affirming that he had become a partizan of the gods. Through fear of them he made in the Vindhya mountains a very wonderful magic subterranean palace, which the Asuras could not reach. My sister and I are the two daughters of that Maya. My elder sister named Svayamprabhá follows a vow of virginity, and lives as a maiden in my father's house. But I, the younger daughter,

* *Suvṛittayá* means virtuous, and beautifully-rounded.

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named Somaprabhá, have been bestowed in marriage on a son of Kuvera named Naḍakúvara, and my father has taught me innumerable magic artifices, and as for this basket, I have brought it here to please you." Having said this, Somaprabhá opened the basket and shewed to her some very interesting mechanical dolls constructed by her magic, made of wood. One of them, on a pin in it being touched,* went through the air at her orders and fetched a garland of flowers and quickly returned. Another in the same way brought water at will ;† another danced, and another then conversed. With such very wonderful contrivances Somaprabhá amused Kalingasená for some time, and then she put that magic basket in a place of security, and taking leave of her regretful friend, she went, being obedient to her husband, through the air to her own palace. But Kalingasená was so delighted that the sight of these wonders took away her appetite, and she remained averse to all food. And when her mother perceived that, she feared she was ill; however a physician named Ánanda having examined the child, told her mother that there was nothing the matter with her. He said, "She has lost her appetite through delight at something, not from disease ; for her countenance, which appears to be laughing, with eyes wide open, indicates this." When she heard this report from the physician, the girl's mother asked her the real cause of her joy ; and the girl told her. Then her mother believed that she was delighted with the society of an eligible friend, and congratulated her, and made her take her proper food.

Then the next day Somaprabhá arrived, and having found out what had taken place, she proceeded to say to Kalingasená in secret, "I told my husband, who possesses supernatural knowledge, that I had formed a friendship with you, and obtained from him, when he knew the facts, permission to visit you every day. So you must now obtain permission from your parents, in order that you may amuse yourself with me at will without fear." When she had said this, Kalingasená took her by the hand, and immediately went to her father and mother, and there introduced her friend to her father, king Kalingadatta, proclaiming her descent and name, and in the same way she introduced her to her mother Táradattá, and they, on beholding her, received her politely in accordance with their daughter's account of her. And both those two, pleased with her appearance,

* Cp. Chaucer's Squire's Tale, line 316, "Ye moten trille a pin, stant in his ere."

† This may remind the reader of the story of the pestle in Lucian's Philopseudes, that was sent to fetch water. When the Ægyptian sorcerer was away, his pupil tried to perform the trick. But he did not know the charm for stopping the water-carrying process. Accordingly the house was flooded. In despair he chopped the pestle in two with an axe. That made matters worse, for both halves set to work to bring water. The story has been versified by Göthe, and the author of the Ingoldsby Legends.

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hospitably received that beautiful wife of the distinguished Asura out of love for their daughter, and said to her—"Dear girl, we entrust this Kalingasená to your care, so amuse yourselves together as much as you please." And Kalingasená and Somaprabhá having gladly welcomed this speech of theirs, went out together. And they went, in order to amuse themselves, to a temple of Buddha built by the king. And they took there that basket of magic toys. Then Somaprabhá took a magic Yaksha, and sent it on a commission from herself to bring the requisites for the worship of Buddha. That Yaksha went a long distance through the sky, and brought a multitude of pearls, beautiful gems, and golden lotuses. Having performed worship with these, Somaprabhá exhibiting all kinds of wonders, displayed the various Buddhas with their abodes. When the king Kalingadatta heard of that, he came with the queen and beheld it, and then asked Somaprabhá about the magic performance. Then Somaprabhá said, "King, these contrivances of magic machines, and so on, were created in various ways by my father in old time. And even as this vast machine, called the world, consists of five elements, so do all these machines: I will describe them one by one. That machine, in which earth predominates, shuts doors and things of the kind. Not even Indra would be able to open what had been shut with it. The shapes produced by the water-machine appear to be alive. But the machine in which fire predominates, pours forth flames. And the wind-machine performs actions, such as going and coming. And the machine produced from ether utters distinct language. All these I obtained from my father, but the wheel-machine, which guards the water of immortality, my father knows and no one else." While she was saying this, there arose the sound of conchs being blown in the middle of the day, that seemed to confirm her words. Then she entreated the king to give her the food that suited her, and taking Kalingasená as a companion, by permission of the king she set out through the air for her father's house in a magic chariot, to return to her elder sister. And quickly reaching that palace, which was situated in the Vindhya mountains, she conducted her to her sister Svayamprabhá. There Kalingasená saw that Svayamprabhá with her head encircled with matted locks, with a long rosary, a nun clothed in a white garment, smiling like Párvatí, in whom love, the highest joy of earth, had undertaken a severe vow of mortification. And Svayamprabhá, when the princess, introduced by Somaprabhá, kneeled before her, received her hospitably and entertained her with a meal of fruits. And Somaprabhá said to the princess: "My friend, by eating these fruits, you will escape old age which otherwise would destroy this beauty, as the nipping cold does the lotus: and it was with this object that I brought you here out of affection." Then that Kalingasená ate those fruits, and immediately her limbs seemed to be

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bathed in the water of life. And roaming about there to amuse herself, she saw the garden of the city, with tanks filled with golden lotuses, and trees bearing fruit as sweet as nectar: the garden was full of birds of golden and variegated plumage, and seemed to have pillars of bright gems; it conveyed the idea of walls where there was no partition, and where there were partitions, of unobstructed space. Where there was water, it presented the appearance of dry land, and where there was dry land, it bore the semblance of water. It resembled another and a wonderful world, created by the delusive power of the Asura Maya. It had been entered formerly by the monkeys searching for Sítá, which, after a long time, were allowed to come out by the favour of Svayamprabhá. So Svayamprabhá bade her adieu, after she had been astonished with a full sight of her wonderful city, and had obtained immunity from old age; and Somaprabhá making Kalingasená ascend the chariot again, took her through the air to her own palace in Takshaśilá. There Kalingasená told the whole story faithfully to her parents, and they were exceedingly pleased.

And while those two friends spent their days in this way, Somaprabhá once upon a time said to Kalingasená: "As long as you are not married, I can continue to be your friend, but after your marriage, how could I enter the house of your husband? For a friend's husband ought never to be seen or recognised*; * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * As for a mother-in-law she eats the flesh of a daughter-in-law as a she-wolf does of a sheep. And *à propos* of this, hear the story of Kírtisená which I am about to tell you."

Story of Kírtisená and her cruel mother-in-law.†

Long ago there lived in the city of Páṭaliputra a merchant named, not without cause, Dhanapálita,‡ for he was the richest of the rich. And there was born to him a daughter, named Kírtisená, who was incomparably beautiful, and dearer to him than life. And he took his daughter to Magadha and married her to a rich merchant, named Devasena. And though Devasena was himself very virtuous, he had a wicked mother as mistress in his house, for his father was dead. She, when she saw that her daughter-in-law Kírtisená was beloved by her husband, being inflamed with anger, ill-treated her in her husband's absence. But Kírtisená was afraid to let her husband know it, for the position of a bride in the power of a treacherous mother-in-law is a difficult one.

* Here Dr. Brockhaus supposes a line to be omitted. The transition is somewhat abrupt.

† Cp. with the story of Kírtisená the substance of two modern Greek songs given in Liebrecht zur Volkskunde, p. 187.

‡ *i. e.* Wealth-preserved.

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Once upon a time her husband Devasena, instigated by his relations, was preparing to go to the city of Vallabhí for the sake of trade. Then that Kírtisená said to her husband,—"I have not told you for this long time what I am now going to say: your mother ill-treats me though you are here, but I do not know what she will do to me when you are in a foreign country." When Devasena heard that, he was perplexed, and being alarmed on account of his affection for his wife, he went and humbly said to his mother—"Kírtisená is committed to your care, mother, now that I am going to a foreign land; you must not treat her unkindly, for she is the daughter of a man of good family. When Devasena's mother heard that, she summoned Kírtisená, and elevating her eyes, said to him then and there,—"What have I done? ask her. This is the way in which she eggs you on, my son, trying to make mischief in the house, but both of you are the same in my eyes." When the good merchant heard that, he departed with his mind easy on her account. For who is not deceived by the hypocritically affectionate speeches of a mother? But Kírtisená stood there silent, smiling in bewilderment, and the next day the merchant set out for Vallabhí. Then, when Kírtisená began to suffer torture at being separated from her husband, the merchant's mother gradually forbade the female slaves to attend on her. And making an agreement with a handmaid of her own, that worked in the house, she took Kírtisená inside and secretly stripped her. And saying to her, "Wicked woman, you rob me of my son," she pulled her hair, and with the help of her servant, mangled her with kicks, bites, and scratches. And she threw her into a cellar that was closed with a trap-door and strongly fastened, after first taking out all the things that were in it previously. And the wretch put in it every day half a plate of rice, in the evening, for the girl who was in such a state. And she thought, "I will say in a few days 'she died of herself during her husband's absence in a distant land, take her corpse away.'"* Thus Kírtisená, who deserved all happiness, was thrown into a cellar by that cruel mother-in-law, and while there she reflected with tears, "My husband is rich, I was born in a good family, I am fortunately endowed and virtuous, nevertheless I suffer such calamity, thanks to my mother-in-law. And this is why relations lament the birth of a daughter, exposed to the terrors of mother-in-law, and sister-in-law, marred with inauspiciousness of every kind." While thus lamenting, Kírtisená suddenly found a small shovel in that cellar, like a thorn extracted from her heart by the Creator. So she dug a passage underground with that iron instrument, until by good luck she rose up in her own private apartment. And she was able to see that

* Böhtlingk and Roth in their Dictionary explain the passage as follows: *imam, (i. e., patim) vyutthápya yátá iti*, she was unfaithful to her husband.

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room by the light of a lamp that had been left there before, as if she were lighted by her own undiminished virtue. And she took out of it her clothes and her gold, and leaving it secretly at the close of the night, she went out of the city. She reflected—"It is not fitting that I should go to my father's house after acting thus; what should I say there, and how would people believe me? So I must mānage to repair to my husband by means of my own ingenuity; for a husband is the only refuge of virtuous women in this world and the next." Reflecting thus, she bathed in the water of a tank, and put on the splendid dress of a prince. Then she went into the bazar and after exchanging some gold for money, she sojourned that day in the house of a certain merchant.

The next day she struck up a friendship with a merchant named Samudrasena who wished to go to Vallabhí. And wearing the splendid dress of a prince, she set out for Vallabhí with the merchant and his servants in order to catch up her husband who had set out beforehand. And she said to that merchant, "I am oppressed by my clansmen,* so I will go with you to my friends in Vallabhí."

Having heard that, the merchant's son waited upon her on the journey, out of respect, thinking to himself that she was some distinguished prince or other; and that caravan preferred for its march the forest road, which was much frequented by travellers, who avoided the other routes because of the heavy duties they had to pay. In a few days they reached the entrance of the forest, and while the caravan was encamped in the evening, a female jackal, like a messenger of death, uttered a terrific howl. Thereupon the merchants, who understood what that meant, became apprehensive of an attack by bandits, and the guards on every side took their arms in hand; and the darkness began to advance like the vanguard of the bandits; then Kírtisená, in man's dress, beholding that, reflected, "Alas! the deeds of those who have sinned in a former life seem to propagate themselves with a brood of evils! Lo! the calamity which my mother-in-law brought upon me has borne fruit here also! First I was engulphed by the wrath of my mother-in-law as if by the mouth of death, then I entered the cellar like a second prison of the womb. By good fortune, I escaped thence, being, as it were, born a second time, and having come here, I have again run a risk of my life. If I am slain here by bandits, my mother-in-law, who hates me, will surely say to my husband, 'She ran off somewhere being attached to another man.' But if some one tears off my clothes and recognises me

* *Gotraja* nearly equivalent to the Gentile of Roman law, and applied to kindred of the same general family connected by offerings of food and water; hence opposed to the Bandhu or cognate kindred. She represented that she was a prince whose clansmen were trying to disinherit him.

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for a woman, then again I run a risk of outrage, and death is better than that. So I must deliver myself, and disregard this merchant my friend. For good women must regard the duty of virtuous wives, not friends and things of that kind." Thus she determined, and searching about, found a hollow like a house in the middle of a tree, as it were, an opening made for her by the earth out of pity. There she entered and covered her body with leaves and such like things; and remained supported by the hope of reunion with her husband. Then, in the dead of night, a large force of bandits suddenly fell upon the caravan with uplifted weapons, and surrounded it on all sides. And there followed a storm of fight, with howling bandits for thunder-clouds, and the gleam of weapons for long-continued lightning-flashes, and a rain of blood. At last the bandits, being more powerful, slew the merchant-prince Samudrasena and his followers, and went off with all his wealth.

In the meanwhile Kírtisená was listening to the tumult, and that she was not forcibly robbed of breath is to be ascribed to fate only. Then the night departed, and the keen-rayed sun arose, and she went out from that hollow in the middle of the tree. Surely the gods themselves preserve in misfortune good women exclusively devoted to their husbands, and of unfailing virtue; for not only did a lion beholding her in the lonely wood spare her, but a hermit that had come from somewhere or other, when she asked him for information, comforted her and gave her a drink of water from his vessel, and then disappeared in some direction or other, after telling her the road to take. Then satisfied as if with nectar, free from hunger and thirst, that woman, devoted to her husband, set out by the road indicated by the hermit. Then she saw the sun mounted on the western mountain, stretching forth his rays like fingers, as if saying—"Wait patiently one night"—and so she entered an opening in the root of a forest tree which looked like a house, and closed its mouth with another tree. And in the evening she saw through the opening of a chink in the door of her retreat a terrible Rákshasí approaching, accompanied by her young sons. She was terrified, thinking to herself—"Lo! I shall be devoured by this Rákshasí after escaping all my other misfortunes"—and in the meanwhile the Rákshasí ascended that tree. And her sons ascended after her, and immediately said to that Rákshasí,*—"Mother, give us something to eat." Then the Rákshasí said to her children,—"To-day, my children, I went to a great cemetery, but I did not obtain any food, and though I entreated the congregation of witches, they

* Cp. Thorpe's Yuletide Stories, p. 341, cited before on p. 25, also Sagas from the Far East, p. 162. The Mongolian version supplies the connecting link between India and Europe. In the Sagas from the Far East, the Rákshasas are replaced by crows.

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gave me no portion; then grieved thereat I appealed to Śiva in his terrific form and asked him for food. And the god asked me my name and lineage, and then said to me—'Terrible one, thou art of high birth as belonging to the race of Khara and Dúshaṇa;* so go to the city of Vasudatta, not far from here. In that city there lives a great king named Vasudatta addicted to virtue; he defends this whole forest, dwelling on its border, and himself takes duties and chastises robbers. Now, one day, while the king was sleeping in the forest, fatigued with hunting, a centipede quickly entered his ear unobserved. And in course of time it gave birth to many others inside his head. That produced an illness which now dries up all his sinews. And the physicians do not know what is the cause of his disease, but if some one does not find out, he will die in a few days. When he is dead, eat his flesh; for by eating it, you will, thanks to your magic power, remain satiated for six months!' In these words Śiva promised me a meal, that is attended with uncertainty, and cannot be obtained for a long time, so what must I do, my children?" When the Rákshasí said this to her children, they asked her, "If the disease is discovered and removed, will that king live, mother? And tell us how such a disease can be cured in him?" When the children said this, the Rákshasí solemnly said to them, "If the disease is discovered and removed, the king will certainly live. And hear how his great disease may be taken away. First his head must be anointed by rubbing warm butter on it, and then it must be placed for a long time in the heat of the sun intensified by noonday. And a hollow cane-tube must be inserted into the aperture of his ear, which must communicate with a hole in a plate, and this plate must be placed above a pitcher of cool water. Accordingly the centipedes will be annoyed by heat and perspiration, and will come out of his head, and will enter that cane-tube from the aperture of the ear, and desiring coolness will fall into the pitcher. In this way the king may be freed from that great disease." Thus spake the Rákshasí to her sons on the tree, and then ceased; and Kírtisená, who was in the trunk of the tree, heard it. And hearing it, she said to herself, "If ever I get safe away from here, I will go and employ this artifice to save the life of that king. For he takes but small duties, and dwells on the outskirts of this forest; and so all the merchants come this way because it is more convenient. This is what the merchant, Samudrasena, who is gone to heaven, told me; accordingly that husband of mine will be sure to return by this very path. So I will go to the city of Vasudatta, which is on the borders of the forest, and I will deliver the king from his sickness, and there await the arrival of my husband." Thus reflecting, she managed, though with difficulty, to get through the night:

* Names of Rákshasas mentioned in the Rámáyana.

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in the morning, the Rákshasas having disappeared, she went out from the trunk of the tree.

Then she travelled along slowly in the dress of a man, and in the afternoon she saw a good cowherd. He was moved to compassion by seeing her delicate beauty, and that she had accomplished a long journey, and then she approached him, and said—"What country is this, please tell me?" The cowherd said—"This city in front of you is the city of Vasudatta, belonging to the king Vasudatta: as for the king, he lies there at the point of death with illness." When Kírtisená heard that, she said to the cowherd, "If any one will conduct me into the presence of that king, I know how to remove his disease." When the cowherd heard that, he said, "I am going to that very city, so come with me, that I may point it out to you." Kírtisená answered—"So be it," and immediately that herdsman conducted her to the city of Vasudatta, wearing her male dress. And telling the circumstances exactly as they were, he immediately commended that lady with auspicious marks to the afflicted warder. And the warder, having informed the king, by his orders introduced the blameless lady into his presence. The king Vasudatta, though tortured with his disease, was comforted the moment he beheld that lady of wonderful beauty; the soul is able to distinguish friends from enemies. And he said to the lady who was disguised as a man, "Auspicious sir, if you remove this disease, I will give you half my kingdom; I remember a lady stripped off from me in my dream a black blanket, so you will certainly remove this my disease." When Kírtisená heard that, she said—"This day is at an end, O king; to-morrow I will take away your disease; do not be impatient." Having said this, she rubbed cow's butter on the king's head; that made sleep come to him, and the excessive pain disappeared. And then all there praised Kírtisená, saying—"This is some god come to us in the disguise of a physician, thanks to our merits in a previous state of existence." And the queen waited on her with various attentions, and appointed for her a house in which to rest at night, with female attendants. Then on the next day, at noon, before the eyes of the ministers and ladies of the harem, Kírtisená extracted from the head of that king, through the aperture of the ear, one hundred and fifty centipedes, by employing the wonderful artifice previously described by the Rákshasí. And after getting the centipedes into the pitcher, she comforted the king by fomenting him with milk and melted butter. The king having gradually recovered, and being free from disease, everybody there was astonished at beholding those creatures in the pitcher. And the king, on beholding these harmful insects that had been extracted from his head, was terrified, puzzled and delighted, and considered himself born again. And he made high feast, and honoured Kírtisená, who did not care for half the kingdom,

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with villages, elephants, horses, and gold. And the queens and the ministers loaded her with gold and garments, saying that they ought to honour the physician who had saved the life of their sovereign. But she deposited for the present that wealth in the hand of the king, waiting for her husband, and saying—"I am under a vow for a certain time."

So Kírtisená remained there some days in man's clothes, honoured by all men, and in the meanwhile she heard from the people that her own husband, the great merchant Devasena, had come that way from Vallabhí. Then, as soon as she knew that that caravan had arrived in the city, she went to it, and saw that husband of hers as a peahen beholds the new cloud. And she fell at his feet, and her heart, weeping from the pain of long separation, made her bestow on him the *argha** with her tears of joy. Her husband, for his part, after he had examined her, who was concealed by her disguise, like the form of the moon invisible in the day on account of the rays of the sun, recognised her. It was wonderful that the heart of Devasena, who was handsome as the moon, did not dissolve like the moonstone,† on beholding the moon of her countenance.

Then, Kírtisená having thus revealed herself, and her husband remaining in a state of wonder, marvelling what it could mean, and the company of merchants being astonished, the king Vasudatta, hearing of it, came there full of amazement. And Kírtisená, being questioned by him, told in the presence of her husband her whole adventure, that was due to the wickedness of her mother-in-law. And her husband Devasena, hearing it, conceived an aversion to his mother, and was affected at the same time by anger, forbearance, astonishment, and joy. And all the people present there, having heard that wonderful adventure of Kírtisená, exclaimed joyfully—"Chaste women, mounted on the chariot of conjugal affection, protected by the armour of modesty, and armed with the weapon of intellect, are victorious in the struggle." The king too said—"This lady, who has endured affliction for the sake of her husband, has surpassed even queen Sítá, who shared the hardships of Ráma. So she is henceforth my sister in the faith, as well as the saviour of my life." When the king said that, Kírtisená answered him—"O king, let your gift of affection which I deposited in your care, consisting of villages, elephants, and horses, be made over to my husband." When she said this to the king, he bestowed on her husband Devasena the villages and other presents, and being pleased gave him a turban of honour. Then Devasena, having his purse suddenly filled with stores of wealth, part of which was given by the king, and part acquired by his own trading, avoid-

* Water is the principal ingredient of the offering called *argha* or *arghya*.

† This gem is formed from the congelation of the rays of the moon, and dissolves under the influence of its light. There is of course an elaborate pun in *Chandrakánta*.

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ing his mother, and praising Kírtisená, remained dwelling in that town. And Kírtisená having found a happy lot, from which her wicked mother-in-law was removed, and having obtained glory by her unparalleled adventures, dwelt there in the enjoyment of all luxury and power, like all the rich fruit of her husband's good deeds incarnate in a body.

"Thus chaste women, enduring the dispensations of hostile fate, but preserving in misfortunes the treasure of their virtue, and protected by the great power of their goodness, procure good fortune for their husbands and themselves. And thus, O daughter of a king, many misfortunes befall wives, inflicted by mothers-in-law and sisters-in-law, therefore I desire for you a husband's house of such a kind, that in it there shall be no mother-in-law and no cruel sister-in-law."

Hearing this delightful and marvellous story from the mouth of the Asura princess Somaprabhá, the mortal princess Kalingasená was highly delighted Then the sun, seeing that these tales, the matter of which was so various, had come to an end, proceeded to set, and Somaprabhá, having embraced the regretful Kalingasená, went to her own palace.

CHAPTER XXX.

Then Kalingasená out of love went to the top of a palace on the high road, to follow with her eyes the course of Somaprabhá, who had set out for her own home, and by chance a young king of the Vidyádharas, named Madanavega, travelling through the air, had a near view of her. The youth beholding her, bewildering the three worlds with her beauty, like the bunch of peacock feathers of the conjuror Cupid, was much troubled. He reflected—"Away with the Vidyádhara beauties! Not even the Apsarases deserve to be mentioned in presence of the surpassing loveliness of this mortal lady. So if she will not consent to become my wife, what is the profit of my life? But how can I associate with a mortal lady, being a Vidyádhara?" Thereupon he called to mind the science named Prajnapti, and that science, appearing in bodily form, thus addressed him, "She is not really a mortal woman, she is an Apsaras, degraded in consequence of a curse, and born in the house of the august king Kalingadatta." When the Vidyádhara had been thus informed by the science, he went off delighted and distracted with love; and averse from all other things, reflected in his palace; "It is not fitting for me to carry her off by force; for the possession of women by force is, according to a curse, fated to bring me death. So in order to obtain her, I must propitiate Siva by asceticism, for happiness is procurable by asceticism, and no other expedient presents itself."

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Thus he resolved, and the next day he went to the Ṛishabha mountain, and standing on one foot, performed penance without taking food. Then the husband of Ambiká was soon won over by Madanavega's severe asceticism, and appearing to him, thus enjoined him, "This maiden, named Kalingasená, is famous for beauty on the earth, and she cannot find any husband equal to her in the gift of loveliness. Only the king of Vatsa is a fitting match for her, and he longs to possess her, but through fear of Vásavadattá, does not dare to court her openly. And this princess, who is longing for a handsome husband, will hear of the king of Vatsa from the mouth of Somaprabhá, and repair to him to choose him as her husband. So, before her marriage takes place, assume the form of the impatient king of Vatsa, and go and make her your wife by the Gándharva ceremony. In this way, fair sir, you will obtain Kalingasená." Having received this command from Śiva, Madanavega prostrated himself before him, and returned to his home on the slope of the Kálakúṭa mountain.

Then Kalingasená went on enjoying herself in the city of Takshaśilá, in the society of Somaprabhá, who went every night to her own home, and came back every morning to her friend, in her chariot that travelled through the air: and one day she said to Somaprabhá in private; "My friend, you must not tell any one what I tell you. Listen, and I will give you a reason that makes me think the time of my marriage has arrived. Ambassadors have been sent here by many kings to ask me in marriage. And they, after an interview with my father, have always hitherto been dismissed by him as they came. But now the king of the name of Prasenajit, who lives in Śrávastí, has sent a messenger, and he alone has been received with honourable distinction by my father And that course has been recommended by my mother, so I conjecture, the king, my suitor, has been approved of by my father and mother, as of sufficiently noble lineage. For he is born in that family, in which were born Ambá and Ambáliká, the paternal grandmothers of the Kurus and Páṇḍus. So, my friend, it is clear that they have now determined to bestow me in marriage on this king Prasenajit in the city of Śrávastí." When Somaprabhá heard this from Kalingasená, she suddenly shed from grief a copious shower of tears, creating, as it were, a second necklace. And when her friend asked her the cause of her tears, that daughter of the Asura Maya, who had seen all the terrestrial world, said to her—"Of the desirable requisites in a suitor, youth, good looks, noble birth, good disposition, and wealth, youth is of the greatest importance; high birth, and so on, are of subordinate importance. But I have seen that king Prasenajit, and he is an old man; who cares about his high lineage, as he is old, any more than about the birth of the jasmine-flower? You will be to be pitied when linked to him who is white as snow, as the lotus-bed, when linked to the winter, and your face will be a withered

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lotus. For this reason despondency has arisen in me, but I should be delighted if Udayana, the king of Vatsa, were to become your husband, O auspicious lady. For there is no king upon the earth equal to him in form, beauty, lineage, daring and riches. If, fair one, you should be married to that fitting mate, the display which the Creator has made in your case of his power to create beauty, would have brought forth fruit." By means of these speeches, artfully framed by Somaprabhá, the mind of Kalingasená was impelled as if by engines, and flew towards the king of Vatsa. And then the princess asked the daughter of Maya, "Friend, how is it that he is called the king of Vatsa? In what race was he born? And whence was he named Udayana? Tell me." Then Somaprabhá said—"Listen, friend, I will tell you that. There is a land, the ornament of the earth, named Vatsa. In it there is a city named Kauśámbí, like a second Amarávatí; and he is called the king of Vatsa because he rules there. And hear his lineage, my friend, related by me. Arjuna of the Páṇḍava race had a son named Abhimanyu, and he, skilled in breaking the close rings of the hostile army, destroyed the force of the Kauravas. From him there sprang a king named Paríkshit, the head of the race of Bharata, and from him sprang Janamejaya, who performed the snake-sacrifice. His son was S'atáníka who settled in Kauśámbí, and he was slain in a war between the gods and Asuras after slaying many giants. His son was king Sahasrá-níka, an object of praise to the world, to whom Indra sent his chariot, and he went to heaven and returned thence. To him was born this Udayana by the queen Mṛigávatí, the ornament of the race of the Moon, a king that is a feast to the eyes of the world. Hear too the reason of his name. That Mṛigávatí, the mother of this high-born king, being pregnant, felt a desire to bathe in a lake of blood, and her husband, afraid of committing sin, had a lake made of liquid *lac* and other coloured fluids in which she plunged. Then a bird of the race of Garuḍa pounced upon her, thinking she was raw flesh, and carried her off, and, as fate would have it, left her alive on the mountain of the sunrise. And there the hermit Jamadagni saw her, and comforted her, promising her reunion with her husband, and she remained there in his hermitage. For such was the curse inflicted upon her husband by Tilottamá jealous on account of his neglecting her, which caused him separation from his wife for a season. And in some days she brought forth a son in the hermitage of Jamadagni on that very mountain of the sunrise, as the sky brings forth the new moon. And because he was born on the mountain of the sunrise, the gods then and there gave him the name of Udayana, uttering from heaven this bodiless voice—'This Udayana, who is now born, shall be sovereign of the whole earth, and there shall be born to him a son, who shall be emperor of all the Vidyádharas.'

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"Sahasráníka, for his part, who had been informed of the real state of the case by Mátali, and had fixed his hope on the termination of his curse, with difficulty got through the time without that Mṛigávatí. But when the curse had expired, the king obtained his token from a Śavara who, as fate would have it, had come from the mountain of the sunrise. And then he was informed of the truth by a voice that came from heaven, and making that Śavara his guide, he went to the mountain of the sunrise. There he found his wife Mṛigávatí like the success of his wishes, and her son Udayana like the realm of fancy. With them he returned to Kauśámbí, and appointed his son crown-prince, pleased with the excellence of his qualities; and he gave him the sons of his ministers, Yaugandharáyana and others. When his son took the burden of the kingdom off his shoulders, he enjoyed pleasures for a long time in the society of Mṛigávatí. And in time the king established his son, that very Udayana, on the throne, and being old, went with his wife and ministers on the long journey. So, Udayana has obtained that kingdom that belonged to his father, and having conquered all his enemies, rules the earth with the help of Yaugandharáyaṇa."

Having in these words quickly told her in confidence the story of Udayana, she again said to her friend Kalingasená—"Thus that king is called the king of Vatsa, fair one, because he rules in Vatsa, and since he comes of the Páṇḍava lineage, he is also descended from the race of the sun. And the gods gave him the name of Udayana, because he was born on the mountain of the sunrise, and in this world even the god of love is not a match for him in beauty. He alone is a husband fit for you, most beautiful lady of the three worlds, and he, being a lover of beauty, no doubt longs for you, who are famous for it. But, my friend, his head-wife is Vásavadattá, the daughter of Chaṇḍamahásena. And she selected him herself, deserting her relations in the ardour of her passion, and so sparing the blushes of Ushá, Śakuntalá and other maidens. And a son has been born to him by her, called Naraváhanadatta, who is appointed by the gods as the future emperor of the Vidyádharas. So it is through fear of her that the king of Vatsa does not send here to ask for your hand, but she has been seen by me, and she does not vie with you in the gift of beauty." When her friend Somaprabhá said this, Kalingasená, being in love with the king of Vatsa, answered her—"I know all this, but what can I do, as I am under the power of my parents? But in this, you, who know all things and possess magic power, are my refuge." Somaprabhá then said to her—"The whole matter depends on destiny; in proof of it hear the following tale."

Story of Tejasvatí.

Once on a time there lived in Ujjayiní a king named Vikramasena, and he had a daughter named Tejasvatí, matchless in beauty. And she disapproved of every king who sued for her hand. But one day, while she

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was on the roof of her palace, she saw a man, and as fate would have it, she felt a desire to meet him as he was very handsome, and she sent her confidante to him, to communicate to him her desire. The confidante went and entreated the man, who shrank from such an audacious step, and at last with much difficulty she made him against his will agree to an assignation, saying, "Await, good sir, the arrival of the princess at night in this retired temple which you see here." After saying this, she took leave of him, and went and told the princess Tejasvatí, who for her part remained watching the sun. But that man, though he had consented, fled somewhere else out of fear; a frog is not capable of relishing the fibres of a bed of red lotuses.

In the meanwhile a certain prince of high lineage came, as his father was dead, to visit the king who had been his father's friend. And that handsome young prince, named Somadatta, whose kingdom and wealth had been taken by pretenders, arriving at night, entered by accident, to pass the night there, that very temple in which the confidante of the princess had arranged a meeting with the man. While he was there, the princess, blind with passion, approached him, without distinguishing who he was, and made him her self-chosen husband. The wise prince gladly received in silence the bride offered him by fate, who foreshadowed his union with the future Fortune of Royalty. And the princess soon perceived that he was very charming, and considered that she had not been deceived by the Creator. Immediately they conversed together, and the two separated according to agreement; the princess went to her own palace, while the king spent the rest of the night there. In the morning the prince went and announced his name by the mouth of the warder, and being recognised, entered into the presence of the king. There he told his sorrow on account of his kingdom having been taken away, and other insults, and the king agreed to assist him in overthrowing his enemies. And he determined to give him the daughter he had long desired to give away, and then and there told his intention to the ministers. Then the queen told the king his daughter's adventure, having been informed of it before by herself, through the mouths of trusty confidantes. Then the king was astonished at finding that calamity had been averted and his desire attained by mere chance, as in the fable of the crow and the palm,* and thereupon one of the ministers said to the king, "Fate watches to ensure the objects of auspicious persons, as good servants of their masters, when the latter are not on the look-out. And to illustrate this, I will tell you the following tale: listen!"

* This is well known in India now. A crow alighted on a palm-tree when just about to fall, and so it appeared that his weight made it fall. For this and many other hints I am indebted to Paṇḍit S. C. Mookerjea, of the Hindu School.

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Story of the Brâhman Harišarman.

There was a certain Bráhman in a certain village, named Harišarman.* He was poor and foolish and in evil case for want of employment, and he had very many children, that he might reap the fruit of his misdeeds in a former life. He wandered about begging with his family, and at last he reached a certain city, and entered the service of a rich householder called Sthúladatta. He made his sons keepers of this householder's cows and other possessions, and his wife a servant to him, and he himself lived near his house, performing the duty of an attendant. One day there was a feast on account of the marriage of the daughter of Sthúladatta, largely attended by many friends of the bridegroom, and merry-makers. And then Harišarman entertained a hope that he would be able to fill himself up to the throat with ghee and flesh and other dainties, together with his family, in the house of his patron. While he was anxiously expecting that occasion, no one thought of him. Then he was distressed at getting nothing to eat, and he said to his wife at night; "It is owing to my poverty and stupidity that I am treated with such disrespect here: so I will display by means of an artifice an assumed knowledge, in order that I may become an object of respect to this Sthúladatta, and when you get an opportunity, tell him that I possess supernatural knowledge." He said this to her, and after turning the matter over in his mind, while people were asleep he took away from the house of Sthúladatta a horse on which his son-in-law rode. He placed it in concealment at some distance, and in the morning the friends of the bridegroom could not find the horse, though they searched in every direction. Then, while Sthúladatta was distressed at the evil omen, and searching for the thieves who had carried off the horse, the wife of Harišarman came and said to him—"My husband is a wise man, skilled in astrology and sciences of that kind; and he will procure for you the horse; why do you not ask him?" When Sthúladatta heard that, he called that Harišarman, who said, "Yesterday I was forgotten, but to-day, now the horse is stolen, I am called to mind," and Sthúladatta then propitiated the Bráhman with these words—"I forgot you, forgive me"—and asked him to tell him who had taken away their horse? Then Harišarman drew all kinds of pretended diagrams and said,—"The horse has been placed by thieves on the boundary line south from this place. It is concealed there, and before it is carried off to a distance, as it will be at close of day, quickly go and bring it." When they heard that, many men ran and brought the horse quickly, praising the discernment of Harišarman. Then Harišarman was honoured by all men as a sage, and dwelt there in happiness, honoured by Sthúladatta. Then, as days went on, much

* Benfey considers that this, as well as "Haripriya," means "blockhead," Orient und Occident, Vol. I, p. 374.

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point him out to me among them, in order that I may bring him." Thus spoke Chitralekhá, and when Ushá answered "By all means!" she painted for her with coloured pencils the whole world in order. Thereupon Ushá exclaimed joyfully, "There he is," and pointed out with trembling finger Aniruddha in Dváravatí of the race of Yadu. Then Chitralekhá said—"My friend, you are fortunate, in that you have obtained for a husband Aniruddha the grandson of the adorable Vishṇu. But he lives sixty thousand *yojanas* from here." When Ushá heard that, she said to her, overpowered by excessive longing, "Friend, if I cannot to-day repair to his bosom cool as sandal wood, know that I am already dead, being burnt up with the uncontrollable fire of love." When Chitralekhá heard this, she consoled her dear friend, and immediately flew up and went through the air to the city of Dváravatí; and she beheld it in the middle of the sea, producing with its vast and lofty palaces an appearance as if the peaks of the churning mountain* had again been flung into the ocean. She found Aniruddha asleep in that city at night, and woke him up, and told him that Ushá had fallen in love with him on account of having seen him in a dream. And she took the prince, who was eager for the interview, looking exactly as he had before appeared in Ushá's dream, and returned from Dváravatí in a moment by the might of her magic. And flying with him through the air, she introduced that lover secretly into the private apartments of Ushá, who was awaiting him. When Ushá beheld that Aniruddha arrived in bodily form, resembling the moon, there was a movement in her limbs resembling the tide of the sea.† Then she remained there with that sweet-heart who had been given her by her friend, in perfect happiness, as if with Life embodied in visible form. But her father Báṇa, when he heard it, was angry; however Aniruddha conquered him by his own valour and the might of his grandfather. Then Ushá and Aniruddha returned to Dváravatí and became inseparable like Śiva and Párvatí.‡

"Thus Chitralekhá united Ushá with her lover in one day, but I consider you, my friend, far more powerful than her. So bring me the king of Vatsa here, do not delay." When Somaprabhá heard this from Kalingasená, she said—"Chitralekhá, a nymph of heaven, might take up a strange man and bring him, but what can one like myself do in the matter, who never touch any man but my husband? So I will take you, my friend, to the place where the king of Vatsa is, having first shewn you your suitor

* The mountain Mandara which served as a churning-stick at the churning of the ocean of milk.

† *Velátá* is evidently corrupt.

‡ This is to be understood literally of Śiva and Párvatí, but metaphorically of Ushá and Aniruddha.

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Prasenajit." When Somaprabhá made this proposal to Kalingasená, she consented, and immediately ascended with her the magic chariot prepared by her, and setting out through the air with her treasures and her retinue, she went off unknown to her parents. For women impelled by love regard neither height nor depth in front of them, as a horse urged on by his rider does not fear the keenest sword-edge.

First she came to Śrávastí, and beheld from a distance the king Prasenajit white with age, who had gone out to hunt, distinguished by a *chouri* frequently waved, which seemed at a distance to repel her as if saying—"Leave this old man." And Somaprabhá pointed him out with a scornful laugh, saying—"Look! this is the man to whom your father wishes to give you." Then she said to Somaprabhá—"Old age has chosen him for her own, what other female will choose him?" "So take me away from here quickly, my friend, to the king of Vatsa." Immediately Kalingasená went with her to the city of Kauśámbí through the air. Then she beheld from a distance with eagerness that king of Vatsa, pointed out by her friend in a garden, as the female partridge beholds the nectar-rayed moon. With dilated eye, and hand placed on the heart, she seemed to say "He has entered my soul by this path." Then she exclaimed, "Friend, procure me a meeting here with the king of Vatsa this very day; for having seen him I am not able to wait a moment." But when she said this, her friend Somaprabhá answered her—"I have seen today an unfavourable omen, so remain, my friend, this day quiet and unobserved in this garden, do not, my friend, send go-betweens backwards and forwards. To-morrow I will come and devise some expedient for your meeting: at present, O thou whose home is in my heart, I desire to return to the home of my husband." Having said this, Somaprabhá departed thence after leaving her there; and the king of Vatsa, leaving the garden, entered his palace. Then Kalingasená, remaining there, sent her chamberlain, giving him her message explicitly, to the king of Vatsa; and this she did, though previously forbidden by her friend, who understood omens. Love, when recently enthroned in the breasts of young women, is impatient of all restraint. And the chamberlain went and announced himself by the mouth of the warder, and immediately entering, thus addressed the king of Vatsa—"O king, the daughter of Kalingadatta the king who rules over Takshaśilá, Kalingasená by name, having heard that you are most handsome, has come here to choose you for a husband, abandoning her relatives, having accomplished the journey in a magic car that travels through the air, together with her attendants; and she has been conducted here by her confidante named Somaprabhá, who travels invisible, the daughter of the Asura Maya, the wife of Naḍakúvara. I have been sent by her to inform you; do you receive her; let there be union of you two

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as of the moonlight and the moon." When the king heard this from the chamberlain, he welcomed him, saying—"I consent," and being delighted, he honoured him with gold and garments. And summoning his chief minister Yaugandhárayana, he said to him, "The daughter of king Kalingadatta, who is called Kalingasená, and whose beauty is famed on the earth, has come of her own accord to choose me as a husband; so tell me quickly, when shall I marry her, for she is not to be rejected?" The minister Yaugandharáyana, when the king of Vatsa said this to him, regarding what would be best for his master in the long run, reflected for a moment as follows:* "Kalingasená is certainly famed for beauty in the three worlds, there is no other like her; even the gods are in love with her. If this king of Vatsa obtain her, he will abandon everything else, and then the queen Vásavadattá will lose her life, and then the prince Naraváhanadatta will perish, and Padmávatí out of love for him will find life hard to retain: and then Chaṇḍamahásena and Pradyota, the fathers of the two queens, will lose their lives or become hostile; and thus utter ruin will follow. On the other hand it will not do to forbid the match, since the vicious passion of this king will increase if he is thwarted. So I will put off the time of his marriage in order to attain a favourable issue." Having thus reflected, Yaugandharáyana said to the king of Vatsa, "O king, you are fortunate in that this Kalingasená has of her own accord come to your house, and the king, her father, has become your servant. So you must consult the astrologers, and marry her in accordance with good custom at an auspicious time, for she is the daughter of a great king. To-day give her a suitable palace to dwell in by herself, and send her male and female slaves, and robes and ornaments." When his chief minister gave him this advice, the king of Vatsa approved it, and with glad heart performed it all with special attention. Then Kalingasená entered the palace assigned her for residence, and considering her desire attained, was exceedingly delighted.

The wise Yaugandharáyana, for his part, immediately left the king's court, went to his own house, and reflected—"Often procrastination serves to avert an inauspicious measure. For long ago, when Indra had fled on account of having caused the death of a Bráhman, and Nahusha obtained the sovereignty over the gods, he fell in love with Sachí,† and she was saved by the preceptor of the gods‡, to whom she had fled for refuge. For in order to gain time, he kept saying—'She will come to you to-day or to-morrow,'—until Nahusha was destroyed by the curse of a Bráhman, uttered with an angry roar, and Indra regained the sovereignty

* I read *evam* for *eva*.

† The wife of Indra.

‡ *i. e.* Brihaspati.

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of the gods. In the same way I must keep putting off my master." Having thus reflected, the minister secretly made an arrangement with the astrologers that they were to fix a distant date.

Then the queen Vásavadattá found out what had taken place, and summoned the prime-minister to her palace. When he entered and bowed before her, the queen said to him, weeping—"Noble sir, you said to me long ago, 'Queen, as long as I remain where I am, you shall have no other rival but Padmávatí,' and observe now, this Kalingasená is about to be married here: and she is beautiful, and my husband is attached to her, so you have proved a prophet of falsehood and I am now a dead woman." When the minister Yaugandharáyana heard this, he said to her—"Be composed, for how could this happen, queen, while I am alive? However, you must not oppose the king in this matter, but must on the contrary take refuge in self-restraint, and shew him all complaisance. The sick man is not induced to place himself in the physician's hands by disagreeable speeches, but he is by agreeable speeches, if the physician does his work by a conciliatory method. If a man is dragged against the current, he will never escape from the stream of a river, or from a vicious tendency, but if he is carried with the current, he will escape from both. So when the king comes into your presence, receive him with all attentions, without anger, concealing your real feelings. Approve at present of his marrying Kalingasená, saying that his kingdom will be made more powerful by her father also becoming his ally. And if you do this, the king will perceive that you possess in a high degree the virtue of magnanimity, and his love and courtesy towards you will increase, and thinking that Kalingasená is within his reach, he will not be impatient, for the desire of a man for any object increases if he is restrained. And you must teach this lesson to Padmávatí also, O blameless one, and so that king may submit to our putting him off in this matter. And after this, I ween, you will behold my skill in stratagem. For the wise are tested in difficulty, even as heroes are tested in fight. So, queen, do not be despondent." In these words Yaugandharáyana admonished the queen, and, as she received his counsels with respect, he departed thence.* But the king of Vatsa, throughout that day, neither in light nor darkness entered the private apartments of either of the two queens, for his mind was eager for a new well-matched union with Kalingasená, who had approached him in such an ardour of spontaneous choice. And then the queen and the prime-minister and the king and Kalingasená spent the night in wakefulness like that of a great feast, apart in their respective houses, the second couple through impatience for a rare delight, and the first through very profound anxiety.

* For *san* I should prefer *sa* which is read in a MS. lent me by the Principal of the Sanskrit College.

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wealth consisting of gold and jewels was carried off by a thief from the palace of the king. As the thief was not known, the king quickly summoned Hariśarman on account of his reputation for supernatural knowledge. And he, when summoned, tried to gain time, and said "I will tell you to-morrow," and then he was placed in a chamber by the king, and carefully guarded. And he was despondent about his pretended knowledge.* Now in that palace there was a maid named Jihvá,† who, with the assistance of her brother had carried off that wealth from the interior of the palace: she, being alarmed at Hariśarman's knowledge, went at night and applied her ear to the door of that chamber in order to find out what he was about. And Hariśarman, who was alone inside, was at that very moment blaming his own tongue, that had made a vain assumption of knowledge. He said—"O Tongue, what is this that you have done, through desire of enjoyment? Ill-conducted one, endure now punishment in this place." When Jihvá heard this, she thought in her terror, that she had been discovered by this wise man, and by an artifice she managed to get in where he was, and falling at his feet, she said to that supposed sage;—"Bráhman, here I am, that Jihvá whom you have discovered to be the thief of the wealth, and after I took it, I buried it in the earth in a garden behind the palace, under a pomegranate tree. So spare me, and receive the small quantity of gold which is in my possession. When Hariśarman heard that, he said to her proudly, "Depart, I know all this; I know the past, present and future: but I will not denounce you, being a miserable creature that has implored my protection. But whatever gold is in your possession you must give back to me." When he said this to the maid, she consented and departed quickly. But Hariśarman reflected in his astonishment; "Fate, if propitious, brings about, as if in sport, a thing that cannot be accomplished, for in this matter when calamity was near, success has unexpectedly been attained by me. While I was blaming my tongue (*jihvá*), the thief Jihvá suddenly flung herself at my feet. Secret crimes I see, manifest themselves by means of fear" In these reflections he passed the night happily in the chamber. And in the morning he brought the king by some skilful parade of pretended knowledge into the garden, and led him up to the treasure, which was buried there and he said that the thief had escaped with a part of it. Then the king was pleased and proceeded to give him villages. But the minister, named Devajnánin, whispered in the king's ear, "How can a man possess such knowledge unattainable by men, without having studied treatises; so

* A MS. in the Sanskrit College reads *jñánavijna*, *i. e.*, the knowing one, the astrologer.

† This word means tongue.

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you may be certain that this is a specimen of the way he makes a dishonest livelihood, by having a secret intelligence with thieves. So it will be better to test him by some new artifice." Then the king of his own accord brought a new covered pitcher into which he had thrown a frog, and said to that Hariśarman—"Bráhman, if you can guess what there is in this pitcher, I will do you great honour to-day." When the Bráhman Hariśarman heard that, he thought that his last hour had come, and he called to mind the pet name of frog which his father had given him in his childhood in sport, and impelled by the deity he apostrophized himself by it, lamenting his hard fate, and suddenly exclaimed there—"This is a fine pitcher for you, frog, since suddenly it has become the swift destroyer of your helpless self in this place." The people there, when they heard that, made a tumult of applause, because his speech chimed in so well with the object presented to him, and murmured,—"Ah! a great sage, he knows even about the frog!" Then the king, thinking that this was all due to knowledge of divination, was highly delighted, and gave Hariśarman villages with gold, umbrella, and vehicles of all kinds. And immediately Hariśarman became like a feudal chief.

"Thus good objects are brought about by fate for those whose actions in a former life have been good. Accordingly fate made that daughter of yours, Tejasvatí, approach Somadatta a man of equal birth, and kept away one who was unsuited to her." Hearing this from the mouth of his minister, the king Vikramasena gave his daughter to that prince as if she were the goddess of fortune. Then the prince went and overcame his enemies by the help of his father-in-law's host, and being established in his own kingdom, lived happily in the company of his wife.

"So true is it that all this happens by the special favour of fate; who on earth would be able to join you, lovely as you are, with the king of Vatsa, though a suitable match for you, without the help of fate? What can I do in this matter, friend Kalingasená?" Kalingasená, hearing this story in private from the mouth of Somaprabhá, became eager in her soul for union with the king of Vatsa, and, in her aspirations after him, began to feel in a less degree the fear of her relations and the warnings of modesty. Then, the sun, the great lamp of the three worlds, being about to set, Somaprabhá the daughter of the Asura Maya, having with difficulty taken leave, until her morning return, of her friend, whose mind was fixed upon her proposed attempt, went through the air to her own home.

Note on the story of Harisárman.

The story of Hariśarman resembles closely that of Doctor Allwissend in Grimm's Tales. It is shown by Benfey to exist in various forms in many countries. It is found in the Siddhikür, the Mongolian form of the Sanskrit Vetálapanchavinśati. In

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this form of the story the incident of the frog in the pot is omitted, and the other incidents are considerably altered. Instead of the king's treasure we find a magic gem, on which the prosperity of the country depends; it is not stolen but lost by the king's daughter. Instead of the horse we have the cure of a sick Khán who had been driven mad by evil spirits. The folly of the man who represents the Bráhman consists in his choosing worthless presents for his reward. (The story is the IVth in Sagas from the Far East.) Benfey considers the fullest form of the story to be that in Schleicher's Lithuanian Legends. In this form of the story we have the stealing of the horse. In other points it resembles the Mongolian version. The Bráhman is represented by a poor cottager, who puts up over his door a notice saying that he is a Doctor, who knows everything and can do everything. The third exploit of the cottager is the finding of a stolen treasure which is the second in the Indian story, but his second is a miraculous cure which is in accordance with the Siddikür. The latter is probably a late work; and we may presume that the Mongols brought the Indian story to Europe, in a form resembling that in the Kathá Sarit Ságara more nearly than the form in the Siddikür does. In the third exploit of the cottager in the Lithuanian tale, which corresponds to the second in the Indian, the treasure has been stolen by three servants. They listen outside while the Doctor is alone in his room. When the clock strikes one,—he says, "We have one." When it strikes two, he says—"We have two." When it strikes three, he says,—"We have now three." In their terror they go to the doctor and beg him not to betray them. He is richly rewarded.

But after all, Grimm's form of the tale is nearest to the Sanskrit. The dish with crabs in it, the contents of which the Doctor has to guess, makes him exclaim—"*Ach ich armer Krebs.*" This might almost have been translated from the Sanskrit; it is so similar in form. The guilty servants, who stole the gold are detected by the Doctor's saying to his wife—"Margaret, that is the first"—meaning the first who waited at table, and so on.

The story is also found in the Facetiæ of Henricus Bebelius, 1506. Here a poor charcoal-burner represents the Bráhman. He asks three days to consider. The king gives him a good dinner, and while the first thief is standing at the window, he exclaims "*Jam unus accessit*" meaning "one day is at an end." The next day the second thief comes to listen. The charcoal-burner exclaims "*Secundus accessit*" and so with the third, whereupon they all confess.

Benfey conceives himself to have found the incident of the horse in Poggii Facetiæ (LXXXVI ed. Cracov. 1592, p. 59). Here a doctor boasts a wonder-working pill. A man who has lost his ass takes one of these pills. It conducts him to a bed of reeds where he finds his ass. (The article from which I have taken these parallels is found in Benfey's Orient und Occident, Vol. I, p. 371 and ff.)

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CHAPTER XXXI.

The next morning Somaprabhá arrived, and Kalingásená said to her friend in her confidential conversation—"My father certainly wishes to give me to Prasenajit, I heard this from my mother, and you have seen that he is an old man. But you have described the king of Vatsa in such a way in the course of conversation, that my mind has been captivated by him entering in through the gate of my ear. So first shew me Prasenajit, and then take me there, where the king of Vatsa is; what do I care for my father, or my mother?" When the impatient girl said this, Somaprabhá answered her—"If you must go, then let us go in the chariot that travels through the air. But you must take with you all your retinue, for, as soon as you have seen the king of Vatsa, you will find it impossible to return. And you will never see or think of your parents, and when you have obtained your beloved, you will forget even me, as I shall be at a distance from you. For I shall never enter your husband's house, my friend." When the princess heard that, she wept and said to her,—"Then bring that king of Vatsa here, my friend, for I shall not be able to exist there a moment without you: was not Aniruddha brought to Ushá by Chitralekhá? And though you know it, hear from my mouth that story."

Story of Ushá and Aniruddha.

The Asura Báṇa had a daughter, famous under the name of Ushá. And she propitiated Gaurí, who granted her a boon in order that she might obtain a husband, saying to her, "He to whom you shall be united in a dream, shall be your husband." Then she saw in a dream a certain man looking like a divine prince. She was married by him according to the Gándharva form of marriage, and after obtaining the joy of union with him, she woke up at the close of night. When she did not see the husband she had seen in her dream, but beheld the traces of his presence, she remembered the boon of Gaurí, and was full of disquietude, fear, and astonishment. And being miserable without the husband whom she had seen in her dream, she confessed all to her friend Chitralekhá, who questioned her. And Chitralekhá, being acquainted with magic, thus addressed that Ushá, who knew not the name of her lover nor any sign whereby to recognise him,—"My friend, this is the result of the boon of the goddess Gaurí, what doubt can we allege in this matter? But how are you to search for your lover as he is not to be recognised by any token? I will sketch for you the whole world, gods, Asuras, and men, in case you may be able to recognise him;* and

* Cp. Ralston's Russian Folk-Tales, p. 240.

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CHAPTER XXXII.

Then the artful minister Yaugandharáyaṇa came the next morning to the king of Vatsa, who was expecting him, and made the following representation—"O king, why do you not immediately enquire about an auspicious moment for celebrating the happy marriage of your highness with Kalingasená, the daughter of Kalingadatta, the king of Takshaśilá?"* When the king heard that, he said—"The same desire is fixed in my heart, for my mind cannot endure to remain a moment without her" Having said this, the simple-hearted monarch gave orders to a warder, who stood before him, and summoned the astrologers. When he questioned them, they, having had their cue previously given them by the prime minister, said, "For the king there will be a favourable moment in six months from this time."

When Yaugandharáyaṇa heard this, he pretended to be angry, and the cunning fellow said to the king, "Out on these blockheads! That astrologer, whom your highness previously honoured on the ground of his cleverness, has not come to-day, ask him, and then do what is proper" When he heard this speech of his minister's, the king of Vatsa immediately summoned that very astrologer with mind in an agony of suspense. He also stuck to his agreement, and in order to put off the day of the marriage he named when asked, after some reflection, a moment six months off. Then

* Takshaśilá has been identified by General Cunningham with the ruins of an ancient city near Shah-deri one mile to the north-east of Kála-ka-serai. Mr. Growse has pointed out to me that I made a mistake in stating (after Wilson) in a note on p. 5 of this translation, that the precise site of Kauśámbí, the capital of the king of Vatsa, which Kalingasená reached in one day in the magic chariot, has not been ascertained. He says: "It has been discovered by General Cunningham. The place is still called Kosam, and is on the Yamuná, about 30 miles above Allahabad. The ruins consist of an immense fortress, with earthen ramparts from 30 to 35 feet high, and bastions considerably higher, forming a circuit of 23,100 feet, or exactly four miles and 3 furlongs. The parapets were of brick and stone, some of the bricks measuring 19 in. × 12½ × 2½, which is a proof of their great antiquity. In the midst of these ruins is a large stone monolith, similar to those at Allahabad and Delhi, but without any inscription. The portion of the shaft above ground is 14 feet in length, and an excavation made at the base for a depth of 20 feet did not come to the end of it. Its total length probably exceeds 40 feet. There was, I believe, some talk of removing it to Allahabad and setting it up there, but it was found to be too expensive an undertaking." Śrávastí, which Kalingasená passed on the way from Takshaśilá, has been identified by General Cunningham with Sáhet-Mahet on the south bank of the Rapti in Oudh.

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Yaugandharáyaṇa pretending to be distracted, said to the king—"Let your majesty command what is to be done in this matter!" The king, being impatient and longing for a favourable moment, said, after reflecting—"You must ask Kalingasená, and see what she says." When Yaugandharáyaṇa heard this, he took with him two astrologers and went into the presence of Kalingasená. She received him politely, and beholding her beauty, he reflected—"If the king were to obtain her, he would abandon the whole kingdom in his reckless passion." And he said to her, "I am come with these astrologers to fix the moment of your marriage; so let these servants inform me of the particular star in the lunar mansions under which you were born." When the astrologers heard the lunar mansion stated by her attendants, they pretended to investigate the matter, and kept saying in the course of their calculations, "It is not on this side, it must be after that." At last, in accordance with their agreement with the minister, they named again that very moment at the end of six months. When Kalingasená heard that distant date fixed, she was cast down in spirit, but her chamberlain said, "You must first fix a favourable moment, so that this couple may be happy all their lives, what matters it whether it be near or far off?" When they heard this speech of the chamberlain's, all there immediately exclaimed—"Well said." And Yaugandharáyaṇa said, "Yes, and if an inauspicious moment is appointed for us, the king Kalingadatta, our proposed connexion, will be grieved." Then Kalingasená, being helpless, said to them all—"Let it be as you appoint in your wisdom"—and remained silent. And at once accepting that speech of hers, Yaugandharáyaṇa took leave of her, and went with the astrologers into the presence of the king. Then he told the proceedings to the king of Vatsa, exactly as they had happened, and so having settled his mind by an artifice, he went to his own house.

So having attained his object of putting off the marriage, in order to complete the scheme he had in view, he called to mind his friend, the Bráhman-Rákshasa, named Yogeśvara. He, according to his previous promise, when thought of, readily came to the minister, and bowed before him and said—"Why am I called to mind?" Then Yaugandharáyaṇa told him the whole incident of Kalingasená which was tempting his master to vice, and again said to him—"I have managed to gain time, my friend; in that interval, do you, remaining concealed, observe by your skill the behaviour of Kalingasená. For the Vidyádharas and other spirits are without doubt secretly in love with her, since there is no other woman in the three worlds equal to her in beauty. So, if she were to have an intrigue with some Siddha or Vidyádhara, and you were to see it, it would be a fortunate thing. And you must observe the divine lover, though he come disguised, when he is asleep, for divine beings, when asleep, assume their own form. If in this

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way we are able to discover any offence in her by means of your eyes, the king will be disgusted with her, and will accomplish that object of ours." When the minister said this to him, the Bráhman-Rakshasa answered, "Why should I not by some artifice cause her to fall or slay her?" When the great minister Yaugandharáyaṇa heard that, he said to him—"This must not be done, for it would be a very wicked deed. And whoever goes his own way without offending against the god of justice, finds that that god comes to his assistance to enable him to attain his objects. So you must discover in her, my friend, a fault self-caused, in order that through your friendship the king's objects may be accomplished by me." Having received this order from the excellent minister, the Bráhman-Rákshasa departed, and disguised by magic entered the house of Kalingasená.

In the meanwhile Somaprabhá, her friend, the daughter of the Asura Maya, went again into the presence of Kalingasená. And the daughter of Maya, after asking her friend what had happened in the night, said to her who had abandoned her relations, in the hearing of that Rákshasa—"I came here in the forenoon after searching for you, but I remained concealed at your side, seeing Yaugandharáyaṇa. However I heard your conversation, and I understood the whole state of affairs. So why did you make this attempt yesterday though you were forbidden to do so by me? For any business which is undertaken, my friend, without first counteracting the evil omen, will end in calamity; as a proof of this, hear the following tale:"

Story of the Bráhman's son Vishṇudatta and his seven foolish companions.

Long ago there lived in Antarvedi a Bráhman named Vasudatta, and he had a son born to him named Vishṇudatta. That Vishṇudatta, after he reached the age of sixteen years, set out for the city of Vallabhí in order to acquire learning. And there joined him seven other young Bráhmans his fellows, but those seven were fools, while he was wise and sprung from a good family. After they had taken an oath not to desert one another, Vishṇudatta set out with them at night without the knowledge of his parents. And after he had set forth, he saw an evil omen presenting itself in front of him, and he said to those friends of his who were travelling with him,—"Ha! Here is a bad omen! it is advisable to turn back now; we will set out again with good hope of success, when we have auspicious omens with us." When those seven foolish companions heard that, they said, "Do not entertain groundless fear, for we are not afraid of the omen. If you are afraid, do not go, but we will start this moment; to-morrow morning our relations will abandon us, when they hear of our proceedings." When those ignorant creatures said that, Vishṇudatta set out with them, urged on by his oath, but he first called to mind Hari, the

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dispeller of sin. And at the end of the night he saw another evil omen, and again mentioned it, and he was rebuked by all those foolish friends of his in the following words; "This is our evil omen, you coward afraid to travel, that you have been brought by us, since you shudder at a crow at every step you take; we require no other evil omen." Having reviled him in these words, they continued their journey and Vishṇudatta went with them, as he could not help it, but kept silence, reflecting—"One ought not to give advice to a fool bent on going his own crooked way, for it only entails ridicule, being like the beautifying of ordure. A single wise man fallen among many fools, like a lotus in the path of the waves, is surely overwhelmed. So I must not henceforth give these men either good or bad advice, but I must go on in silence; destiny will educe prosperity." Engaged in these reflections, Vishṇudatta proceeded on the way with those fools, and at the end of the day he reached a Śavara village. There he wandered about in the night and reached a certain house inhabited by a young woman, and asked the woman for a lodging there. She gave him a room, and he entered it with his friends, and those seven in a moment went to sleep. He alone remained awake, as he had entered a house belonging to a savage. For the stupid sleep resolutely, how can the understanding sleep?

And in the meanwhile a certain young man secretly entered the inner apartment of the house, and went into the presence of that woman. And she remained in confidential conversation with him, and as fate would have it, they both fell asleep. And Vishṇudatta, perceiving it all through the half-open door by the light of a candle, reflected despondently, "Alas! have we entered the house of a profligate woman? Surely this is her paramour, and not the husband of her youth, for otherwise we should not have this timid secret proceeding; I saw at the first that she was of a flighty disposition; but we have entered here as mutual witnesses, for lack of others." While he was thinking he heard outside a noise of men, and he saw entering a young chief of the Śavaras with a sword, looking about him, while his attendants remained in the sleeping apartment. When the chief said—"Who are you?" Vishṇudatta, supposing him to be the master of the house, said in his terror—"We are travellers." But the Śavara entered, and seeing his wife in such a position, he cut off with his sword the head of her sleeping paramour. But he did not punish or even wake his wife; but placing his sword on the ground he went to sleep on another couch. Seeing that by the light of the candle, Vishṇudatta reflected—"He did right not to kill his wife, but to kill the adulterer; but that he should sleep here in confidence, after performing such a deed, is an act of surprising courage, characteristic of men of mighty minds." While Vishṇudatta was thus reflecting, that wicked woman awoke and beheld her paramour

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slain, and that husband of hers asleep. So she rose up, and took on her shoulder the body of her lover, and carrying his head in one hand, she went out. And going outside quickly, she threw into an ash-heap the trunk with the head, and came secretly back. And Vishṇudatta going out beheld it all from a distance, and again entering remained as he was, in the midst of his sleeping companions. But the wicked woman came back, and entering the room, cut off with that very sword the head of her sleeping husband. And going out she raised a cry so as to make all the servants hear, "Alas! I am ruined, my husband has been slain by these travellers." Then the servants, hearing the cry, rushed forward and beholding their master slain, ran upon Vishṇudatta and his friends with uplifted weapons. And when those others, his companions, rose up in terror, as they were about to be slain, Vishṇudatta said quickly—"Cease your attempt to slay Bráhmans! We did not do this deed; this wicked woman herself did it, being in love with another man. But I saw the whole affair from the very beginning, through a half-open door; and I went out and observed what she did, and if you will have patience with me, I will tell you." Vishṇudatta with these words restrained the Śavaras, and told them the whole affair from the beginning, and took them out and showed them the trunk with the head freshly severed and thrown by the woman on that heap of refuse. Then the woman confessed the truth by the paleness of her face, and all there reviled the wanton, and said—"Whom will not a wicked woman kill, when won over by another man, like a sword in an enemy's hand, since enticed by love she commits reckless crime without being taught." Having said this, they thereupon let Vishṇudatta and his companions go; and then the seven companions praised Vishṇudatta, saying, "You became to us, while we were asleep at night, a protecting jewel-lamp, through your kindness we escaped to-day from death produced by an evil omen." In these words they praised Vishṇudatta, and ceased henceforth their reviling, and after bowing before him they set out in the morning on their errand, accompanied by him.

Having told this story to Kalingasená in their mutual conversation, Somaprabhá again said to that friend of hers in Kauśámbí.—"Thus, my friend, an evil omen presenting itself to people engaged in any undertaking, if not counteracted by delay and other methods, produces misfortune. And so people of dull intelligence, neglecting the advice of the wise, and acting impetuously, are afflicted in the end. Accordingly you did not act wisely in sending a messenger to the king of Vatsa, asking him to receive you, when there was an inauspicious omen. May Fate grant you to be married without any impediment, but you came from your house in an unlucky moment, therefore your marriage is far off. And the gods too are in love with you, so you must be on your guard against this. And you must think

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of the minister Yaugandharáyaṇa, who is expert in politic wiles; he, fearing that the king may become engrossed in pleasure, may throw impediments in your way in this business; or he may even bring a charge against you after your marriage is celebrated: but no, being virtuous, he will not bring a false accusation; nevertheless, my friend, you must at all events be on your guard against your rival wife, I will tell you a story illustrative of this, listen."

Story of Kadalígarbhá.

There is in this land a city named Ikshumatí, and by the side of it there runs a river called by the same name; both were created by Viśvámitra. And near it there is a great forest, and in it a hermit of the name of Mankaṇaka had made himself a hermitage and performed penance with his heels upwards. And while he was performing austerities, he saw an Apsaras of the name of Menaká coming through the air, with her clothes floating on the breeze. Then his mind was bewildered by Cupid, who had found his opportunity, and there was born to him a daughter named Kadalígarbhá,* beautiful in every limb. And since she was born in the interior of a plantain, her father, the hermit Mankaṇaka, gave her the name of Kadalígarbhá. She grew up in his hermitage like Kṛipí the wife of Droṇa, who was born to Gautama on his beholding Rambhá. And once on a time Dṛiḍhavarman, a king born in Madhyadeśa,† who in the excitement of the chase was carried away by his horse, entered that hermitage. He beheld Kadalígarbhá clothed in garments of bark, having her beauty exceedingly set off by the dress appropriate to the daughter of an ascetic. And she, when seen, captivated the heart of that king so completely, that she left no room in it for the women of his harem. While thinking to himself—"Shall I be able to obtain as a wife this daughter of some hermit or other, as Dushyanta obtained Śakuntalá the daughter of the hermit Kanva?"—the king beheld that hermit Mankaṇaka coming with fuel and *kuśa*-grass. And leaving his horse, he approached him and worshipped at his feet, and when questioned, discovered himself to that hermit. Then the hermit gave the following order to Kadalígarbhá—"My dear child, prepare the *arghya*‡ for this king our guest." She said—"I will do so"—and bowing, prepared the hospitable offering, and then the king said to the hermit—"Whence did you obtain this maiden who is so beautiful?"—Then the hermit told the king the story of her birth, and her name

* Here there is a slight omission in my translation.

† The country lying between the Himálayas on the north, the Vindhya mountains on the south, Vinaśana on the west and Prayága (Allahabad) on the east.

‡ A respectful offering to gods or venerable men of rice, *dúrva*-grass, flowers &c. with water.

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Kadalígarbhá, which indicated the manner of it, Then the king, considering the maiden born from the hermit's thinking on Menaká to be an Apsaras, earnestly craved her hand of her father. And the sage gave him that daughter named Kadalígarbhá, for the actions of the sages of old time, guided by divine insight, were without hesitation. And the nymphs of heaven, discovering the fact by their divine power, came there out of love for Menaká, and adorned her for the wedding. And on that very occasion they put mustard-seeds into her hand and said to her,—"As you are going along the path, sow them, in order that you may know it again. If, daughter, at any time your husband should scorn you, and you should wish to return here, then you will be able, as you cóme along, to recognise the path by these, which will have sprung up." When they had said this to her, and her marriage had been celebrated, the king Dṛiḍhavarman placed Kadalígarbhá on his horse, and departed thence. His army came up and escorted him, and in company with that bride of his, who sowed the mustard-seeds all along the path, he reached his own palace. There he became averse to the society of his other wives, and dwelt with that Kadalígarbhá, after telling her story to his ministers.

Then his principal wife, being exceedingly afflicted, said to his minister in secret, after reminding him of the benefits she had conferred upon him: "The king is now exclusively attached to his new wife and has deserted me, so take steps to make this rival of mine depart." When that minister heard that, he said—"Queen, it is not appropriate for people like me to destroy or banish their masters' wives. This is the business of the wives of wandering religious mendicants, addicted to jugglery and such practices, associating with men like themselves. For those hypocritical female ascetics, creeping unforbidden into houses, skilled in deception, will stick at no deed whatever." When he said this to her, the queen, as if abashed, said to him in affected shame—"Then I will have nothing to do with this proceeding disapproved of by the virtuous." But she laid up his speech in her heart, and dismissing that minister, she summoned by the mouth of her maid a certain wandering female ascetic. And she told her all that desire of hers from the beginning, and promised to give her great wealth if the business were successfully accomplished. And the wicked female ascetic, from desire of gain, said to the afflicted queen—"Queen, this is an easy matter, I will accomplish it for you, for I know very many expedients of various kinds." Having thus consoled the queen, that female ascetic departed; and after reaching her house, she reflected as one afraid, "Alas! whom will not excessive desire of gain delude, since I rashly made such a promise before the queen? But the fact is, I know no device of the kind, and it is not possible to carry on any deception in the palace, as I do in other places, for the authorities might perhaps find it out and

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punish me. There may be one resource in this difficulty, for I have a friend, a barber, and as he is skilled in devices of the kind, all may yet go well, if he exert himself in the matter." After thus reflecting, she went to the barber, and told him all her plan that was to bring her prosperity. Then the barber, who was old and cunning, reflected—"This is good luck, that an opportunity of making something has now presented itself to me. So we must not kill the king's new wife, but we must preserve her alive, for her father has divine insight, and would reveal the whole transaction. But by separating her from the king we will now batten upon the queen, for great people become servants to a servant who shares their criminal secrets. And in due time I will re-unite her to the king, and tell him the whole story, in order that he and the sage's daughter may become a source of subsistence to me. And thus I shall not have done anything very wrong, and I shall have a livelihood for a long time." Having thus reflected, the barber said to the hypocritical female ascetic—"Mother, I will do all this, but it would not be proper to slay that new wife of the king's by means of magic, for the king might some day find it out, and then he would destroy us all: besides we should incur the sin of woman-murder, and her father the sage would curse us. Therefore it is far better that she should be separated from the king by means of our ingenuity, in order that the queen may be happy, and we may obtain wealth And this is an easy matter to me, for what can I not accomplish by force of intellect? Hear my ingenuity, I will relate a story which illustrates it."

Story of the king and the barber's wife.

This king Dṛiḍhavarman had an immoral father. And I was then his servant, being engaged in the duties which belong to me. He, one day, as he was roaming about here, cast eyes on my wife; and as she was young and beautiful, his mind became attached to her. And when he asked his attendants who she was, they said—"The barber's wife." He thought—"What can the barber do?" So the wicked king entered my house, and after enjoying at will the society of my wife, departed. But, as it happened, I was away from my house that day, being absent somewhere or other. And the next day, when I entered, I saw that my wife's manner had altered, and when I asked her the reason, she told me the whole story, being full of pride at what had occurred. And in that way the king went on puffing up my wife by continual visits, which I was powerless to prevent. A prince distracted by unholy passion makes no distinction between what is lawful and what is illicit. The forest is like straw to a sylvan fire fanned by the wind. So, not being in possession of any other expedient for restraining my sovereign, I reduced myself with spare diet, and took refuge in feigned sickness. And in this state I went into the presence of that king to perform my duties, sighing deeply, pale and

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emaciated. Then the king, seeing that I seemed to be ill, asked me meaningly the following question—"Hola! tell me why you have become thus?" And after he had questioned me persistently, I answered the king in private, after imploring immunity from punishment—"King, my wife is a witch. And when I am asleep she extracts my entrails and sucks them, and then replaces them as before—This is how I have become lean. So how can continual refreshment and eating nourish me?" When I said this to the king, he became anxious and reflected—"Can she really be a witch? Why was I captivated by her? I wonder whether she will suck my entrails also, since I am well nourished with food. So I will myself contrive to test her this very night." Having thus reflected, the king caused food to be given me on the spot. Then I went home and shed tears in the presence of my wife, and when she questioned me, I said to her—"My beloved, you must not reveal to any one what I am about to tell you. Listen! That king has teeth as sharp as the edge of a thunderbolt, where teeth are not usually found, and they broke my razor to-day while I was performing my duties. And in this way I shall break a razor every time. So how am I to be continually procuring fresh razors? This is why I weep, for the means of supporting myself in my home are destroyed." When I had said this to my wife, she made up her mind to investigate the marvel of the concealed teeth while the king was asleep, since he was to visit her at night. But she did not perceive that such a thing had never been seen since the world was, and could not be true. Even clever women are deceived by the tales of an impostor.

So the king came at night and visited my wife at will, and as if fatigued, pretended to go to sleep, remembering what I had said. Then my wife, thinking he was asleep, slowly stretched out her hand to find his concealed teeth. And as soon as her hand reached him, the king exclaimed—"A witch! A witch!" and left the house in terror. Henceforth my wife, having been abandoned by the king out of fear, became satisfied with me and devoted to me exclusively. In this way I saved my wife on a former occasion from the king by my intelligence.

Having told this story to the female ascetic, the barber went on to say—"So, my good lady, this desire of yours must be accomplished by wisdom; and I will tell you, mother, how it is to be done, listen to me. Some old servant of the harem must be won over to say to this king in secret every day, 'Your wife Kadalígarbhá is a witch.' For she, being a forest maiden, has no attendants of her own, and what will not all alien servants do for gain, being easily corrupted? Accordingly, when the king becomes apprehensive on hearing what the old servant says, you must contrive to place at night hands and feet and other limbs in the chamber of Kadalígarbhá. Then the king will see them in the morning, and concluding that what the old

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man says is true, will be afraid of Kadalígarbhá and desert her of his own accord. So the queen will be delighted at getting rid of a rival wife, and entertain a favourable opinion of you, and we shall gain some advantage." When the barber said this to the female ascetic, she consented and went and told the whole matter to the king's head queen. And the queen carried out her suggestions, and the king, who had been warned, saw the hands and feet in the morning with his own eyes, and abandoned Kadalígarbhá, thinking her to be wicked. So the female ascetic, together with the barber, enjoyed to the full the presents which the queen secretly gave to her, being pleased with her aid.

So Kadalígarbhá, being abandoned by Dṛiḍhavarman, went out from the palace, grieved because the king would be cursed. And she returned to the hermitage of her father by the same path by which she came, which she was able to recognise by the mustard-seeds she had sown, which had sprung up.* Her father, the hermit Mankaṇaka, when he saw her suddenly arrived there, remained for some time suspecting immorality on her part. And then he perceived the whole occurrence by the power of contemplation, and after lovingly comforting her, departed thence with her. And he went and told the king, who bowed before him, the whole treacherous drama, which the head queen had got up out of hatred for her rival. At that moment the barber himself arrived, and related the whole occurrence to the king, and then proceeded to say this to him; "In this way, my sovereign, I sent away the lady Kadalígarbhá, and so delivered her from the danger of the incantations which would have been practised against her, since I satisfied the head queen by an artifice." When the king heard that, he saw that the speech of the great hermit was certainly true, and he took back Kadalígarbhá, recovering his confidence in her. And after respectfully accompanying the departing hermit, he rewarded the barber with wealth, thinking that he was attached to his person: kings are the appointed prey of rogues. Then the king, being averse to the society of his queen, lived in great comfort with Kadalígarbhá.

"Many false accusations of this kind do rival wives bring, O Kalingasená of irreproachable beauty. And you are a maiden, the auspicious moment of whose marriage is fixed at a distant date, and even the gods, whose goings transcend our thought, are in love with you. So do you yourself preserve yourself now, as the one jewel of the world, dedicated to the king of Vatsa only, from all assaults, for your own

* Cp. the 40th story in Grimm's Kinder-und Hausmärchen, where the girl finds her way by the peas and lentiles which had sprung up. See also the 2nd story in Gonzenbach's Sicilianische Märchen, where the girl scatters bran. The author of the notes to Grimm's Märchen mentions a story from Hesse in which the heroine scatters ashes. See also the 49th of the Sicilianische Märchen.

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excellence brings you enmity. I indeed, my friend, shall never return to you, since you are now established in the palace of your husband: good women do not visit the house of a friend's husband, O fair one! besides I have been forbidden by my own lord. And it is not possible for me to come here secretly, induced by my affection for you, inasmuch as my husband possesses divine insight and would find it out; with difficulty in truth did I obtain his permission to come here to-day. And since I can be of no use to you now, my friend, I will return home, but if my husband should give me permission, I will come here again, disregarding modesty." Thus Somaprabhá, the daughter of the Asura king, spake weeping to Kalingasená, the daughter of the mortal king, whose face also was washed with tears, and after embracing her, departed swiftly to her own palace, as the day was passing away.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Then the princess Kalingasená, who had deserted her own country and relations, remembering her dear friend Somaprabhá who had left her, and finding the great festival of her marriage with the king of Vatsa delayed, remained in Kauśámbí like a doe that had strayed from the forest.

And the king of Vatsa, feeling a little bitter against the astrologers, who were so dexterous in deferring the marriage of Kalingasená, being despondent with love-longing, went that day to divert his mind, to the private apartments of Vásavadattá. There the queen, who had been tutored beforehand by the excellent minister, let fall no sign of anger, but shewed especial sedulity in honouring her husband with her usual attentions. And the king, wondering how it was that, even though she knew the episode of Kalingasená, the queen was not angry, being desirous of knowing the cause, said to her; "Do you know, queen, that a princess named Kalingasená has come here to choose me for her husband?" The moment she heard it, she answered, without changing the hue of her countenance, "I know it; I am exceedingly delighted, for in her the goddess of Fortune has come to our house; for by gaining her you will also get her father Kalingadatta under your influence, and the earth will be more completely in your power. Now I am delighted on account of his great power and your pleasure, and long ago did I know this circumstance with regard to you. So am I not fortunate, since I have such a husband as you, whom princesses fall in love with, that are themselves sought

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by other kings?" When thus addressed by queen Vásavadattá, who had been previously tutored by Yaugandharáyana, the king rejoiced in his heart. And after enjoying a drinking-bout with her, he slept that night in her apartments, and waking up in the morning he reflected—"What, does the magnanimous queen obey me so implicitly as even to acquiesce in having Kalingasená for a rival? But how could this same proud woman endure her, since it was owing to the special favour of destiny that she did not yield her breath, even when I married Padmávatí? So, if anything were to happen to her, it would be utter ruin; upon her hang the lives of my son, my brother-in-law, my father-in-law, and Padmávatí, and the welfare of the kingdom; what higher tribute can I pay her? So how can I marry that Kalingasená?" Thus reflecting the king of Vatsa left her chamber at the close of night, and the next day went to the palace of queen Padmávatí. She too, having been taught her lesson by Vásavadattá, shewed him attentions after the very same fashion, and when questioned by him, gave a similar answer. The next day the king, thinking over the sentiments and speeches of the queens, which were completely in unison, commended them to Yaugandharáyaṇa. And the minister Yaugandharáyaṇa, who knew how to seize the right moment, seeing that the king was plunged in doubt, spake slowly to him as follows—"I know well, the matter does not end where you think, there is a terrible resolve here. For the queens spoke thus, because they are steadfastly bent on surrendering their lives. Chaste women, when their beloved is attached to another, or has gone to heaven, become careless about all enjoyments, and determined to die, though their intentions are inscrutable on account of the haughtiness of their character. For matrons cannot endure the interruption of a deep affection; and in proof of this hear now, O king, this story of Srutasena."

The story of Srutasena.

There lived long ago in the Dekhan, in a city called Gokarna, a king named Srutasena, who was the ornament of his race, and possessed of learning. And this king, though his prosperity was complete, had yet one source of sorrow, that he had not as yet obtained a wife who was a suitable match for him. And once on a time the king, while brooding over that sorrow, began to talk about it, and was thus addressed by a Bráhman, named Agniśarman: "I have seen two wonders, O king, I will describe them to you: listen! Having gone on a pilgrimage to all the sacred bathing-places, I reached that Panchatírthí, in which five Apsarases were reduced to the condition of crocodiles by the curse of a holy sage, and were rescued from it by Arjuna, who had come there while going round the holy spots. There I bathed in the blessed water, which possesses the power of enabling those men, who bathe in it and fast for five nights, to become followers of Náráyana. And while I was departing, I beheld a cultivator in the middle of a

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field, who had furrowed the earth with his plough, singing. That cultivator was asked about the road by a certain wandering hermit, who had come that way, but did not hear what he said, being wholly occupied with his song. Then the hermit was angry with that cultivator, and began to talk in a distracted manner; and the cultivator, stopping his song, said to him—'Alas! though you are a hermit, you will not learn even a fraction of virtue; even I, though a fool, have discovered what is the highest essence of virtue.' When he heard that, the hermit asked him out of curiosity—'What have you discovered?' And the cultivator answered him—'Sit here in the shade, and listen while I tell you a tale.'

Story of the three Brâhman brothers.

In this land there were three Brâhman brothers, Brahmadatta, Somadatta, and Viśvadatta of holy deeds. Of these the two eldest possessed wives, but the youngest was unmarried; he remained as their servant without being angry, obeying their orders along with me; for I was their ploughman. And those elder brothers thought that he was soft, and devoid of intellect, good, not swerving from the right path, simple, and unenterprising. Then, once on a time, the youngest brother Viśvadatta was solicited by his two brothers' wives who fell in love with him, but he rejected their advances as if each of them had been his mother. Then they both of them went and said falsely to their own husbands, "This younger brother of yours makes love to us in secret." This speech made those two elder brothers cherish anger against him in their hearts, for men bewildered by the speeches of wicked women, do not know the difference between truth and falsehood. Then those brothers said once on a time to Viśvadatta—"Go and level that ant-hill in the middle of the field!" He said—"I will"—and went and proceeded to dig up the ant-hill with his spade, though I said to him, "Do not do it, a venomous snake lives there." Though he heard what I said, he continued to dig at the ant-hill, exclaiming—"Let what will happen, happen," for he would not disobey the order of his two elder brothers, though they wished him ill. Then, while he was digging it up, he got out of it a pitcher filled with gold, and not a venomous snake, for virtue is an auxiliary to the good. So he took that pitcher and gave it all to his elder brothers out of his constant affection for them, though I tried to dissuade him. But they sent assassins, hiring them with a portion of that gold, and had his hands and feet cut off, in their desire to seize his wealth. But he was free from anger, and in spite of that treatment, did not wax wroth with his brothers, and on account of that virtue of his, his hands and feet grew again.

'After beholding that, I renounced from that time all anger, but you, though you are a hermit, have not even now renounced anger. The man who is free from anger has gained heaven, behold now a proof of this.'

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After saying this, the husbandman left his body and ascended to heaven. "This is one wonder which I have seen, hear a second, O king;"

After saying this to king Srutasena, the Bráhman continued, "Then, as I was roaming about on the shore of the sea to visit sacred places, I reached the realm of king Vasantasena. There, as I was about to enter an almshouse where cooked food is distributed by the king, the Bráhmans said to me,—'Bráhman, advance not in that direction, for there the king's daughter is present, she is called Vidyuddyotá, and if even a hermit beholds her, he is pierced by the arrow of love, and becoming distracted ceases to live.' Then I answered them—'This is not wonderful to me, for I continually behold king Srutasena, who is a second god of love. When he leaves his palace on an expedition, or for some other purpose, women of good family are removed by guards from any place whence they may possibly see him, for fear they should infringe chastity.' When I said this, they knew I was a subject of your Majesty's, and the superintendent of the house of entertainment and the king's chaplain took me into the presence of the king, that I might share the feast. There I saw that princess Vidyuddyotá, looking like the incarnation of the magic art with which the god of love bewilders the world. After a long time I mastered my confusion at beholding her, and reflected—'If this lady were to become the wife of our sovereign, he would forget his kingdom. Nevertheless I must tell this tale to my master, otherwise there might take place the incident of Devasena and Unmádiní.'

The story of Devasena and Unmádiní.

Once on a time, in the realm of king Devasena, there was a merchant's daughter, a maiden that bewildered the world with her beauty. Her father told the king about her, but the king did not take her in marriage, for the Bráhmans, who wished to prevent his neglecting his duties, told him she had inauspicious marks. So she was married to his prime minister.* And once on a time she showed herself to the king at a window. And the king, struck by her with a poisonous look from a distance, as if she had been a female snake,† fainted again and again, enjoyed no pleasure, and took no food. And the righteous king, though entreated over and over again to marry her by the ministers, with her husband at their head, refused to do so, and devoted to her, yielded up his breath.

"Accordingly I have come to-day and told you this wonderful tale, thinking that if a similar distraction were to come upon you, I should be guilty of conspiring against your life."

* This is a reproduction of the story of Devasena and Unmádiní in the 3rd book.

† Compare the "death-darting eye of cockatrice" in Romeo and Juliet. See also Schmidt's Shakespeare Dictionary under the word "basilisk."

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When king Śrutasena heard from that Bráhman this speech, which was like the command of the god of love, he became ardently attached to Vidyuddyotá, so he immediately sent off the Bráhman and took steps to have her brought quickly and married her. Then the princess Vidyuddyotá became inseparable from the person of that king, as the daylight from the orb of the sun.

Then a maiden of the name of Mátridattá, the daughter of a very rich merchant, intoxicated with the pride of her beauty, came to select that king for her husband. Through fear of committing unrighteousness, the king married that merchant's daughter; then Vidyuddyotá, coming to hear of it, died of a broken heart. And the king came and beheld that dearly loved wife lying dead, and took her up in his arms, and lamenting, died on the spot. Thereupon Mátridattá, the merchant's daughter, entered the fire. And so the whole kingdom perished with the king.

"So you see, king, that the breaking off of long love is difficult to bear, especially would it be so to the proud queen Vásavadattá. Accordingly, if you were to marry this Kalingasená, the queen Vásavadattá would indubitably quit her life, and queen Padmávatí would do the same, for their life is one. And then how would your son Naraváhanadatta live? And, I know, the king's heart would not be able to bear any misfortune happening to him. And so all this happiness would perish in a moment, O king. But as for the dignified reserve, which the queens displayed in their speeches, that sufficiently shews that their hearts are indifferent to all things, being firmly resolved on suicide. So you must guard your own interests, for even animals understand self-protection, much more wise men like yourself, O king." The king of Vatsa, when he heard this at length from the excellent minister Yaugandharáyana, having now become quite capable of wise discrimination, said—"It is so; there can be no doubt about it; all this fabric of my happiness would be overthrown. So what is the use of my marrying Kalingasená? Accordingly the astrologers did well in mentioning a distant hour as auspicious for the marriage: and there cannot after all be much sin in abandoning one who had come to select me as her husband." When Yaugandharáyana heard this, he reflected with joy, "Our business has almost turned out according to our wishes. Will not that same great plant of policy, watered with the streams of expedient, and nourished with due time and place, truly bring forth fruit?" Thus reflecting, and meditating upon fitting time and place, the minister Yaugandharáyana went to his house, after taking a ceremonious farewell of the king.

The king too went to the queen Vásavadattá, who had assumed to welcome him a manner which concealed her real feelings, and thus spoke to her to console her: "Why do I speak? you know well, O gazelle-eyed

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one, that your love is my life, even as the water is of the lotus. Could I bear even to mention the name of another woman? But Kalingasená came to my house of her own impetuous motion. And this is well known, that Rambhá, who came to visit Arjuna of her own impetuous will, having been rejected by him, as he was engaged in austerities, inflicted on him a curse which made him a eunuch. That curse was endured by him to the end, living in the house of the king of Viráṭa in the garb of a eunuch, though he displayed miraculous valour. So I did not reject this Kalingasená when she came, but I cannot bring myself to do anything without your wish." Having comforted her in these words, and having perceived by the flush of wine which rose to her cheek, as if it were her glowing passionate heart, that her cruel design was a reality, the king of Vatsa spent that night with the queen Vásavadattá, delighted at the transcendent ability of his prime minister.

And in the meanwhile that Bráhman-Rákshasa, named Yogeśvara, who was a friend of Yaugandharáyana's, and whom he had commissioned beforehand to watch day and night the proceedings of Kalingasená, came that very night of his own accord and said to the prime minister: "I remain ever at Kalingasená's house, either without it or within it, and I have never seen man or god come there. But to-day I suddenly heard an indistinct noise in the air, at the commencement of the night, as I was lying hid near the roof of the palace. Then my magic science was set in motion to ascertain the cause of the sound, but prevailed not; so I pondered over it, and came to this conclusion: 'This must certainly be the voice of some being of divine power, enamoured of Kalingasená, who is roaming in the sky. Since my science does not succeed, I must look for some opening, for clever people who remain vigilant, find little difficulty in discovering holes in their opponents' armour. And I know that the prime minister said—"Divine beings are in love with her"—moreover I overheard her friend Somaprabhá saying the same. After arriving at this conclusion I came here to make my report to you. This I have to ask you by the way, so tell me so much I pray you. By my magic power I heard, without being seen, what you said to the king, 'Even animals understand self-protection.' Now tell me, sagacious man, if there is any instance of this."—When Yogeśvara asked him this question, Yaugandharáyana answered. "There is, my friend, and to prove it, I will tell you this tale. Listen!"

The tale of the ichneumon, the owl, the cat, and the mouse.

Once on a time there was a large banyan tree outside the city of Vidiśá. In that vast tree dwelt four creatures, an ichneumon, an owl, a cat, and a mouse,* and their habitations were apart. The ichneumon and

* Benfey found this story in the Arabic Version of the Panchatantra and in all the translations and reproductions of it. He finds it also in the Mahábhárata, XII (III,

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the mouse dwelt in separate holes in the root, the cat in a great hollow in the middle of the tree: but the owl dwelt in a bower of creepers on the top of it, which was inaccessible to the others. Among these the mouse was the natural prey of all three, three out of the four of the cat. The mouse, the ichneumon, and the owl ranged for food during the night, the two first through fear of the cat only, the owl partly because it was his nature to do so. But the cat fearlessly wandered night and day through the neighbouring barley-field, in order to catch the mouse, while the others went there by stealth at a suitable time out of desire for food. One day a certain hunter of the Chándála caste came there. He saw the track of the cat entering that field, and having set nooses all round the field in order to compass its death, departed. So the cat came there at night to slay the mouse, and entering the field was caught in one of the hunter's nooses. The mouse, for his part, came there secretly in search of food, and seeing the cat caught in the noose, danced for joy. While it was entering the field, the owl and ichneumon came from afar by the same path, and seeing the cat fast in the noose, desired to capture the mouse. And the mouse, beholding them afar off, was terrified and reflected—"If I fly to the cat, which the owl and the ichneumon are afraid of, that enemy, though fast in the noose, may slay me with one blow, but if I keep at a distance from the cat, the owl and the ichneumon will be the death of me. So being compassed about with enemies, where shall I go, what shall I do? Ah! I will take refuge with the cat here, for it is in trouble, and may save me to preserve its own life, as I shall be of use to gnaw through the noose." Thus reflecting the mouse slowly approached the cat, and said to it, "I am exceedingly grieved at your being caught, so I will gnaw through your noose; the upright come to love even their enemies by dwelling in their neighbourhood. But I do not feel confidence in you, as I do not know your intentions." When the cat heard that, he said "Worthy mouse, be at rest, from this day forth you are my friend as giving me life." The moment he heard this from the cat, he crept into his bosom; when the owl and ichneumon saw that, they went away hopeless. Then the cat, galled with the noose, said to the mouse, "My friend, the night is almost gone, so quickly gnaw through my bonds" The mouse for its part, waiting for the arrival of the hunter, slowly nibbled the noose, and protracted the business, making a continual munching with its teeth, which was all pretence. Soon the night came to an end, and the hunter came near; then the mouse, at the request of the cat, quickly gnawed

589) Sl. 4930 and ff. He expresses his opinion that it formed a portion of the original Panchatantra. See Benfey's Panchatantra, pp. 544-560, Orient und Occident, Vol. I. p. 383. The account in the Mahábhárata is very prolix.

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through the noose which held it. So the cat's noose was severed, and it ran away, afraid of the hunter; and the mouse, delivered from death, fled into its hole. But when called again by the cat, it reposed no confidence in him, but remarked, "The truth is, an enemy is occasionally made a friend by circumstances, but does not remain such for ever."

"Thus the mouse, though an animal, saved its life from many foes, much more ought the same thing to take place among men. You heard that speech which I uttered to the king on that occasion, to the effect that by wisdom he should guard his own interests by preserving the life of the queen. And wisdom is in every exigency the best friend, not valour, Yogeśvara; in illustration of this hear the following story."

The story of king Prasenajit and the Bráhman who lost his treasure.

There is a city named Śrávastí, and in it there lived in old time a king of the name of Prasenajit, and one day a strange Bráhman arrived in that city. A merchant, thinking he was virtuous, because he lived on rice in the husk, provided him a lodging there in the house of a Bráhman. There he was loaded by him every day with presents of unhusked rice and other gifts, and gradually by other great merchants also, who came to hear his story. In this way the miserly fellow gradually accumulated a thousand *dínárs*, and, going to the forest, he dug a hole and buried it in the ground,* and he went every day and examined the spot. Now one day he saw that the hole, in which he had hidden his gold, had been re-opened, and that all the gold had gone. When he saw that hole empty, his soul was smitten, and not only was there a void in his heart, but the whole universe seemed to him to be void also. And then he came crying to the Bráhman, in whose house he lived, and when questioned, he told him his whole story: and he made up his mind to go to a holy bathing-place, and starve himself to death. Then the merchant, who supplied him with food, hearing of it, came there with others, and said to him, "Bráhman, why do you long to die for the loss of your wealth? Wealth, like an unseasonable cloud, suddenly comes and goes." Though plied by him with these and similar arguments, he would not abandon his fixed determination to commit suicide, for wealth is dearer to the miser than life itself. But when the Bráhman was going to the holy place to commit suicide, the king Prasenajit himself, having heard of it, came to him and asked him, "Bráhman, do you know of any mark by which you can recognize the place where you buried your *dínárs?*" When the Bráhman heard that, he said: "There is a small tree in the wood there, I buried that wealth at its foot." When the king heard that, he said, "I will find that wealth and give it back to you, or I will give it you from my own treasury, do not commit suicide, Bráhman." After saying this, and so diverting the Bráhman from his intention of committing suicide,

* For *nihatya* I conjecture *nikhanya*.

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the king entrusted him to the care of the merchant, and retired to his palace. There he pretended to have a headache, and sending out the door-keeper, he summoned all the physicians in the city by proclamation with beat of drum. And he took aside every single one of them and questioned him privately in the following words: "What patients have you here, and how many, and what medicine have you prescribed for each?" And they thereupon, one by one, answered all the king's questions. Then one among the physicians, when his turn came to be questioned, said this, "The merchant Mátṛidatta has been out of sorts, O king, and this is the second day, that I have prescribed for him *nágabalá*.* When the king heard that, he sent for the merchant, and said to him—"Tell me, who fetched you the *nágabalá?*" The merchant said—"My servant, your highness." When the king got this answer from the merchant, he quickly summoned the servant and said to him—"Give up that treasure belonging to a Bráhman, consisting of a store of *dínárs*, which you found when you were digging at the foot of a tree for *nágabalá*." When the king said this to him, the servant was frightened and confessed immediately, and bringing those *dínárs* left them there. So the king for his part summoned the Bráhman and gave him, who had been fasting in the meanwhile, his *dínars*, lost and found again, like a second soul external to his body.

"Thus that king by his wisdom recovered for the Bráhman his wealth, which had been taken away from the root of the tree, knowing that that simple grew in such spots. So true is it, that intellect always obtains the supremacy, triumphing over valour, indeed in such cases what could courage accomplish? Accordingly, Yogeśvara, you ought to bring it to pass by your wisdom, that some peccadillo be discovered in Kalingasená. And it is true that the gods and Asuras are in love with her. This explains your hearing at night the sound of some being in the air. And if we could only obtain some pretext, calamity would fall upon her, not on us; the king would not marry her, and yet we should not have dealt unrighteously with her." When the Bráhman-Rákshasa Yogeśvara heard all this from the sagacious Yaugandharáyaṇa, he was delighted and said to him—"Who except the god Vṛihaspati can match thee in policy? This counsel of thine waters with ambrosia the tree of empire. I, even I, will investigate with wisdom and might the proceedings of Kalingasená." Having said this, Yogeśvara departed thence.

And at this time Kalingasená, while in her palace, was continually afflicted by beholding the king of Vatsa roaming about in his palace and its grounds. Thinking on him, she was inflamed with love, and though she

* The plant Uraria Lagopodioides *(Monier Williams)*.

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wore a bracelet and necklace of lotus fibres, she never obtained relief thereby, nor from sandal-ointment, or other remedies.

In the meanwhile the king of the Vidyádharas, named Madanavega, who had seen her before, remained wounded by the arrow of ardent love. Though he had performed a vow to obtain her, and had been granted a boon by S'iva, still she was not easy to gain, because she was living in the land of another, and attached to another, so the Vidyádhara prince was wandering about at night in the air over her palace, in order to obtain an opportunity. But, remembering the order of S'iva pleased with his asceticism, he assumed one night by his skill the form of the king of Vatsa. And in his shape he entered her palace, saluted with praises by the door-keepers, who said—"Unable to bear delay, the king has come here without the knowledge of his ministers." And Kalingasená, on beholding him, rose up bewildered with agitation, though she was, so to speak, warned by her ornaments which jingled out the sounds—"This is not the man." Then she by degrees gained confidence in him, and Madanavega, wearing the form of the king of Vatsa, made her his wife by the Gándharva rite. At that moment Yogeśvara entered, invisible by his magic, and, beholding the incident, was cast down, supposing that he saw the king of Vatsa before him. He went and told Yaugandharáyana, who, on receiving his report, saw by his skill that the king was in the society of Vásavadattá. So by the order of the prime minister he returned delighted, to observe the shape of that secret paramour of Kalingasená, when asleep. And so he went and beheld that Madanavega asleep in his own form on the bed of the sleeping Kalingasená, a heavenly being, the dustless lotus of whose foot was marked with the umbrella and the banner; and who had lost his power of changing his form, because his science was suspended during sleep. Then Yogeśvara, full of delight, went and told what he had seen in a joyful mood to Yaugandharáyana. He said—"One like me knows nothing, you know everything by the eye of policy; by your counsel this difficult result has been attained for your king. What is the sky without the sun? What is a tank without water? What is a realm without counsel? What is speech without truth?" When Yogeśvara said this, Yaugandharáyana took leave of him, much pleased, and went in the morning to visit the king of Vatsa. He approached him with the usual reverence, and in course of conversation said to the king, who asked him what was to be done about Kalingasená—"She is unchaste, O king, and does not deserve to touch your hand. For she went of her own accord to visit Prasenajit. When she saw that he was old, she was disgusted, and came to visit you out of desire for your beauty, and now she even enjoys at her pleasure the society of another person." When the king heard this, he said—"How could a lady of birth and rank do such a deed? Or who has power to

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enter my harem?" When the king said this, the wise Yaugandharáyaṇa answered him, "I will prove it to you by ocular testimony this very night, my sovereign. For the divine Siddhas and other beings of the kind are in love with her. What can a man do against them? And who here can interfere with the movements of gods? So come and see it with your own eyes." When the minister said this, the king determined to go there with him at night.

Then Yaugandharáyaṇa came to the queen, and said—"To-day, O queen, I have carried out what I promised, that the king should marry no other wife except queen Padmávatí, and thereupon he told her the whole story of Kalingasená. And the queen Vásavadattá congratulated him, bowing low and saying—"This is the fruit which I have reaped from following your instructions."

Then, at night, when folk were asleep, the king of Vatsa went with Yaugandharáyaṇa to the palace of Kalingasená. And entering unperceived, he beheld Madanavega in his proper form, sleeping by the side of the sleeping Kalingasená. And when the king was minded to slay that audacious one, the Vidyádhara prince was roused by his own magic knowledge, and when awake, he went out, and immediately flew up into the heaven. And then Kalingasená awoke immediately. And seeing the bed empty, she said, "How is this, that the king of Vatsa wakes up before me, and departs, leaving me asleep?" When Yaugandharáyaṇa heard that, he said to the king of Vatsa—"Listen, she has been beguiled by that Vidyádhara wearing your form. He was found out by me by means of my magic power, and now I have exhibited him before your eyes, but you cannot kill him on account of his heavenly might." After saying this, he and the king approached her, and Kalingasená, for her part, seeing them, stood in a respectful attitude. But when she began to say to the king—"Where, O king, did you go only a moment ago, so as to return with your minister?"—Yaugandharáyaṇa said to her—"Kalingasená, you have been married by some being, who beguiled you by assuming the shape of the king of Vatsa, and not by this lord of mine."

When Kalingasená heard this, she was bewildered, and as if pierced through the heart by an arrow, she said to the king of Vatsa with tear-streaming eyes,—"Have you forgotten me, O king, after marrying me by the Gándharva rite, as Śakuntalá long ago was forgotten by Dushyanta?"* When the king was thus addressed by her, he said with downcast face, "In truth you were not married by me, for I never came here till this moment."

* For similar instances of forgetting in European stories, see Nos. 13, 14, 54, 55 in the Sicilianische Märchen with Köhler's notes, and his article in Orient und Occident, Vol. II, p. 103.

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When the king of Vatsa had said this, the minister said to him—"Come along"—and conducted him at will to the palace.

When the king had departed thence with his minister, that lady Kalingasená, sojourning in a foreign country, like a doe that had strayed from the herd, having deserted her relations, with her face robbed of its painting by kissing, as a lotus is robbed of its leaves by cropping, having her braided tresses disordered, even as a bed of lotuses trampled by an elephant has its cluster of black bees dispersed; now that her maidenhood was gone for ever, not knowing what expedient to adopt or what course to pursue, looked up to heaven and spake as follows—"Whoever that was that assumed the shape of the king of Vatsa and married me, let him appear, for he is the husband of my youth." When invoked in these words, that king of the Vidyádharas descended from heaven, of divine shape, adorned with necklace and bracelet. And when she asked him who he was, he answered her;—"I, fair one, am a prince of the Vidyádharas, named Madanavega. And long ago I beheld you in your father's house, and by performing penance obtained a boon from Śiva, which conferred on me the attainment of you. So, as you were in love with the king of Vatsa, I assumed his form, and quickly married you by stealth, before your contract with him had been celebrated." By the nectar of this speech of his, entering her ears, the lotus of her heart was a little revived. Then Madanavega comforted that fair one, and made her recover her composure, and bestowed on her a heap of gold, and when she had conceived in her heart affection for her excellent husband, as being well suited to her, he flew up into the heaven to return again. And Kalingasená, after obtaining permission from Madanavega, consented to dwell patiently where she was, reflecting that the heavenly home, the abode of her husband, could not be approached by a mortal, and that through passion she had left her father's house.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Then the king of Vatsa, thinking on the peerless beauty of Kalingasená, was one night seized with love, so he rose up and went sword in hand, and entered her palace alone; and she welcomed him and received him politely. Then the king asked her to become his wife, but she rejected his addresses, saying, "You should regard me as the wife of another." Whereupon he answered—"Since you are unchaste as having resorted to three men, I shall not by approaching you incur the guilt of adultery." When the king said this to Kalingasená, she answered him,

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"I came to marry you, O king, but I was married by the Vidyádhara Madanavega at his will, for he assumed your shape. And he is my only husband, so why am I unchaste? But such are the misfortunes even of ordinary women who desert their relations, having their minds bewildered with the love of lawless roaming, much more of princesses? And this is the fruit of my own folly in sending a messenger to you, though I had been warned not to do so by my friend, who had seen an evil omen. So if you touch me by force, I will abandon life, for what woman of good family will injure her husband? And to prove this I will tell you a tale—listen O king."

The story of king Indradatta.

There lived in old time in the land of Chedi a great king called Indradatta, he founded for his glory a great temple at the holy bathing-place of Pápaśodhana, desiring the body of good reputation, as he saw that our mortal body is perishable. And the king in the ardour of his devotion was continually going to visit it, and all kinds of people were continually coming there to bathe in the holy water. Now, one day the king saw a merchant's wife, whose husband was travelling in foreign parts, who had come there to bathe in the holy water; she was steeped in the nectar of pure beauty, and adorned with various charms, like a splendid moving palace of the god of Love. She was embraced on both her feet by the radiance of the two quivers of the five-arrowed god,* as if out of love, believing that with her he would conquer the world.† The moment the king saw her, she captivated his soul so entirely that, unable to restrain himself, he found out her house and went there at night. And when he solicited her, she said to him—"You are a protector of the helpless, you ought not to touch another man's wife. And if you lay violent hands on me, you will commit a great sin; and I will die immediately, I will not endure disgrace." Though she said this to him, the king still endeavoured to use force to her, whereupon her heart broke in a moment through fear of losing her chastity. When the king saw that, he was at once abashed, and went back by the way that he came, and in a few days died out of remorse for that crime.

Having told this tale, Kalingasená bowed in timid modesty, and again said to the king of Vatsa—"Therefore, king, set not your heart on wickedness that would rob me of breath; since I have come here, allow me to dwell here; if not, I will depart to some other place." Then the king of Vatsa, who knew what was right, hearing this from Kalingasená, after reflecting, desisted from his intention, and said to her—"Princess,

* *i. e.* Káma the Hindu Cupid.

† This probably means in plain English that she wore glittering anklets.

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dwell here at will with this husband of yours; I will not say anything to you, henceforth fear not." When the king had said this, he returned of his own accord to his house, and Madanavega, having heard the conversation, descended from heaven, and said—"My beloved, you have done well, if you had not acted thus, O fortunate one, good fortune would not have resulted, for I should not have tolerated your conduct." When the Vidyádhara had said this, he comforted her, and passed the night there, and continued going to her house and returning again. And Kalingasená, having a king of the Vidyádharas for her husband, remained there, blessed even in her mortal state with the enjoyment of heavenly pleasures. As for the king of Vatsa, he ceased to think about her, and remembering the speech of his minister, he rejoiced, considering that he had saved his queens and kingdom and also his son. And the queen Vásavadattá and the minister Yaugandharáyana were at ease, having reaped the fruit of the wishing-tree of policy.

Then, as days went on, Kalingasená had the lotus of her face a little pale, and was pregnant, having longing produced in her. Her lofty breasts, with extremities a little dark, appeared like the treasure-vessels of Love, marked with his seal of joy. Then her husband Madanavega came to her and said, "Kalingasená, we heavenly beings are subject to this law, that, when a mortal child is conceived we must abandon it, and go afar. Did not Menaká leave Śakuntalá in the hermitage of Kanva? And though you were formerly an Apsaras, you have now, goddess, become a mortal by the curse of Śiva, inflicted on account of your disobedience. Thus it has come to pass that, though chaste, you have incurred the reproach of unchastity; so guard your offspring, I will go to my own place. And whenever you think upon me, I will appear to you." Thus the prince of the Vidyádharas spake to the weeping Kalingasená, and consoled her, and gave her a heap of valuable jewels, and departed with his mind fixed on her, drawn away by the law. Kalingasená, for her part, remained there; supported by the hope of offspring as by a friend, protected by the shade of the king of Vatsa's arm.

In the meanwhile the husband of Ambiká* gave the following order to Rati, the wife of the god of Love, who had performed penance in order to get back her husband with his body restored: "That husband of thine who was formerly consumed, has been born in the palace of the king of Vatsa, under the name of Naraváhanadatta, conceived in a mortal womb on account of disrespect shewn to me. But because thou hast propitiated me, thou shalt also be born in the world of mortals, without being conceived in a mortal womb; and then thou shalt be reunited to thy husband, once more possessing a body." Having said this to Rati, Śiva then gave this com-

* *i. e.* Śiva.

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mand to the Creator;* "Kalingasená shall give birth to a son of divine origin. By thy power of illusion thou shalt remove her son, and substitute in his place this very Rati, who shall abandon her heavenly body, and be moulded by thee in the form of a mortal maiden." The Creator, in obedience to the order of Śiva,† went down to earth, and when the appointed time came, Kalingasená gave birth to a son. The Creator abstracted, by his divine power of illusion, her son, the moment he was born, and substituted Rati, whom he had turned into a girl, in his place, without the change being detected. And all present there saw that girl born, and she seemed like the streak of the new moon suddenly rising in broad daylight, for she illuminated with her splendour the lying-in chamber, and eclipsing the long row of flames of the jewel-lamps‡ robbed them of lustre, and made them, as it were, abashed. Kalingasená, when she saw that incomparable daughter born, in her delight made greater rejoicing, than she would have made at the birth of a son.

Then the king of Vatsa, with his queen and his ministers, heard that such a lovely daughter had been born to Kalingasená. And when the king heard of it, he suddenly, under the impulsion of the god Śiva, said to the queen Vásavadattá, in the presence of Yaugandharáyana; "I know, this Kalingasená is a heavenly nymph, who has fallen down to earth in consequence of a curse, and this daughter born to her will also be heavenly, and of wonderful beauty. So this girl, being equal in beauty to my son Naravâhanadatta, ought to be his head-queen." When the queen Vásavadattá heard that, she said to the king—"Great king, why do you suddenly say this now? What similarity can there possibly be between this son of yours, of pure descent by both lines, and the daughter of Kalingasená, a girl whose mother is unchaste." When the king heard that, he reflected, and said, "Truly, I do not say this of myself, but some god seems to have

* Prajápati.

† Literally—placing it upon his head.

‡ The superstitious custom of lighting fires, lamps &c., to protect children against evil spirits is found in many countries. Liebrecht (Zur Volkskunde, p. 31,) refers us to Brand's Popular Antiquities, edited by Hazlitt, Vol. II, p. 144, for the prevalence of the practice in England. "Gregory mentions 'an ordinary superstition of the old wives who dare not trust a child in a cradle by itself alone without a candle.' This he attributes to their fear of the night-hag;" (cp. Milton, P. L. II, 662—665). He cites authorities to prove that it exists in Germany, Scotland, and Sweden. In the latter country, it is considered dangerous to let the fire go out until the child is baptized, for fear that the Trolls may substitute a changeling in its place. The custom exists also in the Malay Peninsula, and among the Tájiks in Bokhara. The Roman custom of lighting a candle in the room of a lying-in woman, from which the goddess Candelifera derived her name (Tertullian Adv. nation, 2, 11) is to be accounted for in the same way. See also Weckenstedt, Wendische Sagen, p. 446.

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entered into me, and to be forcing me to speak. And I seem to hear a voice uttering these words from heaven—'This daughter of Kalingasená is the appointed wife of Naraváhanadatta.' Moreover, that Kalingasená is a faithful wife, of good family; and her reproach of unchastity has arisen from the influence of her actions in a former birth." When the king had said this, the minister Yaugandharáyana spoke—"We hear, king, that when the god of Love was consumed, Rati performed asceticism. And Śiva granted to Rati, who wished to recover her husband, the following boon: 'Thou shalt assume the condition of a mortal, and be reunited to thy husband, who has been born with a body in the world of mortals.' Now, your son has long ago been declared by a heavenly voice to be an incarnation of Káma, and Rati by the order of Śiva has to become incarnate in mortal form. And the midwife said to me to-day—'I inspected previously the fetus when contained in the uterus, and then I saw one quite different from what has now appeared. Having beheld this marvel I have come here to tell you.' This is what that woman told me, and now this inspiration has come to you. So I am persuaded that the gods have stolen the real child of Kalingasená and substituted this daughter not born in the ordinary way, who is no other than Rati, ordained beforehand to be the wife of your son, who is an incarnation of Káma, O king. To illustrate this, hear the following story concerning a Yaksha."

Story of the Yaksha Virúpaksha.

The god of wealth had for servant a Yaksha, named Virúpáksha, who had been appointed chief guardian of *lacs* of treasure.* And he delegated a certain Yaksha to guard a treasure lying outside the town of Mathurá, posted there like an immovable pillar of marble. And once on a time a certain Bráhman, a votary of Paśupati, who made it his business to exhume treasures, went there in search of hidden wealth. While he was examining that place, with a candle made of human fat in his hand, the candle fell from his grasp. By that sign he knew that treasure was concealed there; and he attempted to dig it up with the help of some other Bráhmans his friends. Then the Yaksha, who was told off to guard that treasure, beholding that, came and related the whole circumstance to Virúpáksha. And Virúpáksha in his wrath gave the following command to the Yaksha—"Go and slay immediately those mean treasure-hunters." Then the Yaksha went and slew by his power those Bráhmans, who were digging for treasure, before they had attained their object. Then the god of wealth came to hear of it, and being angry he said to Virúpáksha,

* For treasures and their guardians see Veckenstedt's Wendische Sagen, pp. 356—374 and p. 394. For the candle of human fat see Benfey in Orient und Occident, Vol. I, p. 383.

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ADDENDUM TO FASCICULUS IV.

Add to note on page 306.

It appears from Henderson's Folk-lore of the Northern Counties, that in Europe a candle of human fat is used with the Hand of Glory by robbers for the purpose of preventing the inmates of a house from awaking. He gives several instances of its use. The following will serve as a specimen: "On the night of the 3rd of January 1831, some Irish thieves attempted to commit a robbery on the estate of Mr. Napier of Loughcrew, county Meath. They entered the house armed with a dead man's hand with a lighted candle in it, believing in the superstitious notion that a candle placed in a dead man's hand will not be seen by any but those by whom it is used, and also that if a candle in a dead hand be introduced into a house, it will prevent those who may be asleep from awaking. The inmates however, were alarmed, and the robbers fled, leaving the hand behind them." The composition of the candle is evident from the following extract from the Dictionnaire Infernal of Colin de Planey. "The Hand of Glory is the hand of a man who has been hanged, and is prepared in the following manner. Wrap the hand in a piece of winding-sheet, drawing it tight to squeeze out the little blood which may remain; then place it in an earthen-ware vessel with saltpetre, salt and long pepper all carefully and thoroughly powdered. Let it remain a fortnight in this pickle till it is well dried, then expose it to the sun in the dog-days till it is completely parched, or if the sun be not powerful enough, dry it in an oven heated with vervain and fern. Next make *a candle with the fat of a hanged man*, virgin wax, and Lapland sesame. The Hand of Glory is used to hold this candle when it is lighted. Wherever one goes with this contrivance, those it approaches are rendered as incapable of motion as though they were dead." Southey in Book V of his Thalaba the Destroyer represents a hand and taper of this kind as used to lull to sleep Zohak, the giant keeper of the caves of Babylon. (See the extracts from Grose and Torquemada in the notes to Southey's poem. Dousterswivel in Sir Walter Scott's Antiquary tells us that the monks used the Hand of Glory to conceal their treasures. (Henderson's Folk-lore of the Northern Counties of England and the Borders, p. 200 and ff.)

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"Why did you, evil one, recklessly order the slaughter of a Bráhman? What will not poor people, who are struggling for a livelihood,* do out of desire for gain? But they must be prevented by being terrified with various bug-bears, they must not be slain." When the god of Wealth had said this, he cursed that Virúpáksha as follows—"Be born as a mortal on account of your wicked conduct." Then that Virúpáksha, smitten with the curse, was born on the earth as the son of a certain Bráhman who lived on a royal grant. Then the Yakshiṇí his wife implored the lord of wealth, "O god, send me whither my husband has gone; be merciful to me, for I cannot live without him." When the virtuous lady addressed this prayer to him, Vaiśravana said—"Thou shalt descend, without being born, into the house of a female slave of that very Bráhman, in whose house thy husband is born. There thou shalt be united to that husband of thine, and by thy power he shall surmount his curse and return to my service." In accordance with this decree of Vaiśravana, that virtuous wife became a mortal maiden, and fell at the door of that Bráhman's female slave's house. And the slave suddenly saw that maiden of marvellous beauty, and took her and exhibited her to her master the Bráhman. And the Bráhman rejoiced, and said to the female slave—"This is without doubt some heavenly maiden not born in the ordinary way; so my soul tells me. Bring here this girl who has entered your house, for, I think, she deserves to be my son's wife." Then in course of time that girl and the son of the Bráhman, having grown up, were smitten with ardent reciprocal affection at the sight of one another. Then they were married by the Bráhman; and the couple, though they did not remember their previous births, felt as if a long separation had been brought to an end. Then at last the Yaksha died, and as his wife burnt herself with his mortal body, his sins were wiped away by her sufferings, and he regained his former rank.

"Thus, you see, heavenly beings, on account of certain causes, descend from heaven to the earth, by the appointment of fate, and, because they are free from sin, they are not born in the usual way. What does this girl's family matter to you? So this daughter of Kalingasená is, as I said, the wife appointed for your son by destiny." When Yaugandharáyaṇa had said this to the king of Vatsa and the queen Vásavadattá, they both consented in their hearts that it should be so. Then the prime minister returned to his house, and the king, in the company of his wife, spent the day happily, in drinking and other enjoyments.

Then, as time went on, that daughter of Kalingasená, who had lost her recollection of her former state through illusion, gradually grew up, and her dower of beauty grew with her; and her mother and her attendants gave her the name of Madanamanchuká, because she was the daughter of

* There is probably a pun too on *varti*, the wick of a lamp.

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Madanavega, saying, "Surely the beauty of all other lovely women has fled to her; else how could they have become ugly before her?" And the queen Vásavadattá, hearing she was beautiful, one day had her brought into her presence out of curiosity. Then the king and Yaugandharáyaṇa and his fellows beheld her clinging to the face of her nurse, as the candle-flame clings to the wick. And there was no one present, who did not think that she was an incarnation of Rati, when they beheld her matchless body, which was like nectar to their eyes. And then the queen Vásavadattá brought there her son Naraváhanadatta, who was a feast to the eyes of the world. He beheld, with the lotus of his face expanded, the gleaming Madanamanchuká, as the bed of water-lilies beholds the young splendour of the sun. The girl gazed with dilated countenance upon that gladdener of the eyes, and could not gaze enough, as the female partridge can never be sated with gazing on the moon. Henceforth these two children could not remain apart even for a moment, being, as it were, fastened together with the nooses of glances.

But, in course of time, the king of Vatsa came to the conclusion that that marriage was made in heaven,* and turned his mind to the solemnization of the nuptials. When Kalingasená heard that, she rejoiced, and fixed her affection upon Naraváhanadatta out of love for her daughter's future husband. And then the king of Vatsa, after deliberating with his ministers, had made for his son a separate palace like his own. Then that king, who could discern times and seasons, collected the necessary utensils, and anointed his son as crown-prince, since it was apparent that he possessed all praiseworthy qualities. First there fell on his head the water of his father's tears, and then the water of holy bathing-places, purified by Vaidik spells of mickle might. When the lotus of his face was washed with the water of inauguration, wonderful to say, the faces of the cardinal points became also clear. When his mothers threw on him the flowers of the auspicious garlands, the heaven immediately shed a rain of many celestial wreaths. As if in emulation of the thunder of the drums of the gods, the echoes of the sound of the cymbals of rejoicing floated in the air. Every one there bowed before him, as soon as he was inaugurated as crown-prince; then by that alone he was exalted, without his own power.

Then the king of Vatsa summoned the good sons of the ministers, who were the playfellows of his son, and appointed them to their offices as servants to the crown-prince. He appointed to the office of prime minister Marubhúti the son of Yaugandharáyaṇa, and then Hariśikha the son of Rumaṇvat to the office of commander-in-chief, and he appointed Tapantaka the son of Vasantaka as the companion of his lighter hours, and Gomukha the son of Ityaka to the duty of chamberlain and warder,

* Literally "made by the gods."

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and to the office of domestic chaplains the two sons of Pingaliká, Vaiśvánara and Śántisoma, the nephews of the king's family priest. When these men had been appointed by the king servants to his son, there was heard from heaven a voice preceded by a rain of flowers: "These ministers shall accomplish all things prosperously for the prince, and Gomukha shall be his inseparable companion." When the heavenly voice had said this, the delighted king of Vatsa honoured them all with clothes and ornaments; and while that king was showering wealth upon his dependents, none of them could claim the title of poor on account of the accumulation of riches. And the city was filled with dancing girls and minstrels, who seemed to be invited by the rows of silken streamers fanned and agitated by the wind.

Then Kalingasená came to the feast of her future son-in-law, looking like the Fortune of the Vidyádhara race which was to attend him, present in bodily form. Then Vásavadattá and Padmávatí and she danced, all three of them, for joy, like the three powers* of a king united together. And all the trees there seemed to dance, as their creepers waved in the wind, much more did the creatures possessing sense.

Then the crown-prince Naraváhanadatta, having been inaugurated in his office, ascended an elephant of victory, and went forth. And he was sprinkled by the city wives with their upcast eyes, blue, white and red, resembling offerings of blue lotuses, parched grain and water-lilies. And after visiting the gods worshipped in that city, being praised by heralds and minstrels, he entered his palace with his ministers. Then Kalingasená gave him, to begin with, celestial viands and drinks far exceeding what his own magnificence could supply, and she presented to him and his ministers, friends and servants, beautiful robes and heavenly ornaments, for she was overpowered with love for her son-in-law. So the day passed in high festivity for all these, the king of Vatsa and the others, charming as the taste of nectar.

Then the night arrived, and Kalingasená pondering over her daughter's marriage, called to mind her friend Somaprabhá. No sooner had she called to mind the daughter of the Asura Maya, than her husband, the much-knowing Naḍakúvara, thus addressed that noble lady, his wife—"Dear one, Kalingasená is now thinking on thee with longing, therefore go and make a heavenly garden for her daughter." Having said this, and revealed the future and the past history of that maiden, her husband dismissed that instant his wife Somaprabhá. And when she arrived, her friend Kalingasená threw her arms around her neck, having missed her so long, and Somaprabhá, after asking after her health, said to her—"You have been married

* *i. e. prabhutva*, the majesty or pre-eminence of the king himself: *mantra*, the power of good counsel; *utsáha* energy.

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by a Vidyádhara of great power, and your daughter is an incarnation of Rati by the favour of Śiva, and she has been brought into the world as the wife, in a previous state of existence, of an incarnation of Love, that has taken his birth from the king of Vatsa. He shall be emperor of the Vidyádharas for a *kalpa* of the gods; and she shall be honoured above his other wives. But you have descended into this world, being an Apsaras degraded by the curse of Indra, and after you have brought your duties to completion, you shall obtain deliverance from your curse. All this was told me, my friend, by my wise husband, so you must not be anxious; you will enjoy every prosperity. And I will now make here for your daughter a heavenly garden, the like of which does not exist on earth, in heaven, or in the nether regions." Having said this, Somaprabhá made a heavenly garden by her magic power, and taking leave of the regretful Kalingasená, she departed. Then, at the dawn of day, people beheld that garden, looking like the garden of Nandana suddenly fallen down from heaven to earth. Then the king of Vatsa heard of it, and came there with his wives and his ministers, and Naraváhanadatta with his companions. And they beheld that garden, the trees of which bore both flowers and fruits all the year round,* with many jewelled pillars, walls, lawns, and tanks; with birds of the colour of gold, with heavenly perfumed breezes, like a second Svarga descended to earth from the region of the gods. The lord of Vatsa, when he saw that wonderful sight, asked Kalingasená, who was intent on hospitality, what it was. And she thus answered the king in the hearing of all: "There is a great Asura, Maya by name, an incarnation of Viśvakarman, who made the assembly-hall of Yudhisthira, and the city of Indra: he has a daughter, Somaprabhá by name, who is a friend of mine. She came here at night to visit me, and out of love made this heavenly garden by her magic power, for the sake of my daughter." After saying this, she told all the past and future fortunes of her daughter, which Somaprabhá had revealed to her, letting the king know that she had heard them from her friend. Then all there, perceiving that the speech of Kalingasená tallied with what they previously knew, dismissed their doubts and were exceedingly delighted. And the king of Vatsa, with his wives and his son, spent that day in the garden, being hospitably entertained by Kalingasená.

The next day, the king went to visit a god in a temple, and he saw many women well-clothed and with beautiful ornaments. And when he asked them who they were, they said to him—"We are the sciences, and these are the accomplishments; and we are come here on account of your son: we shall now go and enter into him." Having said this they disappeared, and the king of Vatsa entered his house astonished. There he told

* Cp. Odyssey, VII. 116; Spenser's Faery Queene, III, 6, 42.

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it to the queen Vásavadattá and to the circle of his ministers, and they rejoiced at that favour of the deity. Then Vásavadattá, by the direction of the king, took up a lyre as soon as Naraváhanadatta entered the room. And while his mother was playing, Naraváhanadatta said modestly to her, "This lyre is out of tune." His father said, "Take it, and play on it," whereupon he played upon the lyre so as to astonish even the Gandharvas. When he was thus tested by his father in all the sciences and the accomplishments, he became endowed with them all, and of himself knew all-knowledge. When the king of Vatsa beheld his son endowed with all talents, he taught Madanamanchuká, the daughter of Kalingasená, dancing. As fast as she became perfect in accomplishments,* the heart of the prince Naraváhanadatta was disturbed. So the sea is disturbed, as fast as the orb of the moon rounds off its digits. And he delighted in beholding her singing and dancing, accomplished in all the gestures of the body, so that she seemed to be reciting the decrees of Love. As for her, if she did not see for a moment that nectar-like lover, the tears rose to her eyes, and she was like a bed of white lotuses, wet with dew at the hour of dawn.† And Naraváhanadatta, being unable to live without continually beholding her face, came to that garden of hers. There he remained, and Kalingasená out of affection did all she could to please him, bringing her daughter to him. And Gomukha, who saw into his master's heart, and wished to bring about his long stay there, used to tell various tales to Kalingasená. The king was delighted by his friend's penetrating his intentions, for seeing into one's lord's soul is the surest way of winning him. And Naraváhanadatta himself perfected Madanamanchuká in dancing and other accomplishments, giving her lessons in a concert-hall that stood in the garden, and while his beloved danced, he played on all instruments so as to put to the blush the most skilful minstrels. And he conquered also various professors that came from all quarters, and were skilful in managing elephants, horses, and chariots, in the use of hand-to-hand and missile weapons, in painting and modelling.‡ In these amusements passed during childhood the days of Naraváhanadatta, who was the chosen bridegroom of Science.

Now, once on a time the prince, with his ministers, and accompanied by his beloved, went on a pilgrimage to a garden called Nágavana. There a certain merchant's wife fell in love with Gomukha, and being repulsed, tried to kill him by offering to him a poisoned drink. But Gomukha came to hear of it from the lips of her confidante, and did not take that drink, but broke out into the following denunciation of women: "Alas! the

* The pun here lies in the word *kalá*, which means "accomplishment," and also a sixteenth of the moon's diameter.

† This lotus is a friend of the moon's and bewails its absence.

‡ Or perhaps books.

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Creator first created recklessness, and then women in imitation of it; by nature nothing is too bad for them to do. Surely this being, they call woman, is created of nectar and poison, for, when she is attached to one, she is nectar, and when estranged she is indeed poison. Who can see through a woman, with loving face secretly planning crime? A wicked woman is like a lotus-bed with its flowers expanded, and an alligator concealed in it. But now and then there falls from heaven, urging on a host of virtues, a good woman that brings praise to her husband, like the pure light of the sun. But another, of evil augury, attached to strangers, not free from inordinate desires, wicked, bearing the poison of aversion,* slays her husband like a female snake."

Story of Śatrughna and his wicked wife.

For instance, in a certain village there was a certain man named Śatrughna, and his wife was unchaste. He once saw in the evening his wife in the society of her lover, and he slew that lover of hers, when he was in the house, with the sword. And he remained at the door waiting for the night, keeping his wife inside, and at night-fall a traveller came there to ask for a lodging. He gave him refuge, and artfully carried away with his help the corpse of that adulterer at night, and went with it to the forest. And there, while he was throwing that corpse into a well, the mouth of which was overgrown with plants, his wife came behind him, and pushed him in also.

"What reckless crime of this kind will not a wicked wife commit?" In these words Gomukha, though still a boy, denounced the conduct of women.

Then Naravâhanadatta himself worshipped the snakes in that grove of snakes,† and went back to his palace with his retinue.

While he was there, he desired one day to prove his ministers, Gomukha and the others, so he asked them, though he himself knew it well, for a summary of the policy of princes. They consulted among themselves, and said—"You know all things, nevertheless we will tell you this, now that you ask us," and so they proceeded to relate the cream of political science.

"A king should first tame and mount the horses of the senses, and should conquer those internal foes, love, anger, avarice and delusion, and should subdue himself as a preparation for subduing other enemies, for how can a man, who has not conquered himself, being helpless, conquer others? Then he should procure ministers, who, among other good qualities, possess that of being natives of his own country, and a skilful family priest, knowing the Atharva Veda, gifted with asceticism. He should test his ministers

* I read *virâga-vishabhṛid*.

† *i. e.* Nâgavana. For serpent-worship see Tylor's Primitive Culture, Vol. II, pp. 217-220.

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with respect to fear, avarice, virtue and passion, by ingenious artifices, and then he should appoint them to appropriate duties, discerning their hearts. He should try their speech, when they are deliberating with one another on affairs, to see if it is truthful, or inspired by malice, spoken out of affection, or connected with selfish objects. He should be pleased with truth, but should punish untruth as it deserves, and he should continually inquire into the conduct of each of them by means of spies. Thus he should look at business with unhooded eye, and by rooting up opponents,* and acquiring a treasure, a force, and the other means of success, should establish himself firmly on the throne. Then, equipped with the three powers of courage, kingly authority, and counsel, he should be eager to conquer the territory of others, considering the difference between the power of himself and his foe. He should continually take counsel with advisers, who should be trusty, learned and wise, and should correct with his own intellect the policy determined on by them, in all its details. Being versed in the means of success,† (conciliation, bribery and the others,) he should attain for himself security, and he should then employ the six proper courses, of which alliance and war are the chief.‡ Thus a king acquires prosperity, and as long as he carefully considers his own realm and that of his rival, he is victorious but never vanquished. But an ignorant monarch, blind with passion and avarice, is plundered by wicked servants, who shew him the wrong path, and leading him astray, fling him into pits. On account of these rogues a servant of another kind is never admitted into the presence of the king, as a husbandman cannot get at a crop of rice enclosed with a palisade. For he is enslaved by those faithless servants, who penetrate into his secrets; and consequently Fortune in disgust flies from him, because he does not know the difference between man and man. Therefore a king should conquer himself, should inflict due chastisement, and know the difference of men's characters, for in this way he will acquire his subjects' love and become thereby a vessel of prosperity."

Story of king S'úrasena and his ministers.

In old time a king named S'úrasena, who relied implicitly upon his servants, was enslaved and plundered by his ministers, who had formed a coalition. Whoever was a faithful servant to the king, the ministers would not give even a straw to, though the king wished to bestow a reward upon him; but if any man was a faithful servant to them, they themselves gave

* Literally thorns.

† The *upáyas* which are usually enumerated are four, *viz.* sowing dissension, negotiation, bribery and open attack.

‡ The six *guṇas*—peace, war, march, halt, stratagem and recourse to the protection of a mightier king.

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him presents, and by their representations induced the king to give to him, though he was undeserving. When the king saw that, he gradually came to be aware of that coalition of rogues, and set those ministers at variance with one another by a clever artifice. When they were estranged, and the clique was broken up, and they began to inform against one another, the king ruled the realm successfully, without being deceived by others.

Story of Harisinha.

And there was a king named Harisinha, of ordinary power but versed in the true science of policy, who had surrounded himself with devoted and wise ministers, possessed forts, and stores of wealth; he made his subjects devoted to him and conducted himself in such a way that, though attacked by an emperor, he was not defeated.

"Thus discernment and reflection are the main things in governing a kingdom; what is of more importance?" Having said this, each taking his part, Gomukha and his fellows ceased. Naraváhanadatta, approving that speech of theirs, though he knew that heroic action is to be thought upon,* still placed his reliance upon destiny whose power surpasses all thought.

Then he rose up, and his ardour being kindled by delay, he went with them to visit his beloved Madanamanchuká; when he had reached her palace and was seated on a throne, Kalingasená, after performing the usual courtesies, said with astonishment to Gomukha,† "Before the prince Naraváhanadatta arrived, Madanamanchuká, being impatient, went up to the top of the palace to watch him coming, accompanied by me, and while we were there, a man descended from heaven upon it, he was of divine appearance, wore a tiara, and a sword, and said to me 'I am a king, a lord of the Vidyádharas named Mánasavega, and you are a heavenly nymph named Surabhidattá who by a curse have fallen down to earth, and this your daughter is of heavenly origin, this is known to me well. So give me this daughter of yours in marriage, for the connexion is a suitable one.' When he said this, I suddenly burst out laughing, and said to him, 'Naraváhanadatta has been appointed her husband by the gods, and he is to be the emperor of all you Vidyádharas.' When I said this to him, the Vidyádhara flew up into the sky, like a sudden streak of lightning dazzling the eyes of my daughter." When Gomukha heard that, he said, "The Vidyádharas found out that the prince was to be their future lord, from a speech in the air, by which the future birth of the prince was made known to the king in private, and they immediately desired to do him a mischief. What self-willed one would desire a mighty lord as his ruler and restrainer? For which reason

* I read *abhyagát* with a MS. in the Sanskrit College.

† I read *vismitá* with a MS. in the Sanskrit College.

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Śiva has made arrangements to ensure the safety of this prince, by commissioning his attendants to wait on him in actual presence. I heard this speech of Nárada's being related by my father. So it comes to pass that the Vidyádharas are now hostile to us." When Kalingasená heard this, she was terrified at the thought of what had happened to herself, and said, "Why does not the prince marry Madanamanchuká now, before she is deceived, like me, by delusion?" When Gomukha and the others heard this from Kalingasená, they said, "Do you stir up the king of Vatsa to this business." Then Naraváhanadatta, with his heart fixed on Madanamanchuká only, amused himself by looking at her in the garden all that day, with her face like a full-blown lotus, with her eyes like opening blue water-lilies, with lips lovely as the *bandhúka*, with breasts like clusters of *mandáras*, with body delicate as the *śirísha*, like a matchless arrow, composed of five flowers, appointed by the god of love for the conquest of the world.

The next day Kalingasená went in person, and preferred her petition to the king for the marriage of her daughter. The king of Vatsa dismissed her, and summoning his ministers, said to them in the presence of the queen Vásavadattá, "Kalingasená is impatient for the marriage of her daughter: so how are we to manage it, for the people think that that excellent woman is unchaste? And we must certainly consider the people: did not Rámabhadra long ago desert queen Sítá, though she was chaste, on account of the slander of the multitude? Was not Ambá, though carried off with great effort by Bhíshma for the sake of his brother, reluctantly abandoned, because she had previously chosen another husband? In the same way this Kalingasená, after spontaneously choosing me, was married by Madanavega; for this reason the people blame her. Therefore let this Naraváhanadatta himself marry by the Gándharva ceremony her daughter, who will be a suitable wife for him." When the king of Vatsa said this, Yaugandharáyana answered, "My lord, how could Kalingasená consent to this impropriety? For I have often observed that she, as well as her daughter, is a divine being, no ordinary woman, and this was told me by my wise friend the Bráhman-Rákshasa." While they were debating with one another in this style, the voice of Śiva was heard from heaven to the following effect: "The god of love, after having been consumed by the fire of my eye, has been created again in the form of Naraváhanadatta, and having been pleased with the asceticism of Rati I have created her as his wife in the form of Madanamanchuká. And dwelling with her, as his head-wife, he shall exercise supreme sovereignty over the Vidyádharas for a *kalpa* of the gods, after conquering his enemies by my favour." After saying this the voice ceased.

When he heard this speech of the adorable Śiva, the king of Vatsa,

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with his retinue, worshipped him, and joyfully made up his mind to celebrate the marriage of his son. Then the king congratulated his prime minister, who had before discerned the truth, and summoned the astrologers, and asked them what would be a favourable moment, and they, after being honoured with presents, told him that a favourable moment would arrive within a few days. Again those astrologers said to him—"Your son will have to endure some separation for a short season from this wife of his; this we know, O lord of Vatsa, by our own scientific foresight." Then the king proceeded to make the requisite preparations for the marriage of his son, in a style suited to his own magnificence, so that not only his own city, but the whole earth was made to tremble with the effort of it. Then, the day of marriage having arrived, Kalingasená adorned her daughter, to whom her father had sent his own heavenly ornaments, and Somaprabhá came in obedience to her husband's order. Then Madanamanchuká, adorned with a heavenly marriage thread, looked still more lovely; is not the moon truly beautiful, when accompanied by Kártika? And heavenly nymphs, by the order of Śiva, sang auspicious strains in her honour: they were eclipsed by her beauty and remained hidden as if ashamed, but the sound of their songs was heard. They sang the following hymn in honour of Gaurí, blended with the minstrelsy of the matchless musicians of heaven, so as to make unequalled harmony—"Victory to thee, O daughter of the mountain, that hast mercy on thy faithful votaries, for thou hast thyself come to-day and blessed with success the asceticism of Rati." Then Naravâhanadatta, resplendent with excellent marriage-thread, entered the wedding-pavilion full of various musical instruments. And the bride and bridegroom, after accomplishing the auspicious ceremony of marriage, with intent care, so that no rite was left out, ascended the altar-platform where a fire was burning, as if ascending the pure flame of jewels on the heads of kings. If the moon and the sun were to revolve at the same time round the mountain of gold,* there would be an exact representation in the world of the appearance of those two, the bride and the bridegroom, when circumambulating the fire, keeping it on their right. Not only did the drums of the gods in the air drown the cymbal-clang in honour of the marriage festival, but the rain of flowers sent down by the gods overwhelmed the gilt grain thrown by the women. Then also the generous Kalingasená honoured her son-in-law with heaps of gold studded with jewels, so that the lord of Alaká was considered very poor compared with him, and much more so all miserable earthly monarchs.

* *i. e.* mount Sumeru. The moon being masculine in Sanskrit, the words "form of the moon" are used in the original, to satisfy the requirements of classical Hindu Rhetoric, according to which feminine things cannot be compared to masculine.

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And then the bride and bridegroom, now that the delightful ceremony of marriage was accomplished in accordance with their long-cherished wishes, entered the inner apartments crowded with women, adorned with pure and variegated decoration, even as they penetrated the heart of the people full of pure and various loyalty. Moreover, the city of the king of Vatsa was quickly filled with kings, surrounded with splendid armies, who, though their valour was worthy of the world's admiration, had bent in submission, bringing in their hands valuable jewels by way of presents, as if with subject seas.* On that high day of festival, the king distributed gold with such magnificence to his dependants, that the children in their mothers' wombs were at any rate the only beings in his kingdom not made of gold.† Then on account of the troops of excellent minstrels and dancing girls, that came from all quarters of the world, with hymns, music, dances and songs on all sides, the world seemed full of harmony. And at that festival the city of Kauśámbí seemed itself to be dancing, for the pennons agitated by the wind seemed like twining arms, and it was beautified with the toilettes of the city matrons, as if with ornaments. And thus waxing in mirth every day, that great festival continued for a long time, and all friends, relations and people generally were delighted by it, and had their wishes marvellously fulfilled. And that crown-prince Naraváhanadatta, accompanied by Madanamanchuká, enjoyed, though intent on glory, the long-desired pleasures of this world.

* The sea is always spoken of as full of "inestimable stones, unvalued jewels." There is a double meaning throughout. *Sadváhiní*, when applied to the sea, may mean "beautiful rivers."

† *Játarúpá* also means "having assumed a form," so that there is another pun here. I read *abhavan* for *abhavad*, in accordance with a MS. lent me from the Sanskrit College.

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BOOK VII.

CHAPTER XXXV.

May the head of Śiva, studded with the nails of Gaurí engaged in playfully pulling his hair, and so appearing rich in many moons,* procure you prosperity.

May the god of the elephant face,† who, stretching forth his trunk wet with streaming ichor, curved at the extremity, seems to be bestowing successes, protect you.

Thus the young son of the king of Vatsa, having married in Kauśámbí Madanamanchuká, whom he loved as his life, remained living as he chose, with his ministers Gomukha and others, having obtained his wish.

And once on a time, when the feast of spring had arrived, adorned with the gushing notes of love-intoxicated cuckoos, in which the wind from the Malaya mountain set in motion by force the dance of the creepers, —the feast of spring delightful with the hum of bees, the prince went to the garden with his ministers to amuse himself. After roaming about there, his friend Tapantaka suddenly came with his eyes expanded with delight, and stepping up to him, said—"Prince, I have seen not far from here a wonderful maiden, who has descended from heaven and is standing under an *aśoka*-tree, and that very maiden, who illumines the regions with her beauty, advancing towards me with her friends, sent me here to summon you." When Naravâhana heard that, being eager to see her, he went quickly with his ministers to the foot of the tree. He beheld there that fair one, with her rolling eyes like bees, with her lips red like shoots, beautiful with breasts firm as clusters, having her body yellow with the

* The *cedille* under the *c* of *candra* should be erased in Dr. Brockhaus's text.

† Ganeśa, who bestows success or the reverse, and is invoked in all undertakings. I read *karan dánámbhasá*.

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dust of flowers, removing fatigue by her loveliness,* like the goddess of the garden appearing in a visible shape suited to her deity. And the prince approached the heavenly maiden, who bowed before him, and welcomed her, for his eyes were ravished with her beauty. Then his minister Gomukha, after all had sat down, asked her, "Who are you, auspicious one, and for what reason have you come here?" When she heard that, she laid aside her modesty in obedience to the irresistible decree of Love, and frequently stealing sidelong glances at the lotus of Naravâhanadatta's face with an eye that shed matchless affection, she began thus at length to relate her own history.

Story of Ratnaprabhâ.

There is a mountain-chain called Himavat, famous in the three worlds; it has many peaks, but one of its peaks is the mount of Śiva which is garlanded with the brightness of glittering jewels, and flashes with gleaming snow, and like the expanse of the heaven, cannot be measured. Its plateaux are the home of magic powers and of magic herbs, which dispel old age, death, and fear, and are to be obtained by the favour of Śiva. With its peaks yellow with the brightness of the bodies of many Vidyâdharas, it transcends the glory of the peaks of Sumeru itself, the mighty hill of the immortals.

On it there is a golden city called Kâñchanaśringa, which gleams refulgent with brightness, like the palace of the Sun. It extends many *yojanas*, and in it there lives a king of the Vidyâdharas named Hemaprabha, who is a firm votary of the husband of Umâ. And though he has many wives, he has only one queen, whom he loves dearly, named Alankâraprabhâ, as dear to him as Rohiṇî to the moon. With her the virtuous king used to rise up in the morning and bathe, and worship duly Śiva and his wife Gaurî, and then he would descend to the world of men, and give to poor Brâhmans every day a thousand gold-pieces mixed with jewels. And then he returned from earth and attended to his kingly duties justly, and then he ate and drank, abiding by his vow like a hermit. While days elapsed in this way, melancholy arose once in the bosom of the king, caused by his childlessness, but suggested by a passing occasion. And his beloved queen Alankâraprabhâ, seeing that he was in very low spirits, asked him the cause of his sadness. Then the king said to her—"I have all prosperity, but the one grief of childlessness afflicts me, O queen. And this melancholy has arisen in my breast on the occasion of calling to mind a tale, which I heard long ago, of a virtuous man who had no son." Then the queen said to him, "Of what nature was that tale?" When asked this question, the king told her the tale briefly in the following words:

* The word also means "shade."

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Story of Sattvas'íla and the two treasures.

In the town of Chitrakúṭa there was a king named Bráhmaṇavara, rightly named, for he was devoted to honouring Bráhmans. He had a victorious servant named Sattvaśíla who devoted himself exclusively to war, and every month Sattvaśíla received a hundred gold-pieces from that king. But as he was munificent, that gold was not enough for him, especially as his childlessness made the pleasure of giving the sole pleasure to which he was addicted. Sattvaśíla was continually reflecting—"The Disposer has not given me a son to gladden me, but he has given me the vice of generosity, and that too without wealth. It is better to be produced in the world as an old barren tree or a stone, than as a poor man altogether abandoned to the vice of giving away money. But once on a time Sattvaśíla, while wandering in a garden, happened by luck to find a treasure: and with the help of his servants he quickly brought home that hoard, which gleamed with much gold and glittered with priceless stones. Out of that he provided himself with pleasures, and gave wealth to Bráhmans, slaves, and friends, and thus the virtuous man spent his life. Meanwhile his relations, beholding this, guessed the secret, and went to the king's palace, and of their own accord informed the king that Sattvaśíla had found a treasure. Then Sattvaśíla was summoned by the king, and by order of the door-keeper remained standing for a moment in a lonely part of the king's courtyard. There, as he was scratching the earth with the hilt of a *lílávajra*,* that was in his hand, he found another large treasure in a copper vessel. It appeared like his own heart, displayed openly for him by Destiny pleased with his virtue, in order that he might propitiate the king with it. So he covered it up again with earth as it was before, and when summoned by the door-keeper, entered the king's presence. When he had made his bow there, the king himself said, "I have come to learn that you have obtained a treasure, so surrender it to me." And Sattvaśíla for his part answered him then and there, "O king, tell me: shall I give you the first treasure I found, or the one I found to-day." The king said to him—"Give the one recently found." And thereupon Sattvaśíla went to a corner of the king's courtyard, and gave him up the treasure. Then the king, being pleased with the treasure, dismissed Sattvaśíla with these words—"Enjoy the first-found treasure as you please." So Sattvaśíla returned to his house. There he remained increasing the propriety of his name with gifts and enjoyments, and so managing to dispel somehow or other the melancholy caused by the affliction of childlessness.

"Such is the story of Sattvaśíla, which I heard long ago, and because I have recalled it to mind, I remain sorrowful through thinking over the

* I have no idea what this word *lílávajra* means. It is translated by Böhtlingk and Roth—*ein wie ein Donnerkeil aussehendes Werkzeug.*

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fact that I have no son." When the queen Alankáraprabhá was thus addressed by her husband Hemaprabha, the king of the Vidyádharas, she answered him, "It is true: Fortune does assist the brave in this way; did not Sattvaśíla, when in difficulties, obtain a second treasure? So you too will obtain your desire by the power of your courage, as an example of the truth of this, hear the story of Vikramatunga."

Story of the brave king Vikramatunga.

There is a city called Pátaliputra, the ornament of the earth, filled with various beautiful jewels, the colours of which are so disposed as to form a perfect scale of colour. In that city there dwelt long ago a brave king, named Vikramatunga, who in giving* never turned his back on a suppliant, nor in fighting on an enemy. That king one day entered the forest to hunt, and saw there a Bráhman offering a sacrifice with *vilva*† fruits. When he saw him, he was desirous to question him, but avoided going near him, and went off to a great distance with his army in his ardour for the chase. For a long time he sported with deer and lions, that rose up and fell slain by his hand, as if with foes, and then he returned and beheld the Bráhman still intent on his sacrifice as before, and going up to him he bowed before him, and asked him his name and the advantage he hoped to derive from offering the *vilva* fruits. Then the Bráhman blessed the king and said to him, "I am a Bráhman named Nágaśarman, and hear the fruit I hope from my sacrifice. When the god of Fire is pleased with this *vilva* sacrifice, then *vilva* fruits of gold will come out of the fire-cavity. Then the god of Fire will appear in bodily form and grant me a boon; and so I have spent much time in offering *vilva* fruits. But so little is my merit that even now the god of Fire is not propitiated." When he said this, that king of resolute valour answered him—"Then give me one *vilva* fruit that I may offer it, and I will to-day, O Bráhman, render the god of Fire propitious to you." Then the Bráhman said to the king, "How will you, unchastened and impure, propitiate that god of Fire, who is not satisfied with me, who remain thus faithful to my vow, and am chastened?" When the Bráhman said this to him, the king said to him again, "Never mind, give me a *vilva* fruit, and in a moment you shall behold a wonder." Then the Bráhman, full of curiosity, gave a *vilva* fruit to the king, and he then and there meditated with soul of firm valour—"If thou art not satisfied with this *vilva* fruit, O god of Fire, then I will offer thee my own head," and thereupon offered the fruit. And the seven-rayed god appeared from the sacrificial cavity, bringing the king a golden *vilva* fruit as the fruit of his tree of valour. And the Fire-god, present in visible form, said to that king—"I am pleased

* Possibly there is a pun here: *dána*, giving, also means cutting.

† The fruit of the Bel, well-known to Anglo-Indians.

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with thy courage, so receive a boon, O king." When the magnanimous king heard that, he bowed before him and said—"Grant this Bráhman his wish. What other boon do I require?" On hearing this speech of the king's, the Fire-god was much pleased and said to him—"O king, this Bráhman shall become a great lord of wealth, and thou also by my favour shalt have the prosperity of thy treasury ever undiminished." When the Fire-god had, in these words, bestowed the boon, the Bráhman asked him this question; "Thou hast appeared swiftly to a king that acts according to his own will, but not to me that am under vows: why is this, O revered one?" Then the Fire-god, the giver of boons, answered—"If I had not granted him an interview, this king of fierce courage would have offered his head in sacrifice to me. In this world successes quickly befall those of fierce spirit, but they come slowly, O Bráhman, to those of dull spirit like thee." Thus spake the god of Fire, and vanished, and the Bráhman Nágaśarman took leave of the king and in course of time became very rich. But the king Vikramatunga, whose courage had been thus seen by his dependents, returned amid their plaudits to his town of Páṭaliputra.

When the king was dwelling there, the warder Śatrunjaya entered suddenly one day, and said secretly to him; "There is standing at the door, O king, a Bráhman lad, who says his name is Dattaśarman, he wishes to make a representation to you in private." The king gave the order to introduce him, and the lad was introduced, and after blessing the king, he bowed before him, and sat down. And he made this representation—"King, by a certain device of powder I know how to make always excellent gold out of copper. For that device was shewn me by my spiritual teacher, and I saw with my own eyes that he made gold by that device." When the lad said this, the king ordered copper to be brought, and when it was melted, the lad threw the powder upon it. But while the powder was being thrown, an invisible Yaksha carried it off, and the king alone saw him, having propitiated the god of Fire. And that copper did not turn into gold, as the powder did not reach it; thrice did the lad make the attempt and thrice his labour was in vain. Then the king, first of brave men, took the powder from the desponding lad, and himself threw it on the melted copper; when he threw the powder, the Yaksha did not intercept it, but went away smiling. Accordingly the copper became gold by contact with that powder. Then the boy, astonished, asked the king for an explanation, and the king told him the incident of the Yaksha, just as he had seen it. And having learned in this way the device of the powder from that lad, the king made him marry a wife, and gave him all he wished, and having his treasury prosperously filled by means of the gold produced by that device, he himself enjoyed great happiness together with his wives, and made Bráhmans rich.

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"Thus you see that the Lord grants their desires to men of fierce courage, seeming to be either terrified or pleased by them. And who, O king, is of more firm valour or more generous than you? So Śiva, when propitiated by you, will certainly give you a son; do not sorrow." The king Hemaprabha, when he heard this noble speech from the mouth of queen Alankáraprabhá, believed it and was pleased. And he considered that his own heart, radiant with cheerfulness, indicated that he would certainly obtain a son by propitiating Śiva. The next day after this, he and his wife bathed and worshipped Śiva, and he gave 90 millions of gold-pieces to the Bráhmans, and without taking food he went through ascetic practices in front of Śiva, determined that he would either leave the body or propitiate the god, and continuing in asceticism, he praised the giver of boons, the husband of the daughter of the mountain,* that lightly gave away the sea of milk to his votary Upamanyu, saying, "Honour to thee, O husband of Gaurí, who art the cause of the creation, preservation, and destruction of the world, who dost assume the eight special forms of ether and the rest.† Honour to thee, who sleepest on the ever-expanded lotus of the heart, that art Śambhu, the swan dwelling in the pure Mánasa lake.‡ Honour to thee, the exceeding marvellous Moon, of divine brightness, pure, of watery substance, to be beheld by those whose sins are put away; to thee whose beloved is half thy body,§ and who nevertheless art supremely chaste. Honour to thee who didst create the world by a wish, and art thyself the world."

When the king had praised Śiva in these words and fasted for three nights, the god appeared to him in a dream, and spake as follows: "Rise up, O king, there shall be born to thee a heroic son that shall uphold thy race. And thou shalt also obtain by the favour of Gaurí, a glorious daughter who is destined to be the queen of that treasure-house of glory, Naraváhanadatta, your future emperor." When Śiva had said this, he disappeared, and Hemaprabha woke up, delighted, at the close of night. And by telling his dream he gladdened his wife Alankáraprabhá, who had been told the same by Gaurí in a dream, and dwelt on the agreement of the two visions. And then the king rose up and bathed and worshipped Śiva, and after giving gifts, broke his fast, and kept high festival.

Then, after some days had passed, the queen Alankáraprabhá became pregnant by that king, and delighted her beloved by her face redolent of

* Párvatí or Durgá, the wife of Śiva.

† The others are the Sun, Fire, Water, Earth, Air, the Moon and the officiating Bráhman. For the latter is sometimes substituted *paśupati* or lord of animals.

‡ Possibly it also means "the swan of the temple of the mind."

§ An allusion to the Arddhanárísa form of Śiva.

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honey, with wildly rolling eyes, so that it resembled a pale lotus with bees hovering round it. Then she gave birth in due time to a son, (whose noble lineage was proclaimed by the elevated longings of her pregnancy,) as the sky gives birth to the orb of day. As soon as he was born, the lying-in chamber was illuminated by his might, and so was made red as vermilion. And his father gave to that infant, that brought terror to the families of his enemies, the name of Vajraprabha, that had been appointed for him by a divine voice. Then the boy grew by degrees, being filled with accomplishments, and causing the exultation of his family, as the new moon fills out with digits,* and causes the sea to rise.

Then, not long after, the queen of that king Hemaprabha again became pregnant. And when she was pregnant, she sat upon a golden throne, and became truly the jewel of the harem, adding special lustre to her settings. And in a chariot, in the shape of a beautiful lotus, manufactured by help of magic science, she roamed about in the sky, since her pregnant longings assumed that form. But when the due time came, a daughter was born to that queen, whose birth by the favour of Gaurí was a sufficient guarantee of her loveliness. And this voice was then heard from heaven—"She shall be the wife of Naravâhanadatta"—which agreed with the words of Śiva's revelation. And the king was just as much delighted at her birth as he was at that of his son, and gave her the name of Ratnaprabhá. And Ratnaprabhá, adorned with her own science, grew up in the house of her father, producing illumination in all the quarters of the sky. Then the king made his son Vajraprabha, who had begun to wear armour, take a wife, and appointed him crown-prince. And he devolved on him the burden of the kingdom and remained at ease; but still one anxiety lingered in his heart, anxiety about the marriage of his daughter.

One day the king beheld that daughter, who was fit to be given away in marriage, sitting near him, and said to the queen Alankâraprabhá, who was in his presence; "Observe, queen, a daughter is a great misery in the three worlds, even though she is the ornament of her family, a misery, alas! even to the great. For this Ratnaprabhá, though modest, learned, young and beautiful, afflicts me because she has not obtained a husband." The queen said to him—"She was proclaimed by the gods as the destined wife of Naravâhanadatta, our future emperor, why is she not given to him?" When the queen said this to him, the king answered: "In truth the maiden is fortunate, that shall obtain him for a bridegroom. For he is an incarnation of Kâma upon earth, but he has not as yet attained his divine nature: therefore I am now waiting for his attainment of superhuman knowledge."† While he was thus speaking, Ratnaprabhá, by means of those

* *Kalá* = digit of the moon and also accomplishment.

† The *vidyá* of the Vidyádharas. I read *pratikshyate*.

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accents of her father, which entered her ear like the words of the bewildering spell of the god of love, became as if bewildered, as if possessed, as if asleep, as if in a picture, and her heart was captivated by that bridegroom. Then with difficulty she took a respectful leave of her parents, and went to her own private apartments, and managed at length to get to sleep at the end of the night. Then the goddess Gaurí, being full of pity for her, gave her this command in a dream; "To-morrow, my daughter, is an auspicious day; so thou must go to the city of Kauśámbí and see thy future husband, and thence thy father, O auspicious one, will himself bring thee and him into this his city, and celebrate your marriage." So in the morning, when she woke up, she told that dream to her mother. Then her mother gave her leave to go, and she, knowing by her superhuman knowledge that her bridegroom was in the garden, set out from her own city to visit him.

"Thou knowest, O my husband, that I am that Ratnaprabhá, arrived to-day in a moment, full of impatience, and you all know the sequel." When he heard this speech of hers, that in sweetness exceeded nectar, and beheld the body of the Vidyádharí that was ambrosia to the eyes, Naraváhanadatta in his heart blamed the Creator, saying to himself—"Why did he not make me all eye and ear?" And he said to her—"Fortunate am I; my birth and life has obtained its fruit, in that I, O beautiful one, have been thus visited by thee out of affection!" When they had thus exchanged the protestations of new love, suddenly the army of the Vidyádharas was beheld there in the heaven. Ratnaprabhá said immediately, "Here is my father come," and the king Hemaprabha descended from heaven with his son. And with his son Vajraprabha he approached that Naraváhanadatta, who gave him a courteous welcome. And while they stood for a moment paying one another the customary compliments, the king of Vatsa, who had heard of it, came with his ministers. And then that Hemaprabha told the king, after he had performed towards him the rites of hospitality, the whole story exactly as it had been related by Ratnaprabhá, and said, "I knew by the power of my supernatural knowledge that my daughter had come here, and I am aware of all that has happened in this place.*

* * * * *

For he will afterwards possess such an imperial chariot. Pray consent, and then thou shalt behold in a short time thy son, the prince, returned here, united to his wife Ratnaprabhá." After he had addressed this prayer to the king of Vatsa, and he had consented to his wish, that Hemaprabha, with his son, prepared that chariot by his own magic skill, and made Naraváhanadatta ascend it, together with Ratnaprabhá, whose face was cast down from modesty, followed by Gomukha and the others, and Yaugandharáyana, who

* Here Professor Brockhaus supposes a hiatus.

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was also deputed to accompany him by his father, and thus Hemaprabha took him to his own capital, Kánchanaśringaka.

And Naraváhanadatta, when he reached that city of his father-in-law, saw that it was all of gold, gleaming with golden ramparts, embraced, as it were, on all sides with rays issuing out like shoots, and so stretching forth innumerable arms in eagerness of love for that son-in-law. There the king Hemaprabha, of high emprise, gave Ratnaprabhá with due ceremonies to him, as the sea gave Lakshmí to Vishṇu. And he gave him glittering heaps of jewels, gleaming like innumerable wedding fires lighted.* And in the city of that festive prince, who was showering wealth, even the houses, being draped with flags, appeared as if they had received changes of raiment. And Naraváhanadatta, having performed the auspicious ceremony of marriage, remained there enjoying heavenly pleasures with Ratnaprabhá. And he amused himself by looking in her company at beautiful temples of the gods in gardens and lakes, having ascended with her the heaven by the might of her science.

So, after he had lived some days with his wife in the city of the king of the Vidyádharas, the son of the king of Vatsa determined, in accordance with the advice of Yaugandharáyana, to return to his own city. Then his mother-in-law performed for him the auspicious ceremonies previous to starting, and his father-in-law again honoured him and his minister, and then he set out with Hemaprabha and his son, accompanied by his beloved, having again ascended that chariot. He soon arrived, like a stream of nectar to the eyes of his mother, and entered his city with Hemaprabha and his son and his own followers, bringing with him his wife, who made the king of Vatsa rejoice exceedingly with delight at beholding her. The king of Vatsa of exalted fortune, with Vasavadattá, welcomed that son, who bowed at his feet with his wife, and honoured Hemaprabha his new connexion, as well as his son, in a manner conformable to his own dignity. Then, after that king of the Vidyádharas, Hemaprabha, had taken leave of the lord of Vatsa and his family, and had flown up into the heaven and gone to his own city, that Naraváhanadatta, together with Ratnaprabhá and Madanamanchuká, spent that day in happiness surrounded by his friends.

* Cp. this with the "jewel-lamps" on pp. 189 and 305, and the luminous carbuncle in Gesta Romanorum, CVII. Sir Thomas Browne, in his Vulgar Errors, Book II, chapter 5, says, "Whether a carbuncle doth flame in the dark, or shine like a coal in the night, though generally agreed on by common believers, is very much questioned by many."

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CHAPTER XXXVI.

When that Naravâhanadatta had thus obtained a new and lovely bride of the Vidyâdhara race, and was the next day with her in her house, there came in the morning to the door, to visit him, his ministers Gomukha and others. They were stopped for a moment at the door by the female warder, and announced within; then they entered and were courteously received, and Ratnaprabhâ said to the warder, "The door must not again be closed against the entrance of my husband's friends, for they are as dear to me as my own body. And I do not think that this is the way to guard female apartments." After she had addressed the female warder in these words, she said in turn to her husband, "My husband, I am going to say something which occurs to me, so listen. I consider that the strict seclusion of women is a mere social custom, or rather folly produced by jealousy. It is of no use whatever. Women of good family are guarded by their own virtue, as their only chamberlain. But even God himself can scarcely guard the unchaste. Who can restrain a furious river and a passionate woman? And now listen, I will tell you a story."

Story of king Ratnâdhipati and the white elephant S'vetaras'mi.

There is here a great island in the midst of the sea, named Ratnakûṭa. In it there lived in old times a king of great courage, a devoted worshipper of Vishṇu, rightly named Ratnâdhipati.* That king, in order to obtain the conquest of the earth, and all kings' daughters as his wives, went through a severe penance, to propitiate Vishṇu. The adorable one, pleased with his penance, appeared in bodily form, and thus commanded him—"Rise up, king, I am pleased with thee, so I tell thee this—listen! There is in the land of Kalinga a Gandharva, who has become a white elephant by the curse of a hermit, and is known by the name of S'vetaraśmi. On account of the asceticism he performed in a former life, and on account of his devotion to me, that elephant is supernaturally wise, and possesses the power of flying through the sky, and of remembering his former birth. And I have given an order to that great elephant, in accordance with which he will come of himself through the air, and become thy beast of burden. That white elephant thou must mount, as the wielder of the thunderbolt mounts the elephant of the gods,† and whatever king thou shalt travel through the air to visit, in fear shall bestow on thee, who art of god-like presence, tribute in the form of a daughter, for I will

* *i. e.* supreme lord of jewels.

† *i. e.* as Indra mounts Airâvata.

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myself command him to do so in a dream. Thus thou shalt conquer the whole earth, and all *zenanas*, and thou shalt obtain eighty thousand princesses." When Vishṇu had said this, he disappeared, and the king broke his fast, and the next day he beheld that elephant, which had come to him through the air. And when the elephant had thus placed himself at the king's disposal, he mounted him, as he had been bidden to do by Vishṇu, and in this manner he conquered the earth, and carried off the daughters of kings. And then the king dwelt there in Ratnakúṭa with those wives, eighty thousand in number, amusing himself as he pleased. And in order to propitiate S'vetaraśmi, that celestial elephant, he fed every day five hundred Bráhmans.

Now once on a time the king Ratnádhipati mounted that elephant, and, after roaming through the other islands, returned to his own island. And as he was descending from the sky, it came to pass that a bird of the race of Garuḍa struck that excellent elephant with his beak. And the bird fled, when the king struck him with the sharp elephant-hook, but the elephant fell on the ground stunned by the blow of the bird's beak. The king got off his back, but the elephant, though he recovered his senses, was not able to rise up in spite of the efforts made to raise him, and ceased eating. For five days the elephant remained in the same place, where it had fallen, and the king was grieved and took no food, and prayed as follows: "Oh guardians of the world, teach me some remedy in this difficulty; otherwise I will cut off my own head and offer it to you." When he had said this, he drew his sword and was preparing to cut off his head, when immediately a bodiless voice thus addressed him from the sky—"O king do nothing rash; if some chaste woman touches this elephant with her hand, it will rise up, but not otherwise." When the king heard that, he was glad, and summoned his own carefully guarded chief queen, Amṛitalatá. When the elephant did not rise up, though she touched it with her hand, the king had all his other wives summoned. But though they all touched the elephant in succession, he did not rise up; the fact was, not one among them was chaste. Then the king, having beheld all those eighty thousand wives openly humiliated in the presence of men, being himself abashed, summoned all the women of his capital, and made them touch the elephant one after another. And when in spite of it the elephant did not rise up, the king was ashamed, because there was not a single chaste woman in his city.

And in the meanwhile a merchant named Harshagupta, who had arrived from Támraliptí,* having heard of that event, came there full of

* The modern Tamluk. The district probably comprised the small but fertile tract of country lying to the westward of the Húghli river, from Bardwán and Kalna

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curiosity. And in his train there came a servant of the name of Śílavatí, who was devoted to her husband; when she saw what had taken place, she said to him—"I will touch this elephant with my hand: and if I have not even thought in my mind of any other man than my husband, may it rise up." No sooner had she said this, than she came up and touched the elephant with her hand, whereupon it rose up in sound health and began to eat.* But when the people saw the elephant Śvetaraśmi rise up, they raised a shout and praised Śílavatí, saying—"Such are these chaste women, few and far between, who, like Śiva, are able to create, preserve and destroy this world." The king Ratnádhipati also was pleased, and congratulated the chaste Śílavatí, and loaded her with innumerable jewels, and he also honoured her master, the merchant Harshagupta, and gave him a house near his own palace. And he determined to avoid all communication with his own wives, and ordered that henceforth they should have nothing but food and raiment.

Then the king, after he had taken his food, sent for the chaste Śílavatí, and said to her at a private interview in the presence of Harshagupta, "Śílavatí, if you have any maiden of your father's family, give her to me, for I know she will certainly be like you." When the king said this to her, Śílavatí answered—"I have a sister in Támraliptí named Rájadattá; marry her, O king, if you wish, for she is of distinguished beauty." When she said this to the king, he consented and said, "So be it," and having determined on taking this step, he mounted, with Śílavatí and Harshagupta, the elephant Śvetaraśmi, that could fly though the air, and going in person to Támraliptí, entered the house of that merchant Harshagupta. There he asked the astrologers that very day, what would be a favourable time for him to be married to Rájadattá, the sister of Śílavatí. And the astrologers, having enquired under what stars both of them were born, said, "A favourable conjuncture will come for you, O king, in three months from this time. But if you marry Rájadattá in the present position of the constellations, she will without fail prove unchaste." Though the astrologers gave him this response, the king, being eager for a charming wife, and impatient of dwelling long alone, thus reflected—"Away with scruples! I will marry Rájadattá here this very day. For she is the sister of the blameless Śílavatí and will never prove unchaste. And I will place her in that uninhabited island in the middle of the sea, where there is one empty palace, and in that inaccessible spot I will

on the north, to the banks of the Kosai river on the south. (Cunningham's Ancient Geography of India, p. 504.)

* In the 115th tale of the Gesta Romanorum we read that two chaste virgins were able to lull to sleep and kill an elephant, that no one else could approach.

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surround her with a guard of women; so how can she become unchaste, as she can never see men?" Having formed this determination, the king that very day rashly married that Rájadattá, whom Śílavatí bestowed upon him. And after he had married her, and had been received with the customary rites by Harshagupta, he took that wife, and with her and Śílavatí, he mounted Śvetaraśmi, and then in a moment went through the air to the land of Ratnakúṭa, where the people were anxiously expecting him. And he rewarded Śílavatí again so munificently, that she attained all her wishes, having reaped the fruit of her vow of chastity. Then he mounted his new wife Rájadattá on that same air-travelling elephant Śvetaraśmi, and conveyed her carefully, and placed her in the empty palace in the island in the midst of the sea, inaccessible to man, with a retinue of women only. And whatever article she required, he conveyed there through the air on that elephant, so great was his distrust. And being devotedly attached to her, he always spent the night there, but came to Ratnakúṭa in the day to transact his regal duties. Now one morning the king, in order to counteract an inauspicious dream, indulged with that Rájadattá in a drinking-bout for good luck. And though his wife, being intoxicated with that banquet, did not wish to let him go, he left her, and departed to Ratnakúṭa to transact his business, for the royal dignity is an ever-exacting wife. There he remained performing his duties with anxious mind, which seemed ever to ask him, why he left his wife there in a state of intoxication? And in the meanwhile Rájadattá, remaining alone in that inaccessible place, the female servants being occupied in culinary and other duties, saw a certain man come in at the door, like Fate determined to baffle all expedients for guarding her, and his arrival filled her with astonishment. And that intoxicated woman asked him when he approached her, "Who are you, and how have you come to this inaccessible place?" Then that man, who had endured many hardships, answered her—

Story of Yavanasena.

Fair one, I am a merchant's son of Mathurá named Yavanasena. And when my father died, I was left helpless, and my relations took from me my property, so I went to a foreign country, and resorted to the miserable condition of being servant to another man. Then I with difficulty scraped together a little wealth by trading, and as I was going to another land, I was plundered by robbers who met me on the way. Then I wandered about as a beggar, and, with some other men like myself, I went to a mine of jewels called Kanakakshetra. There I engaged to pay the king his share, and after digging up the earth in a trench for a whole year, I did not find a single jewel. So, while the other men my fellows were rejoicing over the jewels they had found, smitten with grief I retired to the shore of the sea, and began to collect fuel.

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And while I was constructing with the fuel a funeral pyre, in order that I might enter the flame, a certain merchant named Jívadatta happened to come there; that merciful man dissuaded me from suicide, and gave me food, and as he was preparing to go in a ship to Svarnadvípa he took me on board with him. Then, as we were sailing along in the midst of the ocean, after five days had passed, we suddenly beheld a cloud. The cloud discharged its rain in large drops, and that vessel was whirled round by the wind like the head of a *mast* elephant. Immediately the ship sank, but as fate would have it, I caught hold of a plank, just as I was sinking. I mounted on it, and thereupon the thunder-cloud relaxed its fury, and, conducted by destiny, I reached this country; and have just landed in the forest. And seeing this palace, I entered, and I beheld here thee, O auspicious one, a rain of nectar to my eyes, dispelling pain.

When he had said this, Rájadattá maddened with love and wine, placed him on a couch and embraced him. Where there are these five fires, feminine nature, intoxication, privacy, the obtaining of a man, and absence of restraint, what chance for the stubble of character? So true is it, that a woman maddened by the god of Love is incapable of discrimination; since this queen became enamoured of that loathsome castaway. In the meanwhile the king Ratnádhipati, being anxious, came swiftly from Ratnakúṭa, borne along on the sky-going elephant; and entering his palace he beheld his wife Rájadattá in the arms of that creature. When the king saw the man, though he felt tempted to slay him, he slew him not, because he fell at his feet, and uttered piteous supplications. And beholding his wife terrified, and at the same time intoxicated, he reflected, "How can a woman that is addicted to wine, the chief ally of lust, be chaste? A lascivious woman cannot be restrained even by being guarded. Can one fetter a whirlwind with one's arms? This is the fruit of my not heeding the prediction of the astrologers. To whom is not the scorning of wise words bitter in its after-taste? When I thought that she was the sister of Sílavatí, I forgot that the Kálakúṭa poison was twin-born with the *amṛita*.* Or rather who is able, even by doing the utmost of a man, to overcome the incalculable freaks of marvellously working Destiny." Thus reflecting, the king was not wroth with any one, and spared the merchant's son, her paramour, after asking him the story of his life. The merchant's son, when dismissed thence, seeing no other expedient, went out and beheld a ship coming, far off in the sea. Then he again mounted that plank, and drifting about in the sea, cried out, puffing and blowing, "Save me! Save me!" So a merchant, of the name of Krodhavarman, who was on that ship, drew that merchant's son out of the water, and made him his companion. Whatever deed is appointed by the Disposer to be the destruction of any

* Both were produced at the churning of the ocean.

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man, dogs his steps whithersoever he runneth. For this fool, when on the ship, was discovered by his deliverer secretly associating with his wife, and thereupon was cast by him into the sea and perished.

In the meanwhile the king Ratnádhipati caused the queen Rájadattá with her retinue to mount S'vetaraśmi, without allowing himself to be angry, and he carried her to Ratnakúṭa, and delivered her to S'ílavatí, and related that occurrence to her and his ministers. And he exclaimed, "Alas! How much pain have I endured, whose mind has been devoted to these unsubstantial insipid enjoyments. Therefore I will go to the forest, and take Hari as my refuge, in order that I may never again be a vessel of such woes." Thus he spake, and though his sorrowing ministers and S'ílavatí endeavoured to prevent him, he, being disgusted with the world, would not abandon his intention. Then, being indifferent to enjoyments, he first gave half of his treasure to the virtuous S'ílavatí, and the other half to the Bráhmans, and then that king made over in the prescribed form his kingdom to a Bráhman of great excellence, named Pápabhanjana. And after he had given away his kingdom, he ordered S'vetaraśmi to be brought, with the object of retiring to a grove of asceticism, his subjects looking on with tearful eyes. No sooner was the elephant brought, than it left the body, and became a man of god-like appearance, adorned with necklace and bracelet. When the king asked him who he was, and what was the meaning of all this, he answered:

"We were two Gandharva brothers, living on the Malaya mountain: I was called Somaprabha, and the eldest was Devaprabha. And my brother had but one wife, but she was very dear to him. Her name was Rájavatí. One day he was wandering about with her in his arms, and happened to arrive, with me in his company, at a place called the dwelling of the Siddhas. There we both worshipped Vishṇu in his temple, and began all of us to sing before the adorable one. In the meanwhile a Siddha came there, and stood regarding with fixed gaze Rájavatí, who was singing songs well worth hearing. And my brother, who was jealous, said in his wrath to that Siddha; 'Why dost thou, although a Siddha, cast a longing look at another's wife?' Then the Siddha was moved with anger, and said to him by way of a curse—'Fool, I was looking at her out of interest in her song, not out of desire. So fall thou, jealous one, into a mortal womb together with her; and then behold with thy own eyes thy wife in the embraces of another.' When he had said this, I, being enraged at the curse, struck him, out of childish recklessness, with a white toy elephant of clay, that I had in my hand. Then he cursed me in the following words—"Be born again on the earth as an elephant, like that with which you have just struck me." Then being merciful, that Siddha allowed himself to be propitiated by that brother of mine Devaprabha, and appointed for us both

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the following termination of the curse; "Though a mortal thou shalt become, by the favour of Vishṇu, the lord of an island, and shalt obtain as thy servant this thy younger brother, who will have become an elephant, a beast of burden fit for gods. Thou shalt obtain eighty thousand wives, and thou shalt come to learn the unchastity of them all in the presence of men. Then thou shalt marry this thy present wife, who will have become a woman, and shalt see her with thy own eyes embracing another. Then thou shalt become sick in thy heart of the world, and shalt bestow thy realm on a Bráhman, but when after doing this thou shalt set out to go to a forest of ascetics, thy younger brother shall first be released from his elephant nature, and thou also with thy wife shalt be delivered from thy curse.' This was the termination of the curse appointed for us by the Siddha, and we were accordingly born with different lots, on account of the difference of our actions in that previous state, and lo! the end of our curse has now arrived." When Somaprabha had said this, that king Ratnádhipati remembered his former birth, and said—"True! I am that very Devaprabha; and this Rájadattá is my former wife Rájavatí." Having said this, he, together with his wife, abandoned the body. In a moment they all became Gandharvas, and, in the sight of men, flew up into the air, and went to their own home, the Malaya mountain. Sílavatí too, through the nobleness of her character, obtained prosperity, and going to the city of Támralipti, remained in the practice of virtue.

"So true is it, that in no case can any one guard a woman by force in this world, but the young woman of good family is ever protected by the pure restraint of her own chastity. And thus the passion of jealousy is merely a purposeless cause of suffering, annoying others, and so far from being a protection to women, it rather excites in them excessive longing." When Naraváhanadatta had heard this tale full of good sense related by his wife, he and his ministers were highly pleased.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Then Naraváhanadatta's minister Gomûkha said to him, by way of capping the tale, which had been told by Ratnaprabhá: "It is true that chaste women are few and far between, but unchaste women are never to be trusted; in illustration of this, hear the following story."

Story of Nis'chayadatta.

There is in this land a town of the name of Ujjayiní, famous throughout the world: in it there lived of old time a merchant's son, named

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Niśchayadatta. He was a gambler and had acquired money by gambling, and every day the generous man used to bathe in the water of the Siprá, and worship Mahákála:* his custom was first to give money to the Bráhmans, the poor, and the helpless, and then to anoint himself and indulge in food and betel.

Every day, when he had finished his bathing and his worship, he used to go and anoint himself in a cemetery near the temple of Mahákála, with sandal-wood and other things. And the young man placed the unguent on a stone pillar that stood there, and so anointed himself every day alone, rubbing his back against it. In that way the pillar eventually became very smooth and polished. Then there came that way a draughtsman with a sculptor; the first, seeing that the pillar was very smooth, drew on it a figure of Gaurí, and the sculptor with his chisel in pure sport carved it on the stone. Then, after they had departed, a certain daughter of the Vidyádharas came there to worship Mahákála, and saw that image of Gaurí on the stone. From the clearness of the image she inferred the proximity of the goddess, and, after worshipping, she entered that stone pillar to rest. In the meanwhile Niśchayadatta, the merchant's son, came there, and to his astonishment beheld that figure of Umá carved on the stone. He first anointed his limbs, and then placing the unguent on another part of the stone, began to anoint his back by rubbing it against the stone. When the rolling-eyed Vidyádhara maiden inside the pillar saw that, her heart being captivated by his beauty, she reflected—"What! has this handsome man no one to anoint his back? Then I will now rub his back for him." Thus the Vidyádharí reflected, and, stretching forth her hand from inside the pillar, she anointed his back then and there out of affection. Immediately the merchant's son felt the touch, and heard the jingling of the bracelet, and caught hold of her hand with his. And the Vidyádharí, invisible as she was, said to him from the pillar—"Noble sir, what harm have I done you? let go my hand." Then Niśchayadatta answered her—"Appear before me, and say who you are, then I will let go your hand." Then the Vidyádharí affirmed with an oath—"I will appear before your eyes, and tell you all." So he let go her hand. Then she came out visibly from the pillar, beautiful in every limb, and sitting down, with her eyes fixed on his face, said to him, "There is a city called Pushkarávatí† on a peak of the Himálayas, in it there lives a king named Vindhyapara. I am his maiden daughter, named Anurágapará. I came to worship Mahákála, and rested here to-day. And thereupon you came here, and were beheld by me anointing your back on

* A famous linga of Śiva in Ujjayiní.

† Perhaps the Pushkalávatí described by General Cunningham in his Ancient Geography of India, p. 49.

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this pillar, resembling the stupefying weapon of the god of love. Then first my heart was charmed with affection for you, and afterwards my hand was smeared with your unguent, as I rubbed your back.* The sequel you know. So I will now go to my father's house."

When she said this to the merchant's son, he answered—"Fair one, I have not recovered my soul which you have taken captive; how can you thus depart, without letting go the soul which you have taken possession of?" When he said this to her, she was immediately overcome with love, and said—"I will marry you, if you come to my city. It is not hard for you to reach; your endeavour will be sure to succeed. For nothing in this world is difficult to the enterprising." Having said this, Anurágapará flew up into the air and departed; and Niśchayadatta returned home with mind fixed upon her. Recollecting the hand that was protruded from the pillar, like a shoot from the trunk of a tree, he thought—"Alas! though I seized her hand I did not win it for my own. Therefore I will go to the city of Pushkarávatí to visit her, and either I shall lose my life, or Fate will come to my aid." So musing, he passed that day there in an agony of love, and he set out from that place early the next morning, making for the north. As he journeyed, three other merchants' sons, who were travelling towards the north, associated themselves with him as companions. In company with them he travelled through cities, villages, forests, and rivers, and at last reached the northern region abounding in barbarians.

There he and his companions were found on the way by some Tájikas, who took them and sold them to another Tájika. He sent them in the care of his servants as a present to a Turushka, named Muravára. Then those servants took him and the other three, and hearing that Muravára was dead, they delivered them to his son. The son of Muravára thought—"These men have been sent me as a present by my father's friend, so I must send them to him to-morrow by throwing them into his grave."† Accordingly the Turuskha fettered Niśchayadatta and his three friends with strong chains, that they might be kept till the morning. Then, while they were remaining in chains at night, Niśchayadatta said to his three friends, the merchant's sons, who were afflicted with dread of death—"What will you gain by despondency? Maintain steadfast resolution. For calamities depart far away from the resolute, as if terrified at them. Think on the peerless adorable Durgá, that deliverer from calamity."

* There is a studied ambiguity in all these words, the usual play on affection and oil being kept up. A marginal correction in a Sanskrit College MS. lent to me, gives *hṛidayam*. The text has *ránjitam sthíthaván*. The latter is a *vox nihili*. Brockhaus's text may be explained—My hand full of my heart was steeped in affection for you.

† For "funeral human sacrifice for the service of the dead," see Tylor's Primitive Culture, pp. 413—422.

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Thus encouraging them, he devoutly worshipped that goddess Durgá: "Hail to thee, O goddess! I worship thy feet that are stained with a red dye, as if it were the clotted gore of the trampled Asura clinging to them. Thou, as the all-ruling power of Śiva, dost govern the three worlds, and inspired by thee they live and move. Thou didst deliver the worlds, O slayer of the Asura Mahisha. Deliver me that crave thy protection, O thou cherisher of thy votaries." In these and similar words he and his companions duly worshipped the goddess, and then they all fell asleep, being weary. And the goddess Durgá in a dream commanded Niśchayadatta and his companions—"Rise up, my children, depart, for your fetters are loosed." Then they woke up at night, and saw that their fetters had fallen off of themselves, and after relating to one another their dream, they departed thence delighted. And after they had gone a long journey, the night came to an end, and then those merchant's sons, who had gone through such terrors, said to Niśchayadatta; "Enough of this quarter of the world infested with barbarians! We will go to the Deccan, friend, but do you do as you desire."—When they said this to him, he dismissed them to go where they would, and set out alone vigorously on his journey, making towards that very northern quarter, drawn by the noose of love for Anurágapará, flinging aside fear. As he went along, he fell in, in course of time, with four Páśupata ascetics, and reached and crossed the river Vitastá. And after crossing it, he took food, and as the sun was kissing the western mountain, he entered with them a forest that lay in their path. And there some woodmen, that met them, said to them: "Whither are you going, now that the day is over. There is no village in front of you: but there is an empty temple of Śiva in this wood. Whoever remains there during the night inside or outside, falls a prey to a Yakshiṇí, who bewilders him, making horns grow on his forehead, and then treats him as a victim, and devours him." Those four Páśupata ascetics, who were travelling together, though they heard this, said to Niśchayadatta, "Come along! what can that miserable Yakshiṇí do to us? For we have remained many nights in various cemeteries." When they said this, he went with them, and finding an empty temple of Śiva, he entered it with them to pass the night there. In the court of that temple the bold Niśchayadatta and the Páśupata ascetics quickly made a great circle with ashes, and entering into it, they lighted a fire with fuel, and all remained there, muttering a charm to protect themselves.

Then at night there came there dancing the Yakshiṇí Śringotpádiní,* playing from afar on her lute of bones, and when she came near, she fixed her eye on one of the four Páśupata ascetics, and recited a charm, as she

* *i. e.* Producer of horns.

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danced outside the circle. That charm produced horns on him,* and bewildered he rose up, and danced till he fell into the blazing fire. And when he had fallen, the Yakshiṇí dragged him half-burnt out of the fire, and devoured him with delight. Then she fixed her eye on the second Páśupata ascetic, and in the same way recited the horn-producing charm and danced. The second one also had horns produced by that charm, and was made to dance, and falling into the fire, was dragged out and devoured before the eyes of the others. In this way the Yakshiṇí maddened one after another at night the four ascetics, and after horns had been produced on them, devoured them. But while she was devouring the fourth, it came to pass that, being intoxicated with flesh and blood, she laid her lute down on the ground. Thereupon the bold Niśchayadatta rose up quickly, and seized the lute, and began to play on it, and dancing round with a laugh, to recite that horn-producing charm, which he had learnt from hearing it often, fixing at the same time his eye on the face of the Yakshiṇí. By the operation of the charm she was confused, and dreading death, as horns were just about to sprout on her forehead, she flung herself prostrate, and thus entreated him; "Valiant man, do not slay me, a helpless woman. I now implore your protection, stop the recital of the charm, and the accompanying movements. Spare me! I know all your story, and will bring about your wish; I will carry you to the place, where Anurágaparâ is." The bold Niśchayadatta, when thus confidingly addressed by her, consented, and stopped the recital of the charm, and the accompanying movements. Then, at the request of the Yakshiṇí, he mounted on her back, and being carried by her through the air, he went to find his beloved.†

And when the night came to an end, they had reached a mountain wood; there the Guhyakí bowing thus addressed Niśchayadatta; "Now that the sun has risen, I have no power to go upwards,‡ so spend this day in this charming wood, my lord; eat sweet fruits and drink the clear water of the brooks. I go to my own place, and I will return at the approach of night; and then I will take you to the city of Pushkarávatí,

* Cp. the 31st tale in Signora von Gonzenbach's Sicilianische Märchen, (p. 209) where the black figs produce horns. There is also in the same story a pipe that compels all that hear its sound to dance. See Dr. Reinhold Köhler's notes on the tale: also Grimm's No. 110 and his notes in his third volume. Cp. also Veckenstedt's Wendische Sagen, p. 65. See also Ralston's Russian Folk-Tales, p. 283: Bernhard Schmidt's Griechische Märchen, No. 20, and Liebrecht, Zur Volkskunde, p. 484.

† Cp. Grimm's Märchen, No. 193. The parallel between Grimm's story and that of Vidúshaka in Chapter 18 is still more striking.

‡ This idea, which is met with so frequently in this work, is found in China also. See Giles's Strange Stories from a Chinese Studio, Vol. I, p. 177, where Miss Li, who is a devil, hears the cock crow and vanishes.

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the crown of the Himálayas, and into the presence of Anurágapará." Having said this, the Yakshiṇí with his permission set him down from her shoulder, and departed to return again according to her promise.

When she had gone, Niśchayadatta beheld a deep lake, transparent and cool, but tainted with poison, lit up by the sun, that stretching forth the fingers of its rays, revealed it as an example illustrative of the nature of the heart of a passionate woman. He knew by the smell that it was tainted with poison, and left it, after necessary ablutions, and being afflicted with thirst he roamed all over that heavenly mountain in search of water. And as he was wandering about, he saw on a lofty place what seemed to be two rubies glittering, and he dug up the ground there.

And after he had removed the earth, he saw there the head of a living monkey, and his eyes like two rubies. While he was indulging his wonder, thinking what this could be, that monkey thus addressed him with human voice; "I am a man, a Bráhman transformed into a monkey, release me, and then I will tell you all my story, excellent sir." As soon as he heard this, he removed the earth, marvelling, and drew the ape out of the ground. When Niśchayadatta had drawn out the ape, it fell at his feet, and continued—"You have given me life by rescuing me from calamity. So come, since you are weary, take fruit and water, and by your favour I also will break my long fast. Having said this, the liberated monkey took him to the bank of a mountain-torrent some distance off, where there were delicious fruits, and shady trees. There he bathed and took fruit and water, and coming back, he said to the monkey who had broken his fast—"Tell me how you have become a monkey, being really a man." Then that monkey said, "Listen, I will tell you now."

Story of Somasvámin.

In the city of Váránasí there is an excellent Bráhman named Chandrasvámin, I am his son by his virtuous wife, my friend. And my father gave me the name of Somasvámin. In course of time it came to pass that I mounted the fierce elephant of love, which infatuation makes uncontrollable. When I was at this stage of my life, the youthful Bandhudattá, the daughter of the merchant Śrígarbha, an inhabitant of that city, and the wife of the great merchant of Mathura Varáhadatta, who was dwelling in her father's house, beheld me one day, as she was looking out of the window. She was enamoured of me on beholding me, and after enquiring my name, she sent a confidential female friend to me, desiring an interview, Her friend came up secretly to me who was blind with love, and, after telling her friend's desire, took me to her house. There she placed me, and then went and brought secretly Bandhudattá, whose eagerness made her disregard shame. And no sooner was she brought, than she threw her arms round my neck, for excessive love in women is your only hero for

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daring. Thus every day Bandhudattá came at will from her father's house, and sported with me in the house of her female friend.

Now one day the great merchant, her husband, came from Mathurá to take her back to his own house, as she had been long absent. Then Bandhudattá, as her father ordered her to go, and her husband was eager to take her away, secretly made a second request to her friend. She said "I am certainly going to be taken by my husband to the city of Mathurá, and I cannot live there separated from Somasvámin. So tell me what resource there is left to me in this matter." When she said this, her friend Sukhaśayá, who was a witch, answered her, "I know two spells ;* by reciting one of them a man can be in a moment made an ape, if a string is fastened round his neck, and by the second, if the string is loosed, he will immediately become a man again ; and while he is an ape his intelligence is not diminished. So if you like, fair one, you can keep your lover Somasvámin ; for I will turn him into an ape on the spot, then take him with you to Mathurá as a pet animal. And I will shew you how to use the two spells, so that you can turn him, when near you, into the shape of a monkey, and when you are in a secret place, make him once more a beloved man." When her friend had told her this, Bandhudattá consented, and sending for me in secret, told me that matter in the most loving tone. I consented, and immediately Sukhaśayá fastened a thread on my neck and recited the spell, and made me a young monkey. And in that shape Bandhudattá brought and shewed me to her husband, and she said—"A friend of mine gave me this animal to play with." And he was delighted when he saw me in her arms as a plaything, and I, though a monkey, retained my intelligence, and the power of articulate speech. And I remained there, saying to myself with inward laughter—"Wonderful are the actions of women." For whom does not love beguile? The next day Bandhudattá, having been taught that spell by her friend, set out from her father's house to go to Mathurá with her husband. And the husband of Bandhudattá, wishing to please her, had me carried on the back of one of his servants during the journey. So the servant and I and the rest went along, and in two or three days reached a wood, that lay in our way, which was perilous from abounding in monkeys. Then the monkeys, beholding me, attacked me in troops on all sides, quickly calling to one another with shrill cries. And the irrepressible apes came and began to bite that merchant's servant, on whose back I was sitting. He was terrified at that, and flung me off his back on to the ground, and fled for fear, so the monkeys got hold of me then and there.

* Cp. Weckenstedt's Wendische Sagen, pp. 256 and 394. See also No. CXXIX in Giles's Strange Stories from a Chinese Studio, Vol. II, p. 265, the title of which is "Making of Animals."

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And Bandhudattá, out of love for me, and her husband and his servants, attacked the apes with stones and sticks, but were not able to get the better of them. Then those monkeys, as if enraged with my evil actions, pulled off with their teeth and nails every hair from every one of my limbs, as I lay there bewildered. At last, by the virtue of the string on my neck, and by thinking on Śiva, I managed to recover my strength, and getting loose from them, I ran away. And entering into the depths of the wood, I got out of their sight, and gradually, roaming from forest to forest, I reached this wood. And while I was wandering about here in the rainy season, blind with the darkness of grief, saying to myself, "How is it that even in this life adultery has produced for thee the fruit of transformation into the shape of a monkey, and thou hast lost Bandhudattá?" Destiny, not yet sated with tormenting me, inflicted on me another woe, for a female elephant suddenly came upon me, and seizing me with her trunk flung me into the mud of an ant-hill that had been saturated with rain. I know it must have been some divinity instigated by Destiny, for, though I exerted myself to the utmost, I could not get out of that mud. And while it was drying up,* not only did I not die, but knowledge was produced in me, while I thought continually upon Śiva. And all the while I never felt hunger nor thirst, my friend, until to-day you drew me out of this trap of dry mud. And though I have gained knowledge, I do not even now possess power sufficient to set myself free from this monkey nature. But when some witch unties the thread on my neck, reciting at the same time the appropriate spell, then I shall once more become a man.

"This is my story, but tell me now, my friend, how you came to this inaccessible wood, and why." When Niśchayadatta was thus requested by the Bráhman Somasvámin, he told him his story, how he came from Ujjayiní on account of a Vidyadharí, and how he was conveyed at night by a Yakshiṇí, whom he had subdued by his presence of mind. Then the wise Somasvámin, who wore the form of a monkey, having heard that wonderful story, went on to say; "You, like myself, have suffered great woe for the sake of a female. But females, like prosperous circumstances, are never faithful to any one in this world. Like the evening, they display a short-lived glow of passion, their hearts are crooked like the channels of rivers, like snakes they are not to be relied on, like lightning they are fickle. So, that Anurágaparâ, though she may be enamoured of you for a time, when she finds a paramour of her own race, will be disgusted with you, who are only a mortal. So desist now from this effort for the sake of a female, which you will find like the fruit of the Colocynth, bitter in its

* Pandit Śyámá Charaṇa Mukhopádhyáya conjectures *áśoshyamáne*. This I adopt unhesitatingly.

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after-taste. Do not go, my friend, to Pushkarávatí, the city of the Vidyádharas, but ascend the back of the Yakshiṇí and return to your own Ujjayiní. Do what I tell you, my friend; formerly in my passion I did not heed the voice of a friend, and I am suffering for it at this very moment. For when I was in love with Bandhudattá, a Bráhman named Bhavaśarman, who was a very dear friend of mine, said this to me in order to dissuade me;—'Do not put yourself in the power of a female, the heart of a female is a tangled maze; in proof of it I will tell you what happened to me—listen!'"

Story of Bhavaś'arman.

In this very country, in the city of Váránasí, there lived a young and beautiful Bráhman woman named Somadá, who was unchaste and secretly a witch. And as destiny would have it, I had secret interviews with her, and in the course of our intimacy my love for her increased. One day I wilfully struck her in the fury of jealousy, and the cruel woman bore it patiently, concealing her anger for the time. The next day she fastened a string round my neck, as if in loving sport, and I was immediately turned into a domesticated ox. Then I, thus transformed into an ox, was sold by her, on receiving the required price, to a man who lived by keeping domesticated camels. When he placed a load upon me, a witch there, named Bandhamochaniká, beholding me sore burdened, was filled with pity.* She knew by her supernatural knowledge that I had been made an animal by Somadá, and when my proprietor was not looking, she loosed the string from my neck. So I returned to the form of a man, and that master of mine immediately looked round, and thinking that I had escaped, wandered all about the country in search of me. And as I was going away from that place with Bandhamochiní, it happened that Somadá came that way and beheld me at a distance. She, burning with rage, said to Bandhamochiní, who possessed supernatural knowledge,—"Why did you deliver this villain from his bestial transformation? Curses on you! wicked woman, you shall reap the fruit of this evil deed. To-morrow morning I will slay you, together with this villain." When she had gone after saying this, that skilful sorceress Bandhamochiní, in order to repel her assault, gave me the following instructions—"She will come to-morrow morning in the form of a black mare to slay me, and I shall then assume the form of a bay mare. And when we have begun to fight, you must come behind this Somadá, sword in hand, and resolutely strike her. In this way we will slay her; so come to-morrow morning to my house." After saying this, she pointed out to me her house. When she had entered it,

* Cp. Sagas from the Far East, p. 35. This story very closely resembles that of Sidi Noman in the Arabian Nights, and the Golden Ass of Apuleius.

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I went home, having endured more than one birth in this very life. And in the morning I went to the house of Bandhamochiní, sword in hand. Then Somadá came there, in the form of a black mare.* And Bandhamochiní, for her part, assumed the form of a bay mare; and then they fought with their teeth and heels, biting and kicking. Then I struck that vile witch Somadá a blow with my sword, and she was slain by Bandhamochiní. Then I was freed from fear, and having escaped the calamity of bestial transformation, I never again allowed my mind to entertain the idea of associating with wicked women. Women generally have these three faults, terrible to the three worlds, flightiness, recklessness, and a love for the congregation of witches. So why do you run after Bandhudattá, who is a friend of witches? Since she does not love her husband, how is it possible that she can love you?

"Though my friend Bhavaśarman gave me this advice, I did not do what he told me; and so I am reduced to this state. So I give you this counsel; do not suffer hardship to win Anurágapará, for when she obtains a lover of her own race, she will of a surety desert you. A woman ever desires fresh men, as a female humble bee wanders from flower to flower; so you will suffer regret some day, like me, my friend." This speech of Somasvámin, who had been transformed into a monkey, did not penetrate the heart of Niśchayadatta, for it was full of passion. And he said to that monkey; "She will not be unfaithful to me, for she is born of the pure race of the Vidyádharas." Whilst they were thus conversing, the sun, red with the hues of evening, went to the mountain of setting, as if wishing to please Niśchayadatta. Then the night arrived, as the harbinger of the Yakshiṇí S'ṛingotpádiní, and she herself came soon afterwards. And Niśchayadatta mounted on her back, and went off to go to his beloved, taking leave of the ape, who begged that he might ever be remembered by him. And at midnight he reached that city of Pushkaráváti, which was situated on the Himálayas, and belonged to the king of the Vidyádharas, the father of Anurágapará. At that very moment Anurágapará, having known by her power of his arrival, came out from that city to meet him. Then the Yakshiní put down Niśchayadatta from her shoulder, and pointing out to him Anurágapará, said—"Here comes your beloved, like a second moon giving a feast to your eyes in the night, so now I will depart," and bowing before him, she went her way. Then Anurágapará, full of the excitement produced by expectation, went up to her beloved, and welcomed him with embraces and other signs of

* Compare Lane's Arabian Nights, Vol. I, pp. 156, 157, also Campbell's Tales from the Western Highlands, Vol. II, p. 422, and Sagas from the Far East, p. 4. This part of the story comes under Mr. Baring-Gould's Magical Conflict root. (See his Story Radicals in the appendix to Henderson's Folklore of the Northern Counties.)

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love. He too embraced her, and now that he had obtained the joy of meeting her after enduring many hardships, he could not be contained in his own body, and as it were entered hers. So Anurágapará was made his wife by the Gándharva ceremony of marriage, and she immediately by her magic skill created a city. In that city, which was outside the metropolis, he dwelt with her, without her parents suspecting it, as their eyes were blinded by her skill. And when, on her questioning him, he told her those strange and painful adventures of his journey, she respected him much, and bestowed on him all the enjoyments that heart could wish.

Then Niśchayadatta told that Vidyadharí the strange story of Somasvámin, who had been transformed into a monkey, and said to her, "If this friend of mine could by any endeavour on your part be freed from his monkey condition, then my beloved, you would have done a good deed." When he told her this, Anurágapará said to him—"This is in the way of witches' spells, but it is not our province. Nevertheless I will accomplish this desire of yours, by asking a friend of mine, a skilful witch named Bhadrarúpá. When the merchant's son heard that, he was delighted, and said to that beloved of his—"So come and see my friend, let us go to visit him." She consented, and the next day, carried in her lap, Niśchayadatta went through the air to the wood, which was the residence of his friend. When he saw his friend there in monkey form, he went up to him with his wife, who bowed before him, and asked after his welfare. And the monkey Somasvámin welcomed him, saying—"It is well with me to-day, in that I have beheld you united to Anurágapará," and he gave his blessing to Niśchayadatta's wife. Then all three sat down on a charming slab of rock there, and held a conversation* about his story, the various adventures of that ape, previously discussed by Niśchayadatta with his beloved. Then Niśchayadatta took leave of that monkey, and went to the house of his beloved, flying up into the air, carried by her in her arms.

And the next day he again said to that Anurágapará, "Come, let us go for a moment to visit that ape our friend;" then she said to him—"Go to-day yourself, receive from me the science of flying up, and also that of descending." When she had said this to him, he took those two sciences, and flew through the air to his friend the ape. And as he remained long conversing with him, Anurágapará went out of the house into the garden. While she was seated there, a certain Vidyádhara youth, who was wandering at will through the air, came there. The Vidyádhara, knowing by his art that she was a Vidyádharí who had a mortal husband, the moment he beheld her, was overpowered with a paroxysm of love, and approached her. And she, with face bent on the ground, beheld that he was handsome and

* I adopt *kritam* the reading of a MS. lent me from the Sanskrit College. I should put a comma after *álápam*, as that word is used in the masculine.

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attractive, and slowly asked him out of curiosity, who he was and whence he came. Then he answered her, "Know, fair one, that I am a Vidyádhara, by name Rágabhanjana, distinguished for my knowledge of the sciences of the Vidyádharas. The moment I beheld you, O gazelle-eyed one, I was suddenly overpowered by love, and made your slave, so cease to honour, O goddess, a mortal, whose abode is the earth, and favour me, your equal, before your father finds out your intrigue." When he said this, the fickle-hearted one, looking timidly at him with a sidelong glance, thought—"Here is a fit match for me." When he had thus ascertained her wishes, he made her his wife: when two are of one mind, what more does secret love require?

Then Niśchayadatta arrived from the presence of Somasvámin, after that Vidhyádhara had departed. And when he came, Anurágapará, having lost her love for him, did not embrace him, giving as an excuse that she had a headache. But the simple-minded man, bewildered by love, not seeing through her excuse, thought that her pain was due to illness and spent the day in that belief. But the next day, he again went in low spirits to see his friend the ape, flying through the air by the force of the two sciences he possessed. When he had gone, Anurágapará's Vidyádhara lover returned to her, having spent a sleepless night without her. And embracing round the neck her, who was eager for his arrival owing to having been separated during the night, he was at length overcome by sleep. She by the power of her science concealed her lover, who lay asleep in her lap, and weary with having kept awake all night, went to sleep herself. In the meanwhile Niśchayadatta came to the ape, and his friend, welcoming him, asked him—"Why do I seem to see you in low spirits to-day? Tell me." Then Niśchayadatta said to that ape, "Anurágapará is exceedingly ill, my friend; for that reason I am grieved, for she is dearer to me than life." Then that ape, who possessed supernatural knowledge, said to him—"Go, take her in your arms asleep as she is, and flying through the air by the help of the science she bestowed, bring her to me, in order that I may this very day shew you a great marvel." When Niśchayadatta heard this, he went through the air and lightly took up that sleeping fair, but he did not see that Vidyádhara, who was asleep in her lap, and had been previously made invisible by the power of her science. And flying up into the air, he quickly brought Anurágapará to that ape. That ape, who possessed divine insight, immediately shewed him a charm, by which he was able to behold the Vidyádhara clinging to her neck. When he saw this, he exclaimed—"Alas! what does this mean?" And the ape, who was able to discern the truth, told him the whole story. Then Niśchayadatta fell into a passion, and the Vidyádhara, who was the lover of his wife, woke up, and flying up into the air, disappeared. Then Anurágapará woke up, and see-

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ing that her secret was revealed, stood with face cast down through shame. Then Niśchayadatta said to her with eyes gushing with tears—"Wicked female, how could you thus deceive me who reposed confidence in you? Although a device is known in this world for fixing that exceedingly fickle metal quicksilver, no expedient is known for fixing the heart of a woman." While he was saying this, Anurágaparâ, at a loss for an answer, and weeping, slowly soared up into the air, and went to her own home.

Then Niśchayadatta's friend, the ape, said to him—"That you are grieved is the fruit of the fierce fire of passion, in that you ran after this fair one, though I tried to dissuade you. For what reliance can be placed on fickle fortunes and fickle women? So cease your regret. Be patient now. For even the Disposer himself cannot o'erstep destiny." When Niśchayadatta heard this speech from the ape, he flung aside that delusion of grief, and abandoning passion, fled to Śiva as his refuge. Then, as he was remaining in that wood with his friend the ape, it happened that a female hermit of the name of Mokshadá came near him. She seeing him bowing before her, proceeded to ask him—"How comes this strange thing to pass that, though a man, you have struck up a friendship with this ape?" Then he related to her his own melancholy story and afterwards the sad tale of his friend, and thereupon thus said to her; "If you, reverend lady, know any incantation or spell by which it can be done, immediately release this excellent Bráhman, my friend, from his ape-transformation." When she heard that, she consented, and employing a spell, she loosed the string from his neck, and Somasvámin abandoned that monkey form and became a man as before. Then she disappeared like lightning, clothed with celestial brightness, and in time Niśchayadatta and the Bráhman Somasvámin, having performed many austerities, attained final beatitude.

"Thus fair ones, naturally fickle, bring about a series of evil actions which produce true discernment, and aversion to the world. But here and there you will find a virtuous one among them, who adorns a glorious family, as the streak of the moon the broad sky."

When Naravâhanadatta, accompanied by Ratnaprabhá, heard this wonderful tale from the mouth of Gomukha, he was highly pleased.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Then Marubhúti, perceiving that Naravâhanadatta was pleased with the tale of Gomukha, in order to rival him, said, "Women are generally

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fickle, but not always, for even *hetæræ* are seen to be rich in good qualities, much more others; in proof of this, king, hear this famous tale."

Story of king Vikramáditya and the hetæra.

There was in Páṭaliputra a king named Vikramáditya; he had two cherished friends the king Hayapati,* and the king Gajapati,† who had large armies of horse and elephants. And that proud sovereign had a mighty enemy named Narasinha‡ the lord of Pratishṭhána, a king who had a large force of infantry. Being angry with that enemy, and puffed up on account of the power of his allies, Vikramáditya rashly made this vow—"I will so completely conquer that king, the lord of men, that the heralds and bards shall proclaim him at the door as my slave." Having made this vow, he summoned those allies, Hayapati and Gajapati, and accompanied with a large force, shaking the earth with elephants and horses, marched with them to make a fierce attack on the lord of men, Narasinha. When he arrived near Pratishṭhána, Narasinha, the lord of men, put on his armour and went out to meet him. Then there took place between the two kings a battle that excited wonder, in which footmen fought with elephants and horses. And at last the army of Vikramáditya was routed by the forces of Narasinha, the lord of men, which contained many crores of footmen. And Vikramáditya, being routed, fled to his city Páṭaliputra, and his two allies fled to their own countries. And Narasinha, the lord of men, entered his own city Pratishṭhána, accompanied by heralds who praised his might.

Then Vikramáditya, not having gained his end, thought—"Well! as that enemy is not to be conquered by arms, I will conquer him by policy; let some blame me if they like, but let not my oath be made void." Thus reflecting, he entrusted his kingdom to suitable ministers, and secretly went out of the city with one chief minister, named Buddhivara, and with five hundred well-born and brave Rájpúts and in the disguise of a candidate for service,§ went to Pratishṭhána, the city of his enemy. There he entered the splendid mansion of a beautiful *hetæra* named Madanamálá, that resembled the palace of a king. It seemed to invite him with the silk of its banners, hoisted on the pinnacles of high ramparts, the points of which waved to and fro in the soft breeze. It was guarded at the principal entrance, the east door, day and night, by twenty thousand footmen, equipped with all kinds of weapons. At each of the other three doors, looking towards the other cardinal points, it was defended by ten thousand

* *I. e.* lord of horses.

† *I. e.* lord of elephants.

‡ *I. e.* Man-lion.

§ *Kárpatika;* for the use of this word see chapters 24, 63 and 81 of this work.

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warriors ever on the *qui vive*. In such guise the king entered, proclaimed by the warders, the enclosure of the palace, which was divided into seven zones. In one zone it was adorned with many long lines of horses. In another the path was impeded by dense troops of elephants. In another it was surrounded with an imposing array of dense weapons. In another it was resplendent with many treasure-houses, that gleamed with the flash of jewels. In another a circle was always formed by a dense crowd of attendants. In another it was full of the noise of many bards reciting aloud, and in another resounding with the sound of drums beaten in concert. Beholding all these sights the king at last reached, with his retinue, the splendid edifice in which Madanamálá dwelt. She having heard with great interest from her attendants that, as he passed through the zones, the horses and other creatures were cured of their wounds,* thought that he must be some great one in disguise, and so she went to meet him, and bowed before him with love and curiosity, and bringing him in, seated him on a throne fit for a king. The king's heart was ravished by her beauty, gracefulness and courtesy, and he saluted her without revealing who he was. Then Madanamálá honoured that king with costly baths, flowers, perfumes, garments and ornaments. And she gave daily subsistence to those followers of his, and feasted him and his minister with all kinds of viands. And she spent the day with him in drinking, and other diversions, and surrendered herself to him, having fallen in love with him at first sight. Vikramáditya, being thus entertained by her, day by day, continued, though in disguise, to live in a style suited to an emperor. And whatever and how-muchsoever wealth he was in the habit of giving to suppliants, Madanamálá gladly furnished him with from her own store. And she thought her body and wealth well employed, while enjoyed by him, and she remained averse to gain and to other men. For out of love to him she even kept off by stratagems Narasinha, the king of that land, who came there being enamoured of her.

While the king was being waited on in this fashion by Madanamálá, he one day said in secret to his minister Buddhivara, who accompanied him, "A *hetæra* desires wealth, and not even if she feels love, does she become attached without it, for when Providence framed suitors, he bestowed greed on these women. But this Madanamálá, though her wealth is being consumed by me, through her great love is not estranged from me, on the contrary she delights in me. So how can I now make her a recompense, in order that my vow may in course of time be fully accomplished?" When

* I follow *sákútam* the reading of the MS in the Sanskṛit College. So the wounds of Sir Urre of Hungary were healed, as soon as they were handled by the valiant Sir Launcelot (La Mort d' Arthure, Vol. III, p. 270).

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the minister Buddhivara heard this, he said to the king; "If this be so, give her some of those priceless jewels which the mendicant Prapanchabuddhi gave you." When the king heard that, he answered him, "If I were to give them all to her, I should not have made her a recompense worth speaking of; but I can free myself from obligation in another way, which is connected also with the story of that mendicant." When the minister heard this, he said—"King, why did that mendicant court you? Tell me his story." When his minister Buddhivara preferred this request, the king said, "Listen: I will tell you his story."

Story of king Vikramáditya and the treacherous mendicant.

Long, ago a mendicant named Prapanchabuddhi used to enter my hall of audience in Páṭaliputra every day and give me a box. For a whole year I gave these boxes, just as they were, unopened into the hand of my treasurer. One day, one of those boxes presented by the mendicant by chance fell from my hand on to the ground, and burst open. And a great jewel fell out of it, glittering like fire, and it appeared as if it were the mendicant's heart which I had not discerned before, revealed by him. When I saw that, I took it, and I had those other boxes brought which he had presented to me, and opened them, and took a jewel out of every one of them. Then in astonishment I asked Prapanchabuddhi—"Why do you court me with such splendid jewels?" Then that mendicant took me aside, and said to me—"On the fourteenth day of the black fortnight now approaching I have to perform a certain incantation at night-fall, in a cemetery outside this town. I desire you, my hero, to come and take part in that enterprise, for success is easily obtained, when the obstacles to it are swept away by the aid of a hero." When the mendicant said this to me, I agreed. So he went off delighted, and in a few days the fourteenth night of the black fortnight came, and I remembered the speech of that ascetic.* Then I performed my daily observances, and waited for the night, and after I had recited the evening prayer, it happened that I rapidly fell asleep. Then the adorable Hari, who is compassionate to his votaries, appeared to me in a dream, mounted on Garuḍa, with his breast marked with a lotus, and thus commanded me—"My son, this Prapanchabuddhi† is rightly named, for he will inveigle you into the cemetery to take part in the incantation of the circle,‡ and will offer you up as a victim. So do not do what he

* Here the word *S'ramaṇa* is used, which generally means—"Buddhist ascetic."

† *I. e.* deceitful-minded.

‡ Cp. the story of Phalabhúti in the 20th Taranga. I may here mention that Liebrecht points out a striking parallel to the story of Fulgentius, (with which I have compared that of Phalabhúti,) in the Nugæ Curialium of Gualterus Mapes: (Zur Volkskunde, p. 38).

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tells you to do with the object of slaying you, but say to him—'You do it first, and when I have learned the way, I will do it.' Then, as he is shewing you the way, take advantage of the opportunity, and slay him immediately, and you will acquire the power that he desires to obtain." When Vishṇu had said this, he disappeared, and I woke up and thought—"By the favour of Hari I have detected that magician, and this day I must slay him." Having thus reflected, when the first watch of the night was gone, I went, sword in hand, alone to that cemetery. There I beheld that mendicant, who had performed the ceremony of the circle incantation, and when the treacherous fellow saw me, he welcomed me, and said, "King, close your eyes, and fall at full length on the ground with your face downwards, and in this way both of us will attain our ends." Then I answered him—"Do it yourself first. Shew me how to do it, and, after I have learned, I will do precisely as you do." When the mendicant heard that, like a fool, he fell on the earth, and I cut off his head with a stroke of my sword. Then a voice was heard from the air—"Bravo, king! By offering up to-day this rascally mendicant thou hast obtained the power of going through the air, which he wished to obtain. I, the god of wealth, that move about at will, am pleased with thy courage. So, ask me for another boon, whatever thou mayest desire." After saying this, he manifested himself, and I, bowing before him, said,—"When I shall supplicate thee, adorable one, thou shalt appear on my thinking of thee, and grant me a suitable boon." The god of wealth said—"So be it"—and disappeared. And having obtained magic power, I went back quickly to my own palace. Thus I have told you my adventure, so by means of that boon of Kuvera I must now recompense Madanamálá. And you must now go back to Páṭaliputra, taking with you my disguised Rájpút retinue, and I, as soon as I have in a novel way recompensed my beloved, will immediately go there, with the intention of returning here." Having said this, and having performed his daily duties, the king dismissed his minister with his retinue. He said, "So be it" and departed, and the king spent that night with Madanamálá, anxious about his approaching separation. She too, embracing him frequently, because her heart seemed to tell her that he was going to a distance, did not sleep all that night.

In the morning the king, having performed all his necessary duties, entered a chapel for the daily worship of the gods, on the pretence of repeating prayers. And there the god of wealth appeared before him on his thinking of him, and bowing before him the king craved that boon formerly promised, in the following words—"O god, give me here to-day in accordance with that boon, which you promised me, five great indestructible golden figures of men, such that, though their limbs may be continually cut off for any desired use, those very limbs will grow again, exactly as

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before." The god of wealth said, "Even so; be there unto thee five such figures as thou desirest!" Having said this, he immediately disappeared. And the king immediately beheld those five great golden figures of men suddenly standing in the chapel; then he went out delighted, and not forgetting his promise, he flew up into the air and went to his city of Pátaliputra. There he was welcomed by his ministers, and the citizens and his wives, and he remained engaged in his kingly duties, while his heart was far away in Pratishṭhána. In the meanwhile, in Pratishṭhána, that beloved of his entered that chapel to see her love, who had entered it long before. And when she entered, she did not perceive that beloved king anywhere, but she beheld five gigantic golden figures of men. When she saw them, and did not find him, she reflected in her grief—"Surely that love of mine was some Vidyádhara or Gandharva, who bestowed upon me these men and flew away up to heaven.

"So what am I to do with these figures, which are all a mere burden, now that I am deprived of him?" Thus reflecting she asked her servants over and over again for news of him, and went out and roamed all about her domain. And she found no satisfaction anywhere, either in the palaces, the gardens, the chambers or other places, but she kept lamenting, grieved at being separated from her lover, ready to abandon the body.

Her attendants tried to comfort her, saying, "Do not despair, mistress, for he is some god roaming about at will, and when he pleases, he will return to you, fair one." With such hope-inspiring words did they at length so far console her that she made this vow—"If in six months he does not grant me to behold him, I will give away all my property and enter the fire." With this promise she fortified herself, and remained every day giving alms, thinking on that beloved of hers. And one day, she cut off both the arms of one of those golden men, and gave them to the Bráhmans, being intent on charity only. And the next day she perceived with astonishment that both arms had grown again, exactly as they were before. Then she proceeded to cut off the arms of the others, to give them away, and the arms of all of them grew again as they were before. Then she saw that they were indestructible, and every day she cut off the arms of the figures and gave them to studious Bráhmans, according to the number of the Vedas they had read.

And in a few days a Bráhman, named Sangrámadatta, having heard the fame of her bounty, which was spread abroad in every direction, came from Pátaliputra. He being poor, but acquainted with four Vedas, and endowed with virtues, entered into her presence desiring a gift, being announced by the door-keepers. She gave him as many arms of the golden figures as he knew Vedas, after bowing before him with limbs emaciated with her vow and pale with separation from her beloved. Then the Bráhman, having

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heard from her sorrow-stricken attendants the whole of her story, ending in that very terrible vow, was delighted, but at the same time despondent, and loading two camels with those golden arms went to his native city, Páṭaliputra. Then that Bráhman, thinking that his gold would not be safe there, unless guarded by the king, entered the king's presence and said to him, while he was sitting in the hall of judgment; "Here I am, O great king, a Bráhman who am an inhabitant of thy town. I, being poor, and desiring wealth, went to the southern clime, and arrived at a city named Pratishṭhána, belonging to king Narasinha. There, being desirous of a donation, I went to the house of Madanamálá, a *hetæra* of distinguished fame. For with her there lived long some divine being, who departed somewhere or other, after giving her five indestructible figures of men. Then the high-spirited woman became afflicted at his departure, and considering life to be poison-agony, and the body, that fruitless accumulation of delusion, to be merely a punishment for thieving, lost her patience, and being with difficulty consoled by her attendants made this vow—"If in the space of six months he does not visit me, I must enter the fire, my soul being smitten by adversity." Having made this vow she, being resolved on death, and desiring to perform good actions, gives away every day very large gifts. And I beheld her, king, with tottering feet, conspicuous for the beauty of her person, though it was thin from fasting; with hand moistened with the water of giving, surrounded with maids like clustering bees, sorely afflicted, looking like the incarnation of the *mast* condition of the elephant of love.* And I think that lover who deserts her, and causes by his absence that fair one to abandon the body, deserves blame, indeed deserves death. She to-day gave to me, who know the four Vedas, four golden arms of human figures, according to right usage, proportioning her gift to the number of my Vedas. So I wish to purify my house with sacrifice, and to follow a life of religion here; therefore let the king grant me protection."

The king Vikramáditya, hearing this tidings of his beloved from the mouth of the Bráhman, had his mind suddenly turned towards her. And he commanded his door-keeper to do what the Bráhman wished, and thinking how constant was the affection of his mistress, who valued her life as stubble, and in his impatience supposing that she would be able to assist him in accomplishing his vow, and remembering that the time fixed for her abandoning the body had almost arrived, he quickly committed his kingdom to the care of his ministers, and flying through the air reached Pra-

* Here there is an elaborate pun—*kara* means hand and also proboscis—*dána* giving and the ichor that exudes from the temples of a *mast* elephant. "Surrounded with clustering bees" may also mean, "surrounded with handmaids whose consolations worried her."

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tishṭhána, and entered the house of his beloved. There he beheld his beloved, with raiment pellucid like the moonlight, having given her wealth away to Paṇḍits,* attenuated like a digit of the moon at the time of its change. Madanamálá, for her part, on beholding him arrived unexpectedly, the quintessence of nectar to her eyes, was for a moment like one amazed. Then she embraced him, and threw round his neck the noose of her arms, as if fearing that he would escape again. And she said to him with a voice, the accents of which were choked with tears, "Cruel one, why did you depart and forsake my innocent self?" The king said, "Come, I will tell you in private," and went inside with her, welcomed by her attendants. There he revealed to her who he was, and described his circumstances, how he came there to conquer king Narasinha by an artifice, and how, after slaying Prapanchabuddhi, he acquired the power of flying in the air, and how he was enabled to reward her by a boon that he obtained from the lord of wealth, and how, hearing tidings of her from a Bráhman, he had returned there. Having told the whole story beginning with the subject of his vow, he again said to her—"So my beloved, that king Narasinha, being very mighty, is not to be conquered by armies, and he contended with me in single combat, but I did not slay him, for I possess the power of flying in the air, and he can only go on the earth, for who, that is a true Kshatriya, would desire to conquer in an unfair combat? The object of my vow is, that that king may be announced by the heralds as waiting at the door; do you assist me in that."

When the *hetæra* heard this, she said, "I am honoured by your request," and summoning her heralds she said to them—"When the king Narasinha shall come to my house, you must stand near the door with attentive eyes, and while he is entering, you must say again and again—"King, prince Narasinha is loyal and devoted to thee." And when he looks up and asks—"Who is here?"—you must immediately say to him—"Vikramáditya is here." After giving them these orders, she dismissed them, and then she said to the female warder—"You must not prevent king Narasinha from entering here." After issuing these orders, Madanamálá remained in a state of supreme felicity, having regained the lord of her life, and gave away her wealth fearlessly.

Then king Narasinha, having heard of that profuse liberality of hers, which was due to her possession of the golden figures, though he had given her up, came to visit her house. And while he entered, not being forbidden by the warder, all the heralds shouted in a loud voice, beginning at the outer door, "King, prince Narasinha is submissive and devoted." When that sovereign heard that, he was angry and alarmed, and when he asked who was there, and found out that king Vikramáditya was there, he waited

* The word *vibudha* also means gods—and the gods feed on the moon.

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a moment and went through the following reflections; "So this king has forced his way into my kingdom, and carried out the vow he made long ago, that I should be announced at his door. In truth this king is a man of might, since he has thus beaten me to-day. And I must not slay him by force, since he has come alone to a house in my dominions. So I had better enter now." Having thus reflected, king Narasinha entered, announced by all the heralds. And king Vikramáditya, on beholding him enter with a smile on his face, rose up also with smiling countenance and embraced him. Then those two kings sat down and enquired after one another's welfare, while Madanamálá stood by their side.

And in the course of conversation Narasinha asked Vikramáditya where he had obtained those golden figures. Then Vikramáditya told him the whole of that strange adventure of his, how he had slain the base ascetic, and acquired the power of flying through the air, and how, by virtue of the boon of the god of wealth, he had obtained five indestructible gigantic golden figures. Then king Narasinha chose that king for his friend, discovering that he was of great might, that he possessed the power of flying, and that he had a good heart. And having made him his friend, he welcomed him with the prescribed rites of hospitality, and taking him to his own palace, he entertained him with all the attentions paid to himself. And king Vikramáditya, after having been thus honoured, was dismissed by him, and returned to the house of Madanamálá. Then Vikramáditya, having accomplished his difficult vow by his courage and intelligence, determined to go to his own city. And Madanamálá, being unable to remain separated from him, was eager to accompany him, and with the intention of abandoning her native land, she bestowed her dwelling upon the Bráhmans. Then Vikramáditya, the moon of kings, went with her, whose mind was exclusively fixed on him, to his own city of Páṭaliputra, followed by her elephants, horses, and footmen. There he remained in happiness, (accompanied by Madanamála, who had abandoned her own country for his love,) having formed an alliance with king Narasinha.

"Thus, king, even *hetæræ* are occasionally of noble character and as faithful to kings as their own wives, much more then matrons of high birth." On hearing this noble tale from the mouth of Marubhúti, the king Naraváhanadatta, and his new wife Ratnaprabhá sprung from the glorious race of the Vidyádharas, were much delighted.

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CHAPTER XXXIX.

When Marubhúti had told this story there, the commander-in-chief Hariśikha said in the presence of Naraváhanadatta—"It is true, good women value nothing more than their husbands, and in proof of it, listen now to this still more wonderful tale."

Story of Śṛingabhuja and the daughter of the Rákshasa.

There is a city on the earth named Vardhamána, and in it there dwelt a king named Vírabhuja, chief of righteous men. And though he had a hundred wives, one queen of the name of Guṇavará was dearer to him than his life. And in spite of his hundred wives, it happened, as Fate would have it, that not one of them bore him a son. So he asked a physician named Śrutavardhana—"Is there any medicine able to bring about the birth of a son?" When the physician heard that, he said—"King, I can prepare such a medicine,* but the king must procure for me a wild goat." When he heard this speech of the physician's, the king gave an order to the warder, and had a goat brought for him from the forest. The physician handed over the goat to the king's cooks, and with its flesh prepared a sovereign elixir for the queens. The king went off to worship his god, after ordering the queens to assemble in one place. And ninety-nine of those queens did assemble in one place, but the queen Guṇavará alone was not present there, for she was at that time near the king, who was engaged in praying to his god. And when they had assembled, the physician gave them the whole of the elixir to drink mixed with powder, not perceiving the absence of Guṇavará. Immediately the king returned with his beloved, having performed his devotions, and perceiving that that drug was completely finished, he said to the physician—"What! did you not keep any for Guṇavará? You have forgotten the principal object with which this was undertaken." After saying this to the abashed physician, the king said to the cooks—"Is there any of the flesh of that goat left?" The cooks said, "The horns only remain." Then the physician said, "Bravo! I can make an admirable elixir out of the centre of the horns." After saying this, the physician had an elixir prepared from the fleshy part of the horns, and gave it to queen Guṇavará mixed with powder.

* Compare the *lichi* in the XVth of Miss Stokes's Indian Fairy Tales, and the *páyasa* in the XVIth Sarga of the Rámáyana. See also Sicilianische Märchen, page 269, and Bernhard Schmidt's Griechische Märchen, pp. 104, 117 and 120. The beginning of this tale belongs to Mr. Baring-Gould's Gold-child root.

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Then the ninety-nine wives of the king became pregnant, and all in time brought forth sons. But the head queen Guṇavará conceived last of all, and afterwards gave birth to a son with more auspicious marks than the sons of all the others. And as he was sprung from the juice of the fleshy part of the horns, his father, the king, gave him the name of Śṛingabhuja, and rejoiced greatly at his birth. He grew up with those other brothers, and though in age he was the youngest of all, he was superior to all in good qualities. And in course of time that prince became like the god of Love in beauty, and like Arjuna in his skill in archery, and like Bhíma in strength. Accordingly the other queens, seeing that queen Guṇavará, now that she had this son, was more than ever dear to king Vírabhuja, became jealous of her.

Then an evil-minded queen among them, named Ayaśolekhá, deliberated with all the others and entered into a conspiracy; and when the king came home one day, she exhibited an assumed sadness in her face. The king asked her the reason, and she said with apparent reluctance—"My husband, why do you endure patiently the disgrace of your house? you avert disgrace from others, why do you not avert it from yourself? You know the young superintendent of the women's apartments named Surakshita; your queen Guṇavará is secretly devoted to him. Since no man but he can penetrate into the women's apartments, which are strictly watched by guards, she associates with him. And this is a well-known subject of gossip in the whole harem." When she said this to the king, he pondered and reflected; and went and asked the other queens one after another in private, and they were faithful to their treacherous plot, and told him the same story. Then that wise king conquered his anger, and reflected—"This accusation against these two is improbable, and yet such is the gossip. So I must not without reflecting reveal the matter to any one; but they must by an artifice be separated now, to enable me to see the termination of the whole matter." Having determined on this, next day he summoned Surakshita, the superintendent of the womens' apartments, into his judgment-hall, and with assumed anger, said to him—"I have learned, villain, that you have slain a Bráhman, so I cannot endure to see your face until you have made a pilgrimage to holy places." When he heard that, he was amazed and began to murmur—"How can I have slain a Bráhman, my sovereign?" But the king went on to say; "Do not attempt to brazen it out, but go to Káśmír to wash away your sin, (where are those holy fields, Vijayakhetra, and Nandikshetra the purifying, and the *kshetra** of the Boar,) the land which was hallowed by Vishṇu the bow-handed god, where the stream of the Ganges bears the name of Vitastá, where is the

* *Kshetra* here means "a holy field" or sacred spot.

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famous Maṇḍapakshetra, and where is Uttaramánasa; when your sin has been washed away by a pilgrimage to these holy places, you shall behold my face again, but not till then."

With this speech the king Vírabhuja dismissed the helpless Surakshita, sending him to a distance on the pretence of a pilgrimage to holy places. Then the king went into the presence of that queen Guṇavará, full of love and anger and sober reflection. Then she, seeing that his mind was troubled, asked him anxiously, "My husband, why are you seized to-day with a sudden fit of despondency?" When the king heard that, he gave her this feigned answer—"To-day, queen, a great astrologer came to me and said—'King, you must place the queen Guṇavará for some time in a dungeon, and you must yourself live a life of chastity, otherwise your kingdom will certainly be overthrown, and she will surely die.' Having said this, the astrologer departed; hence my present despondency." When the king said this, the queen Guṇavará, who was devoted to her husband, distracted with fear and love, said to him—"Why do you not cast me this very day into a dungeon, my husband? I am highly favoured, if I can benefit you even at the sacrifice of my life. Let me die, but let not my lord have misfortune. For a husband is the chief refuge of wives in this world and in the next." Having heard this speech of hers, the king said to himself with tears in his eyes; "I think there is no guilt in her, nor in that Surakshita, for I saw that the colour of his face did not change, and he seemed without fear. Alas! nevertheless I must ascertain the truth of that rumour." After reflecting thus, the king in his grief said to the queen—"Then it is best that a dungeon should be made here, queen!" She replied—"Very good"—so the king had a dungeon easy of access made in the women's apartments, and placed the queen in it. And he comforted her son S'ṛingabhuja, (who was in despair and asked the reason,) by telling him exactly what he told the queen. And she, for her part, thought the dungeon heaven, because it was all for the king's good. For good women have no pleasure of their own; to them their husbands' pleasure is pleasure.*

When this had been done, that other wife of the king's, named Ayaśo-lekhá, said of her own accord to her son, who was named Nirvásabhuja,—"So, our enemy Guṇavará has been thrown into a dungeon, and it would be a good thing if her son were banished from this country. So, my boy, devise a scheme with the help of your other brothers by which S'ṛingabhuja may be quickly banished from the country." Having been addressed in this language by his mother, the jealous Nirvásabhuja told his other brothers, and continued to ponder over a scheme.

* This part of the story reminds one of the Clerk's Tale in Chaucer's Canterbury Tales.

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And one day, as the king's sons were practising with their weapons of war, they all saw an enormous crane in front of the palace. And while they were looking with astonishment at that misshapen bird, a Buddhist mendicant, who possessed supernatural knowledge, came that way and said to them—"Princes, this is not a crane, it is a Rákshasa named Agniśikha, who wanders about in an assumed shape destroying towns. So pierce him with an arrow, that being smitten he may depart hence." When they heard this speech of the mendicant's, the ninety-nine elder brothers shot their arrows, but not one struck the crane. Then that naked mendicant again said to them—"This younger brother of yours, named Śṛingabhuja, is able to strike this crane, so let him take a bow suitable for the purpose." When Nirvásabhuja heard that, the treacherous one remembered the injunction of his mother, an opportunity for carrying out which had now arrived, and reflected—"This will be a means of getting Śṛingabhuja out of the country.* So let us give him the bow and arrow belonging to our father. If the crane is pierced and goes off with our father's golden arrow sticking in it, Śṛingabhuja will follow it, while we are searching for the arrow. And when he does not find, in spite of his search, that Rákshasa transformed into a crane, he will continue to roam about hither and thither, he will not come back without the arrow." Thus reflecting, the treacherous one gave to Śṛingabhuja his father's bow with the arrow, in order that he might smite the crane. The mighty prince took it and drew it, and pierced that crane with the golden arrow, the notch of which was made of a jewel. The crane, as soon as it was pierced, went off with the arrow sticking in its body, and flying away departed with drops of blood falling from the wound. Then the treacherous Nirvásabhuja and the other brothers, instigated by his hints, said to the brave Śṛingabhuja—"Give us back the golden arrow that belongs to our father, otherwise we will abandon our bodies before your eyes. For unless we produce it, our father will banish us from this country, and its fellow is not to be made or obtained." When Śṛingabhuja heard that, he said to those crafty ones—"Be of good cheer! Do not be afraid—Abandon your terror! I will go and slay that miserable Rákshasa and bring back the arrow." Having said this, Śṛingabhuja took his own bow and arrows, and went in the same direction in which the Rákshasa had gone, quickly following up the track of the drops of blood, that had fallen on the ground. The other sons returned delighted to their mothers, and Śṛingabhuja, as he went on step by step, at last reached a distant forest. Seeking about in it, he found in the wood a great city, like the fruit of his own tree of merit fallen to him in due time for enjoy-

* See Ralston's Russian Folk-Tales, p. 80 where numerous parallels are adduced. Cp. also Gonzenbach's Sicilianische Märchen, Vol. I, p. 199.

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ment. There he sat down at the root of a tree to rest, and as if in a moment beheld a maiden of wonderful beauty coming there, appearing to have been made by the Creator in some strange way of ambrosia and poison; since by her absence she deprived of life, and by her presence she bestowed it. And when the maiden slowly approached him, and looked at him with an eye raining love, the prince fell in love with her and said to her—"Gazelle-eyed one, what is the name of this city, and to whom does it belong? Who are you, and why have you come here? tell me." Then the pearly-toothed maid turned her face sideways, and fixed her eye on the ground, and spake to him with sweet and loving voice—"This city is Dhúmapura, the home of all felicity; in it lives a mighty Rákshasa by name Agniśikha; know that I am his matchless daughter, Rúpaśikhá by name, who have come here with mind captivated by your unparalleled beauty. Now you you must tell me who you are, and why you have come here." When she said this, he told her who he was, and of what king he was the son, and how he had come to Dhúmapura for the sake of an arrow. Then Rupaśikhá, having heard the whole story, said—"There is no archer like you in the three worlds, since you pierced even my father with a great arrow, when he was in the form of a crane. And I took that golden arrow for my own, by way of a plaything. But my father's wound was at once healed by the minister Mahádanshṭra, who excels all men in knowledge of potent drugs for curing wounds. So I will go to my father, and after I have explained the whole matter, I will quickly introduce you into his presence, my husband; so I call you, for my heart is now fully set upon you."

Having said this, Rúpaśikhá left S'ṛingabhuja there, and immediately went into the presence of her father Agniśikha, and said—"Father, there has come here a wonderful prince named S'ṛingabhuja, matchless for gifts of beauty, birth, character and age. I feel certain that he is not a man, he is some portion of a god incarnate here below, so, if he does not become my husband, I will certainly abandon my life." When she said this to him, her father the Rákshasa said to her—"My daughter, men are our appropriate food, nevertheless, if your heart is set upon it, let it be so; bring your prince here, and shew him to me." When Rúpaśikhá heard that, she went to S'ṛingabhuja, and after telling him what she had done, she took him into the presence of her father. He prostrated himself, and Agniśikha, the father of the maiden, after saluting him courteously, said to him—"Prince, I will give you my daughter Rúpaśikhá, if you never disobey my orders." When he said this, S'ṛingabhuja, bending low, answered him—"Good! I will never disobey your orders." When S'ṛingabhuja said this to him, Agniśikha was pleased and answered—"Rise up! Go and bathe, and return here from the bath-room." After saying this to him,

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he said to his daughter—"Go and bring all your sisters here quickly." When Agnisikha had given these orders to S'ṛingabhuja and Rúpaśikhá, they both of them went out, after promising to obey them.

Then the wise Rúpaśikhá said to S'ṛingabhuja—"My husband, I have a hundred sisters, who are princesses, and we are all exactly alike, with similar ornaments and dresses, and all of us have similar necklaces upon our necks. So our father will assemble us in one place, and in order to bewilder you, will say 'Choose your own love out of the midst of these.' For I know that such is his treacherous intention, otherwise why is he assembling all of us here. So when we are assembled, I will put my necklace on my head instead of my neck, by that sign you will recognise me; then throw over my neck the garland of forest flowers. And this father of mine is somewhat silly, he has not a discerning intellect; besides what is the use against me of those powers which he possesses by being a Rákshasa? So, whatever he says to entrap you, you must agree to, and must tell it to me, and I shall know well enough what further steps to take." Having said this, Rúpaśikhá went to her sisters, and S'ṛingabhuja, having agreed to do what she said, went to bathe. Then Rúpaśikhá came with her sisters into the presence of her father, and S'ṛingabhuja returned, after he had been washed by a female servant. Then Agniśikha gave a garland of forest flowers to S'ṛingabhuja, saying, "Give this to that one of these ladies, who is your own love." He took the garland and threw it round the neck of Rúpaśikhá,* who had previously placed the necklace on her head by way of token. Then Agniśikha said to Rúpaśikhá and S'ṛingabhuja,—"I will celebrate your marriage ceremony to-morrow morning."

Having said this, he dismissed those two lovers and his other daughters to their apartments, and in a short time he summoned S'ṛingabhuja and said this to him; "Take this yoke of oxen, and go outside this town, and sow in the earth the hundred *khárís*† of sesame-seed which are piled there in a heap." When S'ringabhuja heard that, he was troubled, and he went and told it to Rúpaśikhá, and she answered him as follows—"My husband, you need not be in the least despondent about this, go there at once; I will easily perform this by my magic power."

* Compare the story of "The Golden Lion" in Laura von Gonzenbach's Sicilianische Märchen, Vol. II, p. 76, where the lady places a white cloth round her waist. See Dr. Köhler's note on the passage. Compare also the hint which Messeria gives to her lover in the Mermaid, Thorpe's Yule Tide Stories, p. 198, and the behaviour of Singorra on page 214. See also "The Hasty Word," Ralston's Russian Folk-Tales, p. 368, and The "Water King and Vasilissa the Wise, p. 128; Veckenstedt's Wendische Märchen, pp. 256 and 258, and Liebrecht, Zur Volkskunde, p. 408. The washing of the hero by a *cheṭí* is quite Homeric, (Odyssey XIX, 386.)

† A *khári* = about 3 bushels.

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When he heard this, the prince went there, and, seeing the sesame-seeds in a heap, despondently began to plough the land and sow them, but while he was beginning, he saw the land ploughed and all the seeds sown in due course by the might of his lady-love's magic power, and he was much astonished.

So he went to Agniśikha, and told him that this task was accomplished; then that treacherous Rákshasa again said to him—"I do not want the seeds sown, go and pile them up again in a heap." When he heard that, he again went and told Rúpaśikhá. She sent him to that field, and created innumerable ants,* and by her magic power made them gather together the sesame-seeds. When S'ṛingabhuja saw that, he went and told Agniśikha that the seeds had been piled up again in a heap.

Then the cunning but stupid Agniśikha said to him—"Only two *yojanas* from this place, in a southerly direction, there is an empty temple of S'iva in a wood. In it lives my dear brother Dhúmaśikha—go there at once, and say this in front of the temple, 'Dhúmaśikha, I am sent by Agniśikha as a messenger to invite you and your retinue: come quickly, for to-morrow the ceremony of Rúpaśikhá's marriage is to take place.' Having said this, come back here to-day with speed, and to-morrow marry my daughter Rúpaśikhá." When S'ṛingabhuja was thus addressed by the rascal, he said—"So be it"—and went and recounted the whole to Rúpaśikhá. The good girl gave him some earth, some water, some thorns, and some fire, and her own fleet horse, and said to him—"Mount this horse and go to that temple, and quickly repeat that invitation to Dhúmaśikha as it was told to you, and then you must at once return on this horse at full gallop, and you must often turn your head and look round; and if you see Dhúmaśikha coming after you, you must throw this earth behind you in his way; if in spite of that, Dhúmaśikha pursues you, you must in the same manner fling the water behind you in his path; if in spite of that he comes on, you must in like manner throw these thorns in his way. If in spite of

* Compare the way in which Psyche separated the seeds in the Golden Ass of Apuleius, Lib. VI. cap X, and the tasks in Grimm's Märchen, Nos. 62, 186, and 193. A similar incident is found in a Danish Tale, Swend's Exploits, p. 353 of Thorpe's Yule-Tide Stories. Before the king will allow Swend to marry the princess, he gives him a task exactly resembling the one in our text. He is told to separate seven barrels of wheat and seven barrels of rye, which are lying in one heap. The ants do it for him, because he had on a former occasion crumbled his bread for them. See also the story of the beautiful Cardia, Gonzenbach's Sicilianische Märchen, p. 188. The hero has first to eat a cellar full of beans; this he accomplishes by means of the king of the ravens, his brother-in-law. He next disposes of a multitude of corpses by means of another brother-in-law, the king of the wild beasts; he then stuffs a large number of mattresses with feathers by the help of a third brother-in-law, the king of the birds. See also Miss Stokes's Indian Fairy Tales, Tale XXII, and the note at the end of this chapter.

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them he pursues, throw this fire in his way; and if you do this, you will return here without the Daitya; so do not hesitate—go, you shall to-day behold the power of my magic."—When she said this to him, S'ringabhuja took the earth and the other things and said, "I will do so," and mounting her horse went to the temple in the wood. There he saw an image of Śiva, with one of Párvatí on his left and one of Ganeśa on his right, and, after bowing before the Lord of the Universe,* he quickly addressed to Dhúmaśikha the form of invitation told him by Agniśikha, and fled from the place at full speed, urging on his horse. And he soon turned his head and looked round, and he beheld Dhúmaśikha coming after him. And he quickly threw that earth behind him in his way, and the earth, so flung, immediately produced a great mountain. When he saw that the Rákshasa had, though with difficulty, climbed over that mountain, and was coming on, the prince in the same way threw the water behind him. That produced a great river in his path with rolling waves: the Rákshasa with difficulty got across it and was coming on, when S'ringabhuja quickly strewed those thorns behind him. They produced a dense thorny wood in Dhúmaśikha's path. When the Rákshasa emerged from it, the prince threw the fire behind him, which set on fire the path with the herbs and the trees. When Dhúmaśikha saw that the fire was hard to cross, like Khándava,† he returned home, tired and terrified. For on that occasion the Rákshasa was so bewildered by the magic of Rúpaśikhá that he went and returned on his feet, he did not think of flying through the air.

Then S'ringabhuja returned to Dhúmapura, free from fear, commending in his heart that display of his love's magic power. He gave up the horse to the delighted Rúpaśikhá, and related his adventure, and then went in to the presence of Agniśikha. He said, "I went and invited your brother Dhúmaśikha." When he said this, Agniśikha being perplexed, said to him—"If you really went there, mention some peculiarity of the place." When the crafty Rákshasa said this to S'ringabhuja, he answered him—"Listen, I will tell you a token: in that temple there is a figure of Párvatí on the left side of S'iva, and of Ganeśa on his right." When Agniśikha heard that, he was astonished and thought for a moment—"What! did he go there, and was my brother not able to devour him? Then he cannot be a mere man, he must be a god, so let him marry my daughter, as he is a fitting match for her." After thus reflecting, he sent S'ringabhuja as a successful suitor to Rúpasikha, but he never suspected that there was a traitor in his own family. So S'ringabhuja went, eager for his marriage, and after eating and drinking with her, managed somehow to get through

* *i. e.* S'iva.

† A forest in Kurukshetra sacred to Indra and burnt by Agni the god of fire with the help of Arjuna and Krishna.

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the night. And the next morning Agniśikha gave to him Rúpaśikhá with all the magnificence appropriate to his magic power, according to due form, in the presence of the fire. Little in common have Rákshasas' daughters and princes, and strange the union of such! Wonderful indeed are the results of our deeds in a previous state of existence! The prince, after he had obtained that beloved daughter of the Rákshasa, seemed like a swan who had got hold of a soft lotus, sprung from mud. And he remained there with her, who was devoted to him alone, enjoying various dainty delights provided by the magic power of the Rákshasa.

When some days had passed there, he said in secret to the Rákshasa's daughter, "Come, my beloved, let us return to the city of Vardhamána. For that is my capital city, and I cannot endure to be banished from my capital city by my enemies, for people like myself hold honour dear as life. So leave for my sake the land of your birth, though it is hard to leave; inform your father, and bring that golden arrow in your hand." When S'ringabhuja said this to Rúpaśikhá, she answered—"I must immediately obey your command. I care not for the land of my birth, nor for my relatives, you are all those to me.* Good women have no other refuge than their husbands. But it will never do to communicate our intention to my father, for he would not let us go. So we must depart without that hot-tempered father of mine knowing of it. And if he hears from the attendants and comes after us, I will bewilder him by my knowledge, for he is senseless and like an idiot." When he heard this speech of hers, he set out delighted on the next day, with her who gave him the half of her kingdom, and filled a casket with priceless jewels, and brought that golden arrow; and they both mounted her splendid horse S'aravega,† having deceived the attendants by representing that they were going for a pleasure excursion in the park, and journeyed towards Vardhamána.

When the couple had gone a long distance, the Rákshasa Agniśikha found it out, and in wrath pursued after them through the air. And hearing afar off the noise produced by the speed of his flight, Rúpaśikhá said to S'ringabhuja on the road, "My husband, my father has come to make us turn back, so remain here without fear: see how I will deceive him. For he shall neither see you nor the horse, since I shall conceal both by my deluding power." After saying this, she got down from the horse and assumed by her deluding power the form of a man.‡ And she said to a woodcutter, who had come to the forest to cut wood—"A great Rákshasa

* Ἕκτορ, ἀτὰρ σύ μόι ἐσσι πατὴρ καὶ πότνια μήτηρ
ἠδὲ κασίγνητος, σὺ δέ μοι θαλερὸς παρακοίτης.

† *I. e.*, like an arrow in speed.

‡ For this part of the story see Sicilianische Märchen, No 14, with Dr. Köhler's note.

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is coming here, so remain quiet for a moment." Then she continued to cut wood with his axe. And Śṛingabhuja looked on with a smile on his face. In the meanwhile that foolish Rákshasa arrived there, and lighted down from the air, on beholding his daughter in the shape of a woodcutter, and asked her whether she had seen a man and woman pass that way. Then his daughter, who had assumed the form of a man, said with great effort as if tired, "We two have not seen any couple, as our eyes are fatigued with toil, for we two woodcutters have been occupied here in cutting a great quantity of wood to burn Agniśikha the king of the Rákshasas, who is dead." When that silly Rákshasa heard that, he thought, "What! am I dead? What then does that daughter matter to me? I will go and ask my own attendants at home whether I am dead or not."* Thus reflecting, Agniśikha went quickly home, and his daughter set out with her husband as before, laughing as she went.

And soon the Rákshasa returned in high spirits, for he had asked his attendants, who could not help laughing in their sleeves, whether he was alive, and had learned that he was. Then Rúpaśikhá, knowing from the terrible noise that he was coming again, though as yet far off, got down from the horse and concealed her husband as before by her deluding power, and taking letters from the hand of a letter-carrier, who was coming along the road, she again assumed the form of a man.

And so the Rákshasa arrived as before, and asked his daughter, who was disguised as a man—"Did you see a man and a woman on the road?" Then she, disguised as a man, answered him with a sigh,—"I beheld no such person, for my mind was absorbed with my haste, for Agniśikha, who was to-day mortally wounded in battle, and has only a little breath left in his body, and is in his capital desiring to make over his kingdom, has despatched me as a messenger to summon to his presence his brother Dhúmaśikha, who is living an independent life." When Agniśikha heard that, he said, "What! am I mortally wounded by my enemies?" And in his perplexity he returned again home to get information on the point. But it never occurred to him to say to himself—"Who is mortally wounded? Here I am safe and sound." Strange are the fools that the Creator produces, and wonderfully obscured with the quality of darkness!

* Compare the story of "die klugo Else," the 34th in Grimm's *Kinder-und Hausmärchen*, where the heroine has a doubt about her own identity and goes home to ask her husband, and No. 59 in the same collection. Cp. also Campbell's Tales from the West Highlands, Vol. II, p. 375, where one man is persuaded that he is dead, another that he is not himself, another that he is dressed when he is naked. See also the numerous parallels given in Ralston's Russian Folk-Tales, p. 54., Liebrecht (Zur Volkskunde, p. 128) mentions a story in which a woman persuades her husband, that he is dead.

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And when he arrived at home and found that the tale was false, he would not expose himself again to the laughter of the people, tired of being imposed upon, and forgetting his daughter. And Rúpaśikhá, after deluding him, returned to her husband as before, for virtuous women know of no other good than the good of their husbands. Then S'ṛingabhuja, mounted on the wonderful horse, again proceeded rapidly with his wife towards the city of Vardhamána. Then his father Vírabhuja, having heard that he was returning in company with her, went out much pleased to meet him. The king, when he saw him adorned with that wife, like Krishṇa with Bhámá, considered that he had gained afresh the bliss of sovereign sway. And when his son got down from his horse, and clung to his feet with his beloved, he raised him up and embraced him, and with his eye, in which stood the water of joyful tears, performed in noble wise the auspicious ceremony that put an end to his own despondency, and then conducted him into his palace, making high festival. And when he asked his son where he had been, S'ṛingabhuja told him his whole history from the beginning. And after summoning his brothers, Nirvásabhuja and all, into his father's presence, he gave them the golden arrow. Then the king Vírabhuja, after what he had heard and seen, was displeased with those other sons, and considered S'ṛingabhuja his only true son.

Then that wise king drew this true conclusion—"I suspect that, as this son of mine out of spite was banished by these enemies, brothers only in name, though he was all the while innocent, so his mother Guṇavará, whom I love so well, was falsely accused by their mothers, and was all the while innocent. So what is the use of delay? I will find out the truth of it immediately." After these reflections, the king spent that day in performing his duties, and went at night to sift his other wife Ayaśolekhá. She was delighted to see him, and he made her drink a great quantity of wine, and she in her sleep murmured out, while the king was awake—"If we had not falsely slandered Guṇavará, would the king ever have visited me here?"* When the king heard this speech of the wicked queen uttered in her sleep, he felt he had attained certainty, and rose up in wrath and went out; and going to his own chamber, he had the eunuchs summoned, and said to them; "Take that Guṇavará out of the dungeon, and after she has bathed bring her quickly; for the present moment was appointed by the astrologer as the limit of her stay in the dungeon for the purpose of averting the evil omens." When they heard that, they said, "So be it," and they went and quickly brought the queen Guṇavará into the presence of the king, bathed and adorned. Then that wedded pair, happy in having crossed the

* Reading *avadishyáma*. I find that this is the reading of a MS. in the Sanskṛit College.

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sea of separation, spent that night unsated with mutual embraces. Then the king related to the queen with delight that adventure of S'ṛingabhuja's, and told his son the circumstances of his mother's imprisonment and release. In the meanwhile Ayaśolekhá, waking up, found out that the king was gone, and guessing that he had entrapped her with his conversation, fell into deep despondency. And in the morning the king Vírabhuja conducted his son S'ṛingabhuja, with his wife Rúpaśikhá, into the presence of Guṇavará. He came, and was delighted to behold his mother emerged from the dungeon, and with his new wife he worshipped the feet of his parents. Guṇavará, embracing her son, who had returned from his journey, and her daughter-in-law, obtained in the way above related, went from joy to joy. Then by the order of his father, S'ṛingabhuja related to her at length his own adventure, and what Rúpaśikhá did. Then queen Guṇavará delighted, said to him, "My son, what has not that Rúpaśikhá done for you? For she, a heroine of wonderful exploits, has given up and sacrificed for you her life, her family, her native land, these three. She must be some goddess, become incarnate for your sake by the appointment of Destiny. For she has placed her foot on the head of all women that are devoted to their husbands." When the queen had said this, the king applauded her speech, and so did Rúpaśikhá with head modestly bent. Just at that moment the superintendent of the womens' apartments, Surakshita, who had been long ago slandered by that Ayaśolekhá, returned from visiting all the holy bathing places. He was announced by the door-keeper, and bowed delighted at the king's foot, and then the king, who now knew the facts, honoured him exceedingly. And by his mouth he summoned the other queens who were wicked, and said to him—"Go! fling all these into the dungeon." When the queen Guṇavará heard that, and the terrified women were thrown into the dungeon, she said out of compassion to the king, clinging to his feet, "King, do not keep them for a long time in the dungeon! Have mercy, for I cannot bear to see them terrified." By thus entreating the king she prevented their imprisonment, for the only vengeance that the great make use of against their enemies is compassion. Then those queens, dismissed by the king, went ashamed to their houses, and would even have preferred to have been in the embrace of death. And the king thought highly of the great-hearted Guṇavará, and considered, because he possessed that wife, that he must have accomplished virtuous acts in a former state of existence. Then the king, determining to banish his other sons by an artifice, had them summoned, and spake to them this feigned speech—"I have heard that you villains have slain a Bráhman traveller, so go and visit all the holy bathing-places in succession, do not remain here." When the sons heard that, they were not able to persuade the king of the truth, for when a ruler is bent on violence, who

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can convince him? Then S'ṛingabhuja, beholding those brothers departing, with his eyes full of tears produced by pity, thus addressed his father. "Father, pity their one fault, have mercy upon them." Having said this, he fell at the feet of that king. And the king, thinking that that son was able to bear the burden of sovereignty, being even in his youth like an incarnation of Vishṇu, full of glory and compassion, hiding his real sentiments and cherishing his anger against them, nevertheless did what S'ṛingabhuja asked. And all those brothers considered their younger brother as the saviour of their lives. And all the subjects, beholding the exceeding virtue of S'ṛingabhuja, became attached to him.

Then the next day, his father, king Vírabhuja, anointed as crown-prince S'ṛingabhuja, who was the oldest in virtue of them all, though he had elder brothers. And then S'ṛingabhuja, having been anointed and having obtained the leave of his father, went with all his forces to conquer the world. And having brought back the wealth of numerous kings, whom he overcame by the might of his arm, he returned, having diffused the splendour of his glory through all the earth. Then bearing the weight of the realm with his submissive brothers, the successful prince S'ṛingabhuja, giving pleasure to his parents, who remained in the enjoyment of comfort free from anxiety, and bestowing gifts on Bráhmans, dwelt at ease with Rúpaśikhá as if with incarnate success.

"Thus virtuous women serve their husbands in every way, devoted to them alone, like Guṇavará and Rúpaśikhá, the mother-in-law and daughter-in-law."

When Naraváhanadatta, in the society of Ratnaprabhá, heard this story from the lips of Hariśikha, he was much delighted and exclaimed, "Bravo!" Then he rose up, and quickly performed the religious ceremony for the day, and went with his wife into the presence of his father, the king of Vatsa, and after eating, and whiling away the afternoon with singing and playing, he spent the night with his beloved in his own private apartments.

Note on Chapter XXXIX.

In a Norwegian tale, called "The Widow's Son," page 295 of Thorpe's Yule-Tide Stories, will be found an incident closely resembling the pursuit of S'ṛingabhuja by Dhúmaśikha. The widow's son has, contrary to the orders of a Troll, in whose house he found himself, entered several chambers, in one of which he found a thorn-whip, in another a huge stone, and a water-bottle. In the third he found a boiling copper kettle, with which he scalded his finger, but the Troll cured it with a pot of ointment. In the fourth room he found a black horse in a stall, with a trough of burning embers at its head, and a basket of hay at its tail. The youth thought this cruel, so he changed their position. The horse, to reward him, informed him that the

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Troll on his return would certainly kill him, and then continued, "Lay the saddle on me, put on the armour, and take the whip of thorn, the stone, and the water-flask and the pot of ointment, and then we will set out." When the youth mounted the horse, it set off at a rapid rate. After riding some time, the horse said—"I think I hear a noise; look round, can you see anything?" "A great many are coming after us, certainly a score at least," answered the youth. "Ah! that is the Troll," said the horse, he is coming with all his companions." They travelled for a time until their pursuers were gaining on them. "Throw now the thorn whip over your shoulder," said the horse,—"but throw it far away from me." The youth did so, and at the same moment there sprang up a large thick wood of briars. The youth now rode on a long way, while the Troll had to go home to fetch something wherewith to hew a road through the wood. After some time the horse again said, "Look back, can you see anything now?" "Yes, a whole multitude of people" said the youth, "like a church congregation." "That is the Troll, now he has got more with him, throw out now the large stone, but throw it far from me." When the youth had done what the horse desired, there arose a large stone mountain behind them. So the Troll was obliged to go home after something with which to bore through the mountain: and while he was thus employed, the youth rode on a considerable way. But now the horse bade him again look back; he then saw a multitude like a whole army, they were so bright, that they glittered in the sun. "Well that is the Troll with all his friends," said the horse. "Now throw the water-bottle behind you, but take good care to spill none on me." The youth did so, but notwithstanding his caution he happened to spill a drop on the horse's loins. Immediately there arose a vast lake, and the spilling of a few drops caused the horse to stand far out in the water; nevertheless he at last swam to the shore. When the Trolls came to the water, they lay down to drink it all up, and they gulped and gulped it down till they burst. (Folk-lore demons experience great difficulty in crossing water.) "Now we are quit of them," said the horse.

In Laura von Gonzenbach's Sicilianische Märchen, Vol. II, p. 57, we find a similar incident. In the story of Fata Morgana, a prince, who carries off a bottle filled with her perspiration, but imprudently wakes her by kissing her, is pursued by her with two lions. He throws three pomegranates behind him: the first produces a river of blood, the second a thorny mountain, the third a volcano. This he does by the advice of his horse, who is really Fata Morgana's brother transformed by magic: see also Vol. I, p. 343; cp. also the 79th tale in Grimm's Kinder und Hausmärchen (sixteenth edition in one volume) *Die Wassernixe*.

In Orient und Occident, Vol. II, p. 113, Dr. Reinhold Köhler, in his remarks on the West Highland Stories collected by J. F. Campbell, compares the story of Agniśikha with the second story in Campbell's collection, entitled: "The Battle of the Birds." In this a king's son wishes to marry the youngest daughter of a giant. The giant sets him three tasks to do; to clean out a stable, to thatch it with feathers, and to fetch eggs from a magpie's nest in the top of a tree more than five hundred feet high. All these tasks he accomplishes by the help of the young lady herself. In the last task she makes a ladder of her fingers for him to ascend the tree by, but in so doing she loses her little finger. The giant requires the prince to choose his wife from among three sisters similarly dressed. He recognizes her by the loss of the little finger. When bed-time came, the giant's daughter told the prince that they must fly, or the giant would kill him. They mounted on the gray filly in the stable. But before start-

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ing the daughter cut an apple into nine shares: she put two at the head of the bed, two at the foot, two at the door of the kitchen, two at the house-door, and one outside the house. The giant awoke and called "Are you asleep?" several times, and the shares answered "No." At last he went and found the bed empty and cold, and pursued the fugitive couple. At the break of day the giant's daughter felt her father's breath burning her back. She told the prince to put his hand in the horse's ear, and fling what he found behind him. He found a sprig of sloe, flung it behind him, and produced a wood twenty miles long. The giant had to go back for his axe and wood-knife. In the middle of the day the prince finds in the ear of the filly a piece of gray stone. This produces twenty miles of gray rock behind them. The giant has to go back for his lever and mattock. The next thing, that the prince finds and flings behind him, is a bladder of water. This produces a fresh-water loch twenty miles broad. In it the giant is happily drowned. The rest of the story has no bearing upon the tale of S'ringabhuja. Köhler compares a story in William Carleton's stories of the Irish peasantry. Here there is a sprig, a pebble and a drop of water producing a wood, a rock and a lake. He compares also a Norwegian story, Ashbjörnsen, No. 46, and some Swedish stories collected by Hylten Cavallius and G. Stephens. The three tasks are very different in the different forms of the tale. The ladder of fingers is only found is the Celtic form.

It is only in the Gaelic and Irish forms that the objects thrown behind to check pursuit are found in the ear of the horse.

In the latter form of the story of the Mermaid, Thorpe's Yule-Tide Stories, p. 205, we have the pursuit with much the same incidents as in our text. See also Ralston's remarks on the story in our text at pp. 132 and 143 of his Russian Folk-Tales. Cp. also Veckenstedt's Wendische Sagen, p. 216. An Indian parallel will be found in Miss Frere's Old Deccan Days, pp. 62 and 63. A Modern Greek one in Bernhard Schmidt's Griechische Märchen, pp. 76-79.

CHAPTER XL.

Then, the next morning, when Naravâhanadatta was in Ratnaprabhâ's house, Gomukha and the others came to him. But Marubhûti, being a little sluggish with intoxication produced by drinking spirits, approached slowly, decorated with flowers, and anointed with unguents. Then Gomukha, with face amused at his novel conception of statesman-like behaviour, out of fun ridiculed him by imitating his stammering utterance and staggering gait, and said to him, "How comes it that you, though the son of Yaugandharâyaṇa, do not know policy, that you drink spirits in the morning, and come drunk into the presence of the prince? When the intoxicated Marubhûti heard this, he said to him in his anger, "This should be said to me by the prince or some superior. But, tell me, who are you that you take upon you to instruct me, you son of Ityaka?" When

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he said this, Gomukha replied to him smiling, "Do princes reprove with their own mouths an ill-behaved servant? Undoubtedly their attendants must remind him of what is proper. And it is true that I am the son of Ityaka, but you are an ox of ministers,* your sluggishness alone would show it; the only fault is that you have no horns." When Gomukha said this to him Marubhúti answered, "You too, Gomukha, have much of the ox-nature about you; but you are clearly of mixed breed, for you are not properly domesticated." When all laughed at hearing this, Gomukha said, "This Marubhúti is literally a jewel, for who can introduce the thread of virtue† into that which cannot be pierced even by a thousand efforts? But a jewel of a man is a different kind of thing, for that is easily penetrated; as an illustration listen to the story of the bridge of sand."

Story of Tapodatta.

There lived in Pratisṭhána a Bráhman of the name of Tapodatta. He, though his father kept worrying him, would not learn the sciences in his boyhood. Subsequently he found himself censured by all, and being filled with regret, he went to the bank of the Ganges, in order to perform asceticism for the acquisition of knowledge. There he betook himself to severe mortification of the flesh, and while he was thus engaged, Indra, who had beheld him with astonishment, came to him to prevent him, disguised as a Bráhman. And when he had come near him, he kept taking grains of sand from the bank, and throwing them into the billowy water of the Ganges. When Tapodatta saw that, he broke his silence, and asked him out of curiosity—"Bráhman, why do you do this unceasingly?" And Indra, disguised as a Bráhman, when he had been persistently questioned by him, said, "I am making a bridge over the Ganges for man and beast to cross by." Then Tapodatta said, "You fool, is it possible to make a bridge over the Ganges with sand, which will be carried away at some future time by the current?" When Indra, disguised as a Bráhman, heard that, he said to him—"If you know this truth, why do you attempt to acquire knowledge by vows and fasting, without reading or hearing lectures? The horn of a hare‡ may really exist, and the sky may be adorned with painting, and writing may be performed without letters, if learning may be acquired without study. If it could be so acquired, no one in this world would study at all." When Indra, disguised as a Bráhman, had said this to Tapodatta, Tapodatta reflected, and thinking that he had spoken truth, put a stop to his self-mortification, and went home.

* *I. e.* a great or distinguished minister. "Bull" is more literal than "ox," but does not suit the English idiom so well. *Gomukha* means Ox-face.

† *Guṇa* means virtue and also a thread.

‡ I read *rúpam* for *rúpyam*.

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"So, you see, a wise man is easily made to listen to reason, but the foolish Marubhúti cannot be induced to listen to reason, but when you admonish him, he flies into a passion." When Gomukha said this, Harisikha said before the company—"It is true, O king, that the wise are easily induced to listen to reason."

Story of Virúpaś'arman.

For instance, there lived of old time in Benares a certain excellent Bráhman, named Virúpaśarman, who was deformed and poor. And he, being despondent about his misshapen form and his poverty, went to the grove of ascetics there, and began to practise severe mortification of the flesh, through desire for beauty and wealth. Then the king of the gods* assumed the vile shape of a deformed jackal with a diseased body, and went and stood in front of him. When he saw that unfortunate† creature with its body covered with flies, Virúpaśarman slowly reflected in his mind,—"Such creatures are born into the world on account of actions done in a former life, so is it a small thing for me that I was not made thus by the Creator? Who can overstep the lot prescribed by destiny?" When Virúpaśarman perceived this, he brought his self-mortification to an end and went home.

"So true is it, O king, that a wise man is instructed with little effort, but one, whose mind is void of discernment, is not instructed even with great exertion." Thus spoke Hariśikha, and Gomukha assented, but Marubhúti, who was drunk and did not understand a joke, said in great anger, "There is power in the speech of Gomukha, but there is no might in the arms of men like you. A garrulous, quarrelsome, effeminate person makes heroes blush." When Marubhúti said this, being eager for a fight, king Naraváhanadatta, with a smile on his face, himself tried to appease him, and after dismissing him to his house, the king, who loved the friends of his youth, performed the duties of the day, and so spent it in great comfort. And the next day, when all these ministers came, and among them Marubhúti bowed down with shame, his beloved Ratnaprabhá spake thus to the prince: "You, my husband, are very fortunate in that you have these pure-hearted ministers bound to you by the fetters of a love dating from early childhood, and they are happy in possessing such an affectionate master; you have been gained by one another through actions in a former state of existence; of that there can be no doubt." When the queen said this, Tapantaka the son of Vasantaka, the companion in amusements of Naraváhanadatta, remarked—"It is true; our master has been gained by our actions in a former life. For every thing depends upon the power of actions in a former life—Hear in illustration of it the following tale."

* *I. e.* Indra.

† Literally "having no auspicious marks."

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Story of king Vilásas'íla and the physician Taruṇachandra.

There dwelt in a city named Vilásapura, the home of Śiva, a king rightly named Vilásaśíla.* He had a queen named Kamalaprabhá, whom he valued as his life, and he long remained with her addicted to pleasure only. Then in course of time there came upon the king old age, the thief of beauty, and when he beheld it, he was sorely grieved. He thought to himself—"How can I shew to the queen my face marred with grey hairs like a snow-smitten lotus? Alas! it is better that I should die." Busied with reflections like these, the king summoned into his hall of audience a physician named Taruṇachandra† and thus spake to him respectfully—"My good man, because you are clever and devoted to me, I ask you whether there is any artifice by which this old age can be averted. When Taruṇachandra, who was rightly named as being only of the magnitude of one digit, and desiring to become a full moon, heard that, the cunning fellow reflected—"I must make my profit out of this blockhead of a king, and I shall soon discover the means of doing it." Having thus reflected, the physician said to the king: "If you will remain in an underground chamber alone, O king, for eight months, and take this medicine, I engage to remove your old age." When the king heard this, he had such an underground chamber prepared, for fools intent on objects of sense cannot endure reflection. But the ministers used arguments like the following with him—"O king, by the goodness and asceticism and self-denial of men of old time, and by the virtue of the age, elixirs were produced. But these forest remedies,‡ which we hear of now, O king, owing to the want of proper materials, produce the opposite effect to that which is intended, and this is quite in accordance with the treatises; for rogues do in this way make sport with fools. Does time past ever return, O king?"—Still these arguments did not penetrate into his soul, for it was encased in the thick armour of violent sensual desire. And in accordance with the advice of that physician, he entered that underground chamber alone, excluding the numerous retinue that usually waits upon a king. And alone with one servant belonging to that physician, he made himself a slave to the taking of drugs and the rest of the treatment. And the king remained there in that dark subterranean den, which seemed as if it were the overflowing, through abundance, of the ignorance of his heart. And after the king had spent six months in that underground chamber, that wicked physician, seeing that his senility had increased, brought a certain young

* *I. e.* Fond of enjoyment.

† *I. e.* "New moon."

‡ I suppose this must mean "prepared of the flesh of wild goats." A MS. in the Sanskṛit College reads *ramyáni* "pleasant."

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man who resembled him in appearance, with whom he had agreed that he would make him king. Then he dug a tunnel into that underground chamber from a distance, and after killing the king in his sleep, he brought his corpse out by the underground passage, and threw it into a dark well. All this was done at night. And by the same tunnel he introduced that young man into the underground chamber, and closed that tunnel. What audacious wickedness will not a low fellow, who is held in check by no restraints, commit, when he gets a favourable chance of practising upon fools? Then, the next day, the physician said to all the subjects,—"This king has been made young again by me in six months, and in two months his form will be changed again—So show yourselves to him now at a little distance." Thus he spake, and brought them all to the door of the underground chamber, and shewed them to the young man, telling him at the same time their names and occupations. By this artifice he kept instructing that young man in the underground chamber in the names of all the subjects every day for two months, not excepting even the inhabitants of the harem.

And when a fitting time came, he brought the young man, after he had been well fed,* out of the subterranean chamber, saying, "This king has become young again." And then the young man was surrounded by the delighted subjects, who exclaimed "This is our own king restored by drugs." Then the young man, having thus obtained the kingdom, bathed, and performed with much pleasure by the help of his ministers the kingly duties. And from that time forth he lived in much felicity, transacting regal business, and sporting with the ladies of the harem, having obtained the name of Ajara.† And all the subjects considered that he was their former king transformed by drugs, not guessing the truth, and not suspecting the proceedings of the physician. And king Ajara, having gained over the subjects and the queen Kamalaprabhá by kind treatment, enjoyed the royal fortune together with his friends. Then he summoned a friend called Bheshajachandra and another called Padmadárśana, and made both of them like himself, satisfying them with gifts of elephants, horses, and villages. And he honoured the physician Taruṇachandra on account of the advancement he had conferred on him, but he did not repose confidence in him because his soul had fallen from truth and virtue.

And once on a time the physician of his own motion said to the king, "Why do you make me of no account and act independently? Have you forgotten the occasion on which I made you king?" When king

* *Plushta* is a mistake for *pushta*, see Böhtlingk and Roth s. v.

† *I. e.* free from old age.

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Ajara heard that, he said to the physician, "Ha! you are a fool: what man does anything for any one, or gives anything to any one? My friend, it is our deeds in a former state of existence that give and do. Therefore do not boast yourself, for this elevation I attained by asceticism: and I will soon shew you this by ocular proof." When he said this to the physician, the latter reflected as one terrified—"This man is not to be intimidated and speaks like a resolute sage. It is better to overawe that master, the secret of whose character is instability, but that cannot be done with this man, so I must submit to him. In the meanwhile let me wait and see what he will shew me so manifestly." Thus reflecting, the physician said, "It is true," and held his peace.

And the next day king Ajara went out to roam about and amuse himself with his friends, waited on by Taruṇachandra and others. And as he was strolling, he reached the bank of a river, and in it he saw five golden lotuses come floating down the current. And he made his servants bring them, and taking them and looking at them, he said to the physician Taruṇachandra, who was standing near him, "Go up along the bank of this river, and look for the place where these lotuses are produced: and when you have seen it, return, for I feel great curiosity about these wonderful lotuses, and you are my skilful friend." When he was thus commissioned by the king, the physician, not being able to help himself, said, "So be it," and went the way he was ordered. And the king returned to his capital, but the physician travelled on, and in course of time reached a temple of Śiva that stood on the bank of that river. And in front of it, on the shore of a holy bathing-place in that stream, he beheld a great banyan-tree, and a man's skeleton suspended on it. And while, fatigued with his journey, he was resting after bathing and worshipping the god, a cloud came there and rained. And from that human skeleton, hanging on the branches of the banyan-tree, when rained upon by the cloud, there fell drops of water.* And when they fell into the water of the bathing-place in that river, the physician observed that those golden lotuses were immediately produced from them. The physician said to himself, "Ha! what is this wonder? Whom can I ask in the uninhabited wood? Or rather who knows the creation of Destiny that is full of so many marvels? I have beheld this mine of golden lotuses; so I will throw this human skeleton into the sacred water. Let right be done, and let golden lotuses grow from its back." After these reflections, he flung the skeleton down from the top of that tree: and after spending the day there, the physician set out the next day for his own country, having accomplished the object for which he was sent. And in a few days he reached Vilásapura, and went, emaciated and soiled with his journey, to the court of king

* This reminds one of Story XII in the Gesta Romanorum.

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Ajara. The door-keeper announced him, and he went in and prostrated himself at the feet of the king; the king asked him how he was, and while he was relating his adventure, the king put every one else out of the hall, and himself said; "So you have seen, my friend, the place where the golden lotuses are produced, that most holy sanctuary of Śiva; and you saw there a skeleton on a banyan-tree; know that that is my former body. I hung there in old time by my feet; and in that way performed asceticism, until I dried up my body and abandoned it. And owing to the nobility of my penance, from the drops of rain-water, that fall from that skeleton of mine, are produced golden lotuses. And in that you threw my skeleton into the water of that holy bathing-place, you did what was right, for you were my friend in a former birth. And this Bheshajachandra and this Padmadarśana, they also were friends, who associated with me in a former birth. So it is owing to the might of that asceticism, my friend, that recollection of my former birth, and knowledge and empire have been bestowed on me. By an artifice I have given you ocular proof of this, and you have described it with a token, telling how you flung down the skeleton; so you must not boast to me, saying, that you gave me the kingdom, and you must not allow your mind to be discontented, for no one gives anything to any one without the help of actions in a former life. From his birth a man eats the fruit of the tree of his former actions." When the king said this to the physician, he saw that it was true, and he remained satisfied with the king's service, and was never afterwards discontented. And that noble-minded king Ajara, who remembered his former birth, honoured the physician becomingly with gifts of wealth, and lived comfortably with his wives and friends, enjoying the earth conquered by his policy, and originally obtained by his good actions, without an opponent.

"Thus in this world all the good and bad fortune, that befalls all men at all times, is earned by actions in a former life. For this reason I think we must have earned you for our lord in a former birth, otherwise how could you be so kind to us, while there are other men in existence?" Then Naravâhanadatta, having heard in the company of his beloved from the mouth of Tapantaka this strangely pleasing and entertaining tale, rose up to bathe. And after he had bathed, he went into the presence of his father the king of Vatsa, frequently raining nectar into the eyes of his mother, and after taking food, he spent that day and that night in drinking and other pleasures with his parents, and his wife, and his ministers.

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CHAPTER XLI.

And the next day, as Naraváhanadatta was in the apartments of Ratnaprabhá, talking over various subjects with his ministers, he suddenly heard a sound, which appeared to be like that of a man weeping outside in the court-yard of the palace. And when some one asked—"What is that?"—the female attendants came and said, "My lord, the chamberlain Dharmagiri is weeping here. For a foolish friend of his came here just now, and said that his brother, who went on a pilgrimage to holy places, was dead in a foreign land. He, bewildered with grief, forgot that he was in the court and began to lament, but he has been just now taken outside by the servants and conducted to his own house." When the prince heard this, he was grieved, and Ratnaprabhá moved with pity said in a despondent tone—"Alas! the grief which is produced by the loss of dear relatives is hard to bear! Why did not the Creator make men exempt from old age and death?" When Marubhúti heard this speech of the queen's, he said; "Queen, how can mortals ever attain this good fortune? For listen to the following story, which I will tell you, bearing on this question."

Story of king Chiráyus and his minister Nágárjuna.

In the city of Chiráyus there was in old time a king, named Chirá-yus,* who was indeed long-lived, and the home of all good fortune. He had a compassionate, generous and gifted minister, named Nágárjuna, who was sprung from a portion of a Bodhisattva, who knew the use of all drugs, and by making an elixir he rendered himself and that king free from old age, and long-lived. One day an infant son of that minister Nágárjuna, whom he loved more than any of his other children, died. He felt grief on that account, and by the force of his asceticism and knowledge proceeded to prepare out of certain ingredients the Water of Immortality,† in order to prevent mortals from dying. But while he was waiting for the auspicious moment in which to infuse a particular drug, Indra found out what was going on. And Indra, having consulted with the gods, said to the two Aśvins—"Go and give this message to Nágárjuna on the earth from me—'Why have you, though a minister, begun this revolutionary proceeding of making the Water of Life? Are you determined now to conquer the Creator, who indeed created men subject to the law of death, since you

* *I. e.* long-lived.

† See the IVth chapter of Ralston's Russian Folk-Tales, Weckenstedt's Wendische Märchen page 221, Bernhard Schmidt's Griechische Märchen p. 125.

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propose to make men immortal by preparing the Water of Life? If this takes place, what difference will there be between gods and men? And the constitution of the universe will be broken up, because there will be no sacrificer and no recipient of sacrifice. So by my advice discontinue this preparation of the Water of Life, otherwise the gods will be angry, and will certainly curse you. And your son, through grief for whom you are engaged in this attempt, is now in Svarga.'" With this message Indra despatched the two Aśvins. And they arrived at the house of Nágárjuna and, after receiving the *argha*,* told Nágárjuna, who was pleased with their visit, the message of Indra, and informed him that his son was with the gods in heaven. Then Nágárjuna, being despondent, thought; "Never mind the gods, but if I do not obey the command of Indra, these Aśvins will inflict a curse on me. So let this Water of Life go, I have not accomplished my desire; however my son, on account of my good deeds in a former life, has gone to the abode of bliss." Having thus reflected, Nágárjuna said to these two gods, the Aśvins, "I obey the command of Indra, I will desist from making the Water of Life. If you two had not come, I should have completed the preparation of the Water of Life in five days, and freed this whole earth from old age and death." When Nágárjuna had said this, he buried by their advice the Water of Life, which was almost completed, in the earth before their eyes. Then the Aśvins took leave of him, and went and told Indra in heaven that their errand was accomplished, and the king of gods rejoiced.

And in the meanwhile Nágárjuna's master, the king Chiráyus, anointed his son Jívahara crown-prince. And when he was anointed, his mother, the queen Dhanapará, on his coming in great delight to salute her, said to him, as soon as she saw him, "Why do you rejoice without cause, my son, at having obtained this dignity of crown-prince, for this is not a step to the attainment of the kingly dignity, not even by the help of asceticism? For many crown-princes, sons of your father, have died, and not one of them has obtained the throne, they have all inherited disappointment. For Nágárjuna has given this king an elixir, by the help of which he is now in the eighth century of his age. And who knows how many more centuries will pass over the head of this king, who makes his short-lived sons crown-princes." When her son heard that, he was despondent, and she went on to say to him, "If you desire the throne, adopt this expedient. This minister Nágárjuna every day, after he has performed the day's devotions, gives gifts at the time of taking food, and makes this proclamation; 'Who is a suppliant? Who wants anything? To whom can I give anything, and what?' At that moment go to him and say, 'Give me your head,'—Then he, being a truthful man, will have his head

* Water, rice, *dúrva* grass, &c. offered to guests.

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cut off, and out of sorrow for his death this king will die, or retire to the forest; then you will obtain the crown; there is no other expedient available in this matter." When he heard this speech from his mother, the prince was delighted, and he consented, and determined to carry her advice into effect, for the lust of sovereign sway is cruel, and overcomes one's affection for one's friends. Then that prince went, the next day, of his own accord to the house of that Nágárjuna, at the time when he took his food. And when the minister cried out, "Who requires anything, and what does he require?" he entered and asked him for his head. The minister said, "This is strange, my son; what can you do with this head of mine? For it is only an agglomeration of flesh, bone and hair. To what use can you put it? Nevertheless, if it is of any use to you, cut it off, and take it." With these words he offered his neck to him. But it had been so hardened by the elixir that, though he struck at it for a long time, he could not cut it, but broke many swords over it. In the meanwhile the king, hearing of it, arrived, and asked him not to give away his head, but Nágárjuna said to him: "I can remember my former births, and I have given away my head ninety-nine times in my various births. This, my lord, will be the hundredth time of my giving away my head. So do not say anything against it, for no suppliant ever leaves my presence disappointed. So I will now present your son with my head; for this delay was made by me only in order to behold your face." Thus he spoke, and embraced that king, and brought a powder out of his closet, with which he smeared the sword of that prince. Then the prince cut off the head of the minister Nágárjuna with a blow of that sword, as a man cuts a lotus from its stalk. Then a great cry of wailing was raised, and the king was on the point of giving up his own life, when a bodiless voice sounded from the heaven in these words—"Do not do what you ought not, king. You should not lament your friend Nágárjuna, for he will not be born again, but has attained the condition of a Buddha." When king Chiráyus heard this, he gave up the idea of suicide, but bestowed great gifts, and out of grief left his throne, and went to the forest. There in time he obtained by asceticism eternal bliss. Then his son Jívahara obtained his kingdom, and soon after his accession he allowed dissension to arise in his realm, and was slain by the sons of Nágárjuna remembering their father's murder. Then through sorrow for him his mother's heart broke. How can prosperity befall those who walk in the path trodden by the ignoble? And a son of that king Chiráyus, born to him by another wife, named Śatáyus, was placed on his throne by his chief ministers.

"Thus, as the gods would not permit Nágárjuna to carry out the task of destroying death, which he had undertaken, he became subject to death. Therefore it is true that this world of living beings was appointed by the

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Creator unstable, and full of grief hard to ward off, and even with hundreds of efforts it is impossible for any one to do anything here, which the Creator does not wish him to do." When Marubhúti had told this story, he ceased speaking, and Naraváhanadatta rose up with his ministers and performed his daily duties.

CHAPTER XLII.

Then, early the next day, Naraváhanadatta went off to the forest for the purpose of hunting, surrounded with elephants, in the company of his father and his friends; but before going he comforted his beloved Ratnaprabhá, who was anxious about him, by saying that he would quickly return.

Then the scene of the chase became like a garden adorned with lovely creepers for his delight, for in it the pearls that dropped from the claws of the lions, that had cleft the foreheads of elephants, and now fell asleep in death, were sown like seeds; and the teeth of the tigers that were cut out by the crescent-headed arrows were like buds, and the flowing blood of the deer seemed like shoots, and the wild boars, in which stuck the arrows adorned with heron feathers, seemed like clusters, and the fallen bodies of Sarabhas* shewed like fruit, and the arrows falling with deep hum appeared like bees. Gradually the prince became wearied, and desisted from the chase, and went on horseback to another wood with Gomukha, who was also riding. There he began to play at ball, and while he was thus engaged, a certain female ascetic came that way. Then the ball slipped from his hand and fell on her head; whereupon the female ascetic laughed a little, and said to him—"If your insolence is so great now, what will it be if you ever obtain Karpúriká for a wife."† When Naraváhanadatta heard this, he dismounted from his horse, and prostrating himself at the feet of that female ascetic, said to her—"I did not see you, and my ball fell on your head by chance—Reverend one, be propitiated, and pardon that fault of mine." When the female ascetic heard that, she said, "My son, I am not angry with you," and being victorious over her wrath she comforted him with blessings. And then, thinking that the wise truthful ascetic was well disposed to him, Naraváhanadatta respectfully asked her—"Who, reverend lady, is this Karpúriká spoken of by you? Condescend to inform me, if you are pleased with me, for I am curious

* Fabulous animals with eight feet.

† Cp. Sicilianische Märchen, Vol. I, p. 74.

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on this head." When he said this, bending before her, the female ascetic said to him: "There is on the other side of the sea a city named Karpúrasambhava;* in it there is a king rightly named Karpúraka, he has a daughter, a lovely maiden, named Karpúriká, who appears like a second Lakshmí, deposited in security there by the ocean, having seen that the first Lakshmí had been carried away by the gods after the churning. And she, as she hates men, does not desire to be married, but she will desire it, if at all, when she sees you. So go there, my son, and you shall win that fair one; nevertheless, while you are going there, you will suffer great hardship in the forest. But you must not be perplexed at that, for all shall end well." When the ascetic had said this, she flew up into the air and disappeared. Then Naravâhanadatta, drawn on by the command of Love uttered through her voice, said to his attendant Gomukha, "Come, let us go to Karpúriká in the city of Karpúrasambhava, for I cannot remain a moment without beholding her." When Gomukha heard that, he said—"King, desist from your rashness. Consider how far off you are from the sea and from that city, and whether the journey is worth taking for the sake of that maiden? Why, on merely hearing her name, do you abandon celestial wives, and alone run after a mere woman who is enveloped in doubt, owing to your not knowing what her intention is." When Gomukha said this to him, the son of the king of Vatsa said, "The speech of that holy ascetic cannot be false. So I must certainly go to find that princess." Having said this, he set out thence on horseback that very moment. And Gomukha followed him silently, though it was against his wish: when a lord does not act on the advice of his servants, their only course is to follow him.

In the meanwhile the king of Vatsa, having finished his hunting, returned to his city, thinking that that son of his was returning among his own armed followers. And the prince's followers returned with Marubhúti and the others to the city, supposing that the prince was with the armed followers of his father. When they arrived, the king of Vatsa and the others searched for him, and finding that he had not returned, they all went to the house of Ratnaprabhá. She at first was grieved at that news, but she called up a supernatural science and was told by it tidings of her husband, and said to her distressed father-in-law; "My husband heard the princess Karpúriká mentioned by a female ascetic in the forest, and in order to obtain her he has gone to the city of Karpúrasambhava. And he will soon have accomplished his object, and will return here with Gomukha. So dismiss anxiety, for this I have learned from a science. By these words she comforted the king of Vatsa and his retinue." And she despatched

* *I. e.* Camphor-produced. In the Arabian-Nights the Camphor islands are mentioned. See Lane's Translation, Vol. I, page 544.

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another science to wait on her husband during his journey, and dispel his fatigue; for good women who desire their husband's happiness do not account of jealousy.

In the meanwhile Naravâhanadatta performed a long journey on horseback in that forest, accompanied by Gomukha. Then a maiden suddenly came up to him in his path and said to him, "I am a science sent by Ratnaprabhâ, named Mâyâvatî, I will guard you on the path without being seen, so proceed now without fear." Having said this, the incarnate science disappeared, as he gazed at it. By virtue of it, Naravâhanadatta continued his journey with his thirst and hunger appeased, praising his beloved Ratnaprabhâ. And in the evening he reached a wood with a pure lake in it, and with Gomukha he bathed, and took a meal of delicious fruit and water. And at night he tied up the two horses underneath a large tree, after supplying them with grass, and he and his minister climbed up into it to sleep. While reposing on a broad bough of the tree, he was woke up by the neighings of the terrified horses, and saw a lion that had come close underneath. When he saw it, he wished* to get down for the sake of the horses, but Gomukha said to him—"Alas! you are neglecting the safety of your person, and acting without counsel; for kings the first duty is the preservation of their persons, and counsel is the foundation of rule. How can you desire to contend with wild beasts armed with teeth and claws. For it was to avoid these that we just now got up into this tree. When the king had been restrained from descending by these words of Gomukha's, seeing the lion killing the horse, he immediately threw his sword at it from the tree, and succeeded in wounding it with the weapon which was buried in its body. The mighty lion, though pierced with the sword, after killing that horse, slew the other also. Then the son of the king of Vatsa took Gomukha's sword from him, and throwing it, cut the lion in half in the middle. And descending he recovered his sword from the body of the lion, and ascending again to his sleeping place, he passed the night there in the tree. In the morning Naravâhanadatta got down, and set out to find Karpûriká, accompanied by Gomukha. Then Gomukha, beholding him travelling on foot, as the lion had slain his horse, in order to amuse him on the way said; "Listen, king, I will relate you this story, which is particularly appropriate on the present occasion."

Story of king Parityâgasena, his wicked wife and his two sons.

There is in this world a city named Irâvatî, which surpasses Alaká;† in it there dwelt a king named Parityâgasena. And he had two

* I find that a MS. in the Sanskrit College reads *avatitîrshum*. This is obviously the right reading.

† The city of Kuvera the god of wealth.

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beloved queens, whom he valued as his life. One was the daughter of his own minister and her name was Adikhasangamá, and the other was of royal race, and was called Kávyálankárá. And with those two the king propitiated Durgá to obtain a son, and performed penance without food, sleeping on *darbha* grass. Then Bhaváni, who is kind to her votaries, pleased with his penance, appeared to him in a dream and gave him two heavenly fruits, and thus commanded him: "Rise up and give your two wives these two fruits to eat, and then, king, you will have born to you two heroic sons." Having said this, Gaurí disappeared, and the king woke up in the morning and rose delighted at beholding those fruits in his hand. And by describing that dream of his he delighted his wives, and bathed and worshipped the consort of S'iva, and broke his fast. And at night he first visited that wife of his Adhikasangamá, and gave her one of the fruits, and she immediately ate it. Then the king spent the night in her pavilion, out of respect for her father, who was his own prime minister. And he placed near the head of his bed the second fruit, which was intended for the other queen. While the king was asleep, the queen Adhikasangamá rose up, and desiring for herself two similar sons, she took from his head and ate that second fruit also. For women are naturally envious of their rivals. And in the morning, when the king rose up and was looking for that fruit, she said—"I ate that second fruit also." Then the king went away despondent, and after spending the day, he went at night to the apartments of the second queen. And when she asked for that other fruit, he said to her—"While I was asleep, your fellow-wife treacherously devoured it." Then the queen Kávyálankárá, not having obtained that fruit, which was to enable her to give birth to a son, remained silently grieved.

In the course of some days that queen Adhikhasangamá become pregnant, and in due time gave birth to twin sons. And the king Parityágasena rejoiced and made a great feast, since his desire was fulfilled by their birth. And the king gave the name of Indívarasena to the elder of the two, who was of wonderful beauty and had eyes like a blue lotus. And he gave to the younger the name of Anichchhasena, because his mother ate the second fruit against his wish. Then Kávyálankárá, the second wife of that king, on beholding this, was angry, and reflected—"Alas! I have been cheated by this rival wife out of having children; so I must without fail revenge myself on her; I must destroy these sons of hers by my cunning." Having thus reflected, she remained thinking over a means of doing this. And as fast as those two princes grew, the tree of enmity grew in her heart.

And in course of time those two princes, having attained manhood, and being mighty of arm, and desirous of conquest, said to their father—"We have attained manhood and we have been trained in the use of weapons,

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so how can we remain here endowed to no profit with these mighty arms? Out on the arms and the youth of a Kshatriya that longs not for victory! So let us go now, father, and conquer the regions." When the king Parityágasena heard this request of his sons, he was pleased and consented, and made arrangements for their expedition. And he said to them, "If ever you are in difficulties, you must think upon the goddess Durgá the remover of sorrows, for she gave you to me." Then the king sent forth those two sons on their expedition, accompanied by his troops and feudal chiefs, after their mother had performed the auspicious ceremonies to ensure them success. And he sent after them his own sagacious prime minister, their maternal grandfather, whose name was Prathamasangama. Then those two mighty princely brothers, with their army, first marched in due order to the eastern quarter, and subdued it. Then these two irresistible heroes of approved might, to whom many kings had joined themselves, went to the southern quarter to conquer it. And their parents rejoiced on hearing these tidings of them, but their second mother was consumed with the fire of concealed hate. The treacherous queen then got the following false despatch written in the king's name to the chiefs in the princes' camp, by means of the secretary for foreign affairs, whom she had bribed with heaps of treasure—"My two sons, having subdued the earth by the might of their arms, have formed the intention of killing me and seizing my kingdom; so if you are loyal to me, you must without hesitation put to death both those sons of mine."—This letter Kávyálankárá sent off secretly by a courier. And the courier went secretly to the camp of those two princes, and gave that letter to the chiefs. And they all, after reading it, reflecting that the policy of kings is very cruel, and considering that that command of their master must not be disobeyed, met and deliberated in the night, and as they saw no way out of the difficulty, determined to kill those two princes, though they had been fascinated by their virtues. But their maternal grandfather, the minister, who was with them, heard of it from a friend that he had among the chiefs, and after informing the princes of the state of affairs, he thereupon mounted them on swift horses, and conveyed them away safely out of the camp.

The two princes, when conveyed away by the minister at night, travelled along with him, and entered the Vindhya forest out of ignorance of the true road. Then, after the night had passed, as they slowly proceeded on their way, about noon their horses died, overcome with excessive thirst. And that aged maternal grandfather of theirs, whose palate was dry with hunger and thirst, died exhausted with the heat before the eyes of those two, who were also weary. Then those afflicted brothers exclaimed in their sorrow—"Why has our father reduced to this state us who are innocent, and fulfilled the desire of that wicked second mother of ours?"—

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In the midst of their lamentation they thought upon the goddess Ambiká,* whom their father had long ago pointed out to them as their natural protectress. That moment, by force of thinking on that kind protectress, their hunger, thirst and fatigue left them, and they were strong. Then they were comforted by faith in her, and without feeling the fatigue of the journey, they went to visit that goddess who dwells in the Vindhya forest. And when those two brothers had arrived there, they began a course of fasting and asceticism to propitiate her. In the meanwhile those chiefs in the camp assembled together in a band, and went with the intention of doing the princes a mischief; but they could not find them, though they searched everywhere. They said—"The princes have escaped somewhere with their maternal grandfather," and fearing that the whole thing would come out, they went in a fright to the king Parityágasena. And shewing him the letters, they told him the whole story. He, when he heard it, was agitated and said to them in his anger; "I did not send this letter, this is some deception. And how comes it that you did not know, you foolish creatures, that I should not be likely to put to death two sons obtained by severe austerities? They have been put to death as far as you are concerned, but they were saved by their own merits, and their maternal grandfather has exhibited a specimen of his statesmanship." He said this to the chiefs, and though the secretary who wrote the treacherous letter fled, the king quickly had him brought back by his royal power, and after thoroughly investigating the whole matter, punished him as he deserved. And he threw into a dungeon his wicked wife Kávyálankárá, who was guilty of such a crime as trying to slay his sons. For how can an evil deed audaciously done, the end of which is not considered through the mind being blinded with excessive hate, help bringing ruin? And as for those chiefs, who had set out with his two sons and returned, the king dismissed them, and appointed others in their place. And with their mother he continued to seek for tidings of those sons, plunged in grief, devoted to righteousness, thinking upon Durgá.

In the meanwhile that goddess, who has her shrine in the Vindhya mountains, was pleased with the asceticism of the prince Indívarasena and his younger brother. And she gave Indívarasena a sword in a dream, and appearing to him, thus addressed him—"By the power of this sword thou shalt conquer enemies hard to overcome, and whatever thou shalt think of thou shalt obtain, and by means of it you shall both gain the success you desire." When the goddess had said that, she disappeared, and Indívarasena, waking up, beheld that sword in his hand. Then he comforted his younger brother by shewing him that sword, and describing to him his dream, and in the morning he and his brother broke their fast on wild fruits. Then

* The mother, *i. e.*, Durgá.

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he worshipped that goddess, and having his fatigue removed by her favour, he departed rejoicing, with the sword in his hand, in the company of his brother. And after he had travelled a long distance, he found a great and splendid city, looking like the peak of Meru on account of its golden houses. There he beheld a terrible Rákshasa standing at the gate of the high street, and the hero asked him what was the name of the town, and who was its king. That Rákshasa said—"This city is called S'ailapura, and it is possessed by our lord Yamadanshṭra, the slayer of his foes, king of the Rákshasas." When the Rákshasa said this, Indívarasena attempted to enter, in order to slay Yamadanshṭra, but the Rákshasa at the door tried to prevent him, upon which the mighty Indívarasena killed him, cutting off his head with one stroke of his sword. After slaying him, the hero entered the royal palace, and beheld inside it the Rákshasa Yamadanshṭra sitting on his throne, having a mouth terrible with tusks, with a lovely woman at his left hand, and a virgin of heavenly beauty on his right hand. And when Indívarasena saw him, he went with the sword given him by Durgá in his hand, and challenged him to fight, and the Rákshasa drew his sword and stood up to resist him. And in the course of the fight Indívarasena frequently cut off the Rákshasa's head, but it grew again.* Seeing that magic power of his, and having had a sign made to him by the virgin at the Rákshasa's side, who had fallen in love with him at first sight, the prince, after cutting off the head of the Rákshasa, being quick of hand, again cut it in two with a stroke of his sword. Then the Rákshasa's magic was baffled by contrary magic, and his head did not grow again, and the Rákshasa died of the wound.

When he was slain, the lovely woman and the princess were delighted, and the prince with his younger brother sat down, and asked them the following questions: "Why did this Rákshasa live in such a city as this, guarded by one warder only, and who are you two, and why do you rejoice at his being slain?" When they heard this, the virgin was the one that answered, and she spoke as follows: "In this city of S'ailapura there lived a king of the name of Vírabhuja, and this is his wife Madanadanshṭrá, and this Rákshasa came and devoured him by the help of his magic power. And he ate up his attendants, but he did not eat this Madanadanshṭrá, whom alone he spared because she was beautiful, but he made her his wife. Then he became disgusted with this city though beautiful, and building in it houses of gold, he remained here sporting with Madanadanshṭrá, having dismissed his retinue. And I am the younger sister of this Rákshasa, and unmarried, but the moment I saw you, I fell in love with you. Accordingly she is glad at his having been slain, and so also am I; so marry me here now, my husband, since love makes me offer myself to you."

* See Ralston's remarks on this story in his Russian Folk-Tales, p. 71.

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When Khaḍgadanshṭrá said this, Indívarasena married her then and there by the Gándharva form of marriage. And he remained in that very city, having everything brought to him, on his thinking of it, by the virtue of the sword of Durgá, married and accompanied by his younger brother. And once on a time he made a chariot that would fly through the air, produced by thought through the virtue of his sword, that resembled in its powers the philosopher's stone, and placed in it his heroic younger brother Aniehchhasena, and sent him off from his retreat to bear tidings of him to his parents. Aniehchhasena, for his part, travelled quickly through the air in that chariot, and reached Irávatí that city of his father. There he refreshed his grief-worn parents with the sight of him, as the moon refreshes the partridges when exhausted with severe heat. And he approached them, and fell at their feet, and was embraced by them, and when they questioned him, he dispelled their apprehensions with good news of his brother. And he told in their presence the whole adventure of himself and his brother, which in the beginning was sad, but in the end was happy. And there he heard the treacherous device, which his wicked second mother had out of enmity contrived for his destruction. Then Aniehchhasena remained there in tranquillity, in the company of his delighted father and his mother, honoured by the subjects. But after some days had passed, his fears were aroused by a threatening dream, and he yearned to see his brother again, and said to his father; "I will depart, and by telling my brother Indívarasena that you are anxiously awaiting him, I will bring him back; give me leave to depart, my father." When his father heard that, being anxious for the sight of his son, he and his wife gave Aniehchhasena leave to depart, and he immediately mounted his chariot, and reached through the air that city of Śailapura. And when he arrived there, he entered the palace of that brother of his. He saw there his elder brother lying senseless in the presence of Khaḍgadanshṭrá and Madanadanshṭrá, who were weeping. In his perplexity he asked, "What does this mean?" And then Khaḍgadanshṭrá said with her eyes fixed on the ground, though the other blamed her for it; "When you were away, your brother one day, on my going to bathe, had a secret intrigue with this Madanadanshṭrá. And I, on returning from bathing, found him with her, and I abused him. Then he tried to propitiate me, but I, being exceedingly bewildered by unforgiving jealousy, that seemed to have possessed me, thought thus with myself, 'Ah! without taking me into account, he favours another; I believe he shews this insolence confiding in the magic properties of his sword, so I will hide this weapon of his.' After thus reflecting, in my folly I thrust his sword into the fire at night, while he was asleep. The consequence was that his sword was dimmed and he was reduced to this state. And I am grieved for this myself and upbraided by Madanadanshṭrá. So you have come here

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now when both our minds are blinded with grief, and we have resolved on death. So take this sword and kill me with it, since I have proved true to the customs of my race and acted cruelly." When Anichchhasena was thus entreated by his brother's wife, he thought that he ought not to slay her on account of her repentance, but prepared to cut off his own head. But at that moment, he heard the following voice come from the air—" Do not act thus, prince, your brother is not dead, but he has been struck senseless by Durgá, who is angry at his not having taken sufficient care of the sword, and you must not impute guilt to Khaḍgadanshṭrá, for this circumstance is the consequence of your all having been born into this world on account of a curse. And they were both of them your brother's wives in a former life. So propitiate Durgá in order to gain your object." Accordingly Anichchhasena gave up his intention of slaying himself. But he mounted that chariot, and took that fire-dimmed sword, and went to propitiate the soles of the feet of Durgá, the dweller in the Vindhya range. There he fasted, and was about to propitiate the góddess with the offering of his head, when he heard this voice from heaven—" Do not be rash, my son, go; thy elder brother shall live, and the sword shall become pure from stain, for I am pleased with thy devotion." When Anichchhasena heard this speech of the goddess, he immediately saw that the sword in his hand had recovered its brightness, and he walked round the goddess, keeping his right hand towards her; and ascending his swift magic car, as if it were his own desire,* he returned in a state of anxious expectation to that S'ailapura. There he saw that his elder brother had just risen up, having suddenly regained consciousness, and weeping he seized his feet, and his elder brother threw his arms round his neck. And both the wives of Indívarasena fell at the feet of Anichchhasena and said—" You have saved the life of our husband." Then he told the whole story to his brother Indívarasena who questioned him, and he, when he heard it, was not angry with Khaḍgadanshṭrá, but was pleased with his brother.†

And he heard from the lips of his brother that his parents were eager to see him, and of the fraud of his second mother, that had brought about his separation from them; then he took the sword which his brother

* The word literally means chariot of the mind. There is a pun here.

† This resembles the German story of the two brothers as given in Cox's Aryan Mythology, Vol. I, p. 162. See also Gonzenbach's Sicilianische Märchen, Nos. 39 and 40, with Dr. Köhler's note. He there refers us to his own remarks on the 4th of Campbell's West Highland Tales in Orient und Occident, Vol. II, p. 118, and to Grimm, Nos. 60 and 85, Hahn No. 22, Widter-Wolf, No. 8, Vernaleken, No. 35, &c. In Grimm's No. 60, we have a magic sword, and the temporary death of one of the brothers is indicated by the dimming of one side of a knife. This story resembles Grimm's more closely, than that of Aśokadatta and Vijayadatta in ch. 25.

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handed to him, and mounted a large chariot, which came to him the moment he thought of it, owing to the virtue of the sword, and with his golden palaces, and his two wives, and his younger brother Indívarasena, returned to his own city Irávatí. There he alighted from the air, beheld with wonder by the subjects, and entered the palace, and went with his attendants into the presence of the king. And in that condition he beheld his father and his mother, and fell at their feet with his eyes bathed in streaming tears. And they, the moment they beheld their son, embraced him and his younger brother, and having their bodies, as it were, bathed in nectar, they were relieved from their sorrow. And when their daughters-in-law, those two wives of Indívarasena, of heavenly beauty, fell at their feet, they looked on them with delight and welcomed them. And the parents, learning in course of conversation, that they were said by a divine voice to have been appointed in a previous life as his wives, were exceedingly delighted. And they rejoiced with astonishment at the power of their son, which enabled him to travel through the air, and bring golden palaces and do other things of this kind. Then Indívarasena remained, with those two wives and his attendants, in the society of his parents, causing delight to the subjects. And once on a time he took leave of his father, king Parityágasena, and went forth again to conquer the four quarters, accompanied by his younger brother. And the mighty-armed hero conquered the whole earth by the virtue of his sword, and came back bringing with him the gold, elephants, horses and jewels of conquered kings. And he reached his capital, followed out of fear by the conquered earth in the form of the army of dust, that his forces raised. And he entered the palace, where his father advanced to meet him, and he and his brother delighted their mother Adhikasangamá by their return. And after he had honoured the kings, Indívarasena spent that day in pleasure, accompanied by his wives and his followers. And on the next day the prince made over the earth to his father by way of tribute from the kings, and suddenly recollected his former birth. Then, like one waking up from sleep, he said to his father—"Father, I remember my former birth; listen, I will tell you all about it. There is a city on the plateau of the Himálayas named Muktápura; in it there lives a king named Muktásena, a king of the Vidyádharas. And by a queen named Kambuvatí he had born to him in course of time two virtuous sons, Padmasena and Rúpasena. Then a maiden, named Ádityaprabhá, the daughter of a chief of the Vidyádharas, of her own accord, out of love, chose Padmasena for her husband. Hearing of that, a Vidyádhara maiden, of the name of Chandravatí, became love-sick also, and came and chose him for her husband. Then Padmasena, having two wives, was continually worried by that wife Adityaprabhá, who was jealous of her rival. And so Padmasena over and over again importuned his father Muktásena

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to the following effect; 'I cannot endure every day the ill-temper of my wife, who is blind with jealousy, let me retire to a wood of ascetics to put an end to this misery. Therefore, father, give me permission.' His father, annoyed at his persistence, cursed him and his wives, saying; 'What need is there of your going to a wood of ascetics? Fall into the world of mortals. There this quarrelsome wife of yours, Ádityaprabhá, shall be born in the race of Rákshasas, and become your wife again. And this second, Chandravatí, who is virtuous and attached to you, her husband, shall be the wife of a king, and the paramour of a Rákshasa, and shall obtain you as her beloved. And since this Rúpasena has been observed by me to follow you his elder brother with affection, he shall be your brother also in that world. There too you shall endure some affliction caused by your wives.' Thus he spoke and ceased, and appointed this as the termination of the curse; 'When you, being a prince, shall conquer the earth and give it to your father, then you and they shall remember your former birth, and be freed from your curse.' When Padmasena had been thus addressed by his own father, he went with those others to the world of mortals. I am that very Padmasena, born here as your son, Indívarasena by name, and I have done what I was appointed to do. And the other Vidyádhara prince, Rúpasena, has been born as Anichchhasena my younger brother. And as for my wives Ádityaprabhá* and Chandravatí, know that they have been born here as these two, Khaḍgadanshṭrá and Madanadanshṭrá. And now we have reached that appointed end of our curse. So let us go, father, to our own Vidyádhara home." Having said this, he together with his brother and his wives, who remembered their former existence, abandoned the human and assumed the Vidyádhara form. And having worshipped the feet of his father, and taken his two wives in his arms, he went with his younger brother through the air to his own city Muktápura. There the wise prince, gladly welcomed by his father Muktásena, a joy to the eyes of his mother, accompanied by his brother Rúpasena, lived with his Ádityaprabhá, who did not again display jealousy, and with Chandravatí in happiness.

The minister Gomukha, having told this delightful tale on the road, again said to Naraváhanadatta; "Thus the great must endure great pains and gain great glory, but others have little pain and little glory. But you, protected by the might of the science of queen Ratnaprabhá, shall without difficulty gain that princess Karpúriká."

When Naraváhanadatta heard this from the lips of the eloquent Gomukha, he set out on the path with him, insensible to fatigue. And as he travelled, he came in the evening to a pellucid lake, the lotuses on which were in full bloom, and which was full of an abundant supply of cold water, delicious as nectar. Its banks were adorned with pomegranate trees,

* *I. e.*, brightness of the sun. Chandravatí means moonlike.

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bread-fruit trees, and rows of mango-trees, and on it the swans sang sweetly. They bathed in it, and devoutly worshipped the beloved* of the daughter of Himálaya and refreshed themselves with various fragrant, sweet-tasting, delightful fruits, and then the son of the king of Vatsa and his friend spent the night on the bank of the lake, sleeping on a bed strewn with soft young shoots.

CHAPTER XLIII.

The next morning, Naravâhanadatta rose up from the bank of that lake,† and setting out on his journey, said to his minister Gomukha; "My friend, I remember, a certain princess of heavenly beauty, dressed in white garments, came to me towards the end of last night in a dream, and said this to me—'Lay aside your anxiety, dear one, for you will quickly reach a large and wonderful town situated in a forest, on the shore of the sea. And after resting there, you shall with ease find that town Karpúrasambhava, and then win that princess Karpúriká.' Having said this, she disappeared, and I immediately woke up." When he said that, Gomukha was delighted and said to him—"King, you are favoured by the gods; what is difficult to you? So your enterprise will certainly succeed without difficulty." When Gomukha had said this, Naravâhanadatta hastened along the path with him. And in course of time he reached a city of vast extent on the shore of the sea, furnished with lofty mansions resembling the peaks of mountains, with streets, and arches, adorned with a palace all golden like mount Meru, looking like a second Earth. He entered that city by the market-street, and beheld that all the population, merchants, women, and citizens were wooden automata, that moved as if they were alive, but were recognised as lifeless by their want of speech. This aroused astonishment in his mind. And in due course he arrived with Gomukha near the king's palace, and saw that all the horses and elephants there were of the same material; and with his minister he entered, full of wonder, that palace, which was resplendent with seven ranges of golden buildings. There he saw a majestic man sitting on a jewelled throne, surrounded by warders and women, who were also wooden automata, the only living being there, who produced motion in those dull material things, like the soul presiding over

* *I. e.* Śiva the beloved of Párvati.

† I read *sarastírát* for *sarittírát*.

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the senses. He, for his part, seeing that that hero Naravâhanadatta was of noble form, rose up and welcomed him, and made him sit down on his own seat, and sitting in front of him, he thus questioned him, "Who are you; how and why have you come to this uninhabited land with one companion?" Then Naravâhanadatta told his own story from the beginning, and asked that hero, who was prostrating himself before him,—"Who are you, my good sir, and what is this wonderful city of yours? Tell me." That man, when he heard that, began to tell his own story.

Story of the two brothers Prâṇadhara and Râjyadhara.

There is a city named Kánchí possessed of great excellences,* which, like a girdle, well adorns the earth-bride. In it there was a famous king of the name of Báhubala, who won fortune by the might of his arm, and imprisoned her in his treasury, though she is a gadding dame. We were two brothers in his kingdom, carpenters by trade, skilful in making ingenious automata of wood and other materials, such as Maya† first invented. My elder brother was by name Prâṇadhara, and he was infatuated with love for a fickle dame, and I, my lord, am named Râjyadhara, and I was ever devoted to him. That brother of mine consumed all my father's property and his own, and some portion of what I had acquired, which melted by affection I made over to him. Then he, being much infatuated about the lady, out of desire to steal wealth for her sake, made a couple of swans of wood with mechanism and strings attached to them. That pair of swans was sent out at night by pulling the strings, and entering by means of the mechanical contrivance into the king's treasury through a window, they took from it with their beaks jewels placed in a basket, and returned to the house of my brother. And my elder brother sold the jewels and spent the money so acquired with his paramour, and in that way he robbed the king's treasury every night, and though I tried to prevent him, he would not give up that improper proceeding, for who, when blinded by passion, distinguishes between right and wrong? And then the keeper of the treasury, as the king's treasure-house was plundered night after night without the bolt being moved, though there were no mice in it, for several days in succession enquired into the matter, without saying anything, out of fear, and then being exceedingly vexed, went and told the whole matter plainly to the king. Then the king posted him and some other guards in the treasure-house at night, with orders to keep awake in order to find out the truth of it. Those guards went into the treasure-house at midnight, and while there, saw my brother's two swans entering there

* Here there is a pun, as the words may also be construed "woven of excellent threads."

† Maya was the architect of the Daityas. According to some Maya = Ptolemaios.

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by the window, impelled by strings. The swans moved round by means of their mechanism and took the jewels, then the guards cut the strings, and took the swans to shew the king in the morning. And then my elder brother said in a state of bewilderment—"Brother, my two swans have been seized by the guards of the treasury, for the strings have become slack, and the pin of the mechanism has dropped. So we must both of us leave this place immediately, for the king, when he hears of it in the morning, will punish us as thieves. For we are both known to be skilled in mechanical contrivances. And I have here a chariot with a pneumatic contrivance, which quickly goes eight hundred *yojanas*, if you press a spring. Let us go by means of it to-day to a distant foreign land, though exile may be disagreeable; for how can an evil deed, that is done in despite of good advice, bring pleasure to any one? This is the mature fruit of my wickedness in not obeying your advice, which has extended to innocent you, as well as to me." After saying this, my brother Prâṇadhara immediately mounted with his family that chariot, that flew through the air. Bnt though he urged me, I would not mount it, as it was laden with many people, so he flew up in it to the sky and went off to some distant place.

When that Prâṇadhara,* who was rightly named, had gone off somewhere, I, expecting that in the morning I singly should he exposed to danger at the hands of the king, mounted another chariot with a pneumatic mechanism, which I had myself made, and quickly travelled two hundred *yojanas* from that place. Then I again started that air-travelling chariot, and went another two hundred *yojanas*. Then I left my chariot, terrified at finding that I was near the sea, and travelling on my feet, reached in course of time this city which was empty. And out of curiosity I entered this palace, which was filled with garments, ornaments, and couches and all the other conveniences fit for a king. And in the evening I bathed in the water of the garden-lake, and ate fruits, and going to the royal bed reflected alone at night—"What am I to do in this uninhabited spot? So to-morrow I will go hence to some place or other, for I no longer need fear danger from king Báhubala." When I had thus reflected, I went to sleep, and towards the end of night a hero of divine appearance, mounted on a peacock, thus addressed me in a dream; "You must live here, good sir, you must not depart elsewhere, and at the time of meals you must go up to the middle court of the palace, and wait there." Thus he spoke, and disappeared, and I woke up and reflected—"Undoubtedly this heavenly place has been made by Kártikeya, and he has favoured me with this dream on account of my merits in a former life. I have turned up here because I am to be happy dwelling in this town." I conceived this hope and rose up,

* *I. e.* holding life.

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and said the prayer for the day, and at the time of eating I went up to the middle court, and while I was waiting there, golden dishes were placed in front of me, and there fell into them from heaven food consisting of ghee, milk, rice, boiled rice and other things;* and any other kinds of food that I thought of, came to me as fast as I thought of them. After eating all this, I felt comforted by the favour of the god. So, my lord, I took up my abode in this city, with kingly luxuries coming to me every day as fast as I wished for them. But I do not obtain wives and retinue by thinking of them, so I made all these people of wood. Though I am a carpenter, since I have come here I enjoy alone all the pleasures of a king by the power of Destiny, and my name is Rájyadhara.†

"So repose, now, a day in this god-built town, and I will attend upon you to the best of my ability." After saying this, Rájyadhara led off with him Naravâhanadatta and Gomukha to the city garden, there the prince bathed in the water of the lake and offered lotuses to Śiva, and was conducted to the feasting-place in the middle court, and there he and his minister enjoyed viands which were placed before them by Rájyadhara, who stood in front of them, to whom they came as soon as he thought of them. Then the eating-ground was swept by some unseen hand, and after they had taken betel, they drank wine and remained in great felicity. And after Rájyadhara had eaten, the prince retired to a gorgeous couch, astonished at the wonderful nature of the town, which resembled the philosopher's stone. And when he could not sleep, on account of his recently conceived longing for Karpúriká, Rájyadhara, who was also in bed, asked her story, and then said to him—"Why do you not sleep, auspicious sir? You will obtain your desired love. For a fair woman, like Fortune, of her own accord chooses a man of high courage. I have had ocular proof of this, so hear the story; I will relate it to you."

Story of Arthalobha and his beautiful wife.

That king of Kánchí, Báhubala, whom I mentioned to you, had a rich door-keeper, rightly named Arthalobha.‡ He had a beautiful wife named Mánapará. That Arthalobha, being by profession a merchant, and on account of his avarice distrusting his servants, appointed that wife of his to look after his business in preference to them. She, though she did not like it, being obedient to him, made bargains with merchants and captivated all men by her sweet form and speech. And Arthalobha, seeing that all the

* Cp. the Metamorphoses (Golden Ass) of Apuleius, Lib. V, cap. III. Visoque statim semirotundo suggestu propter instrumentum cœnatorum, rata refectui suo commodum, libens accumbit. Et illico vini nectarei eduliumque variorum fercula copiosa, nullo serviente, sed tantum spiritu quodam impulsa, subministrantur.

† *I. e.*, holding or possessing a kingdom.

‡ *I. e.*, greed of wealth.

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sales of elephants, horses, jewels, and garments that she made, brought in a profit, rejoiced exceedingly. And once on a time there came there from a distant foreign land a merchant, named Sukhadhana, having a large stock of horses and other commodities. The moment Arthalobha heard that he had come, he said to his wife—"My dear, a merchant named Sukhadhana has arrived from a foreign land, he has brought twenty thousand horses, and innumerable pairs of excellent garments made in China, so please, go and purchase from him five thousand horses and ten thousand pairs of garments, in order that with the thousands of horses I already possess and those other five, I may pay a visit to the king, and carry on my commerce. When commissioned in these words by that villain Arthalobha, Mánapará went to Sukhadhana; whose eyes were captivated by her beauty, and who welcomed her gladly. And she demanded from him for a price those horses and garments. The merchant, overpowered with love, took her aside and said to her—"I will not give you one horse or garment for money, but if you will remain one night with me, I will give you five hundred horses and five thousand garments." After saying this, he solicited that fair one with even a larger amount; who does not fall in love with women, who are allowed to go about without restraint? Then she answered him—"I will ask my husband about this, for I know he will send me here out of excessive cupidity.*" After saying this, she went home, and told her husband what the merchant Sukhadhana had said to her secretly. And that wicked covetous husband Arthalobha said to her; "My dear, if you obtain five hundred horses and five thousand pairs of garments for one night, what is the harm in it. So go to him now; you shall return quickly in the morning." When Mánapará heard this speech of her mean-spirited husband's, she began to debate in her heart, and thus reflected—"Out on this base spiritless husband of mine that sells his honour! By continually meditating on gain he has become all made up of the desire of gain. It is better that the generous man, who buys me for one night with hundreds of horses and thousands of pieces of China silk, should be my husband." Thus reflecting, she took leave of her base husband, saying; "It is not my fault," and went to the house of that Sukhadhana. And he, when he saw that she had come, after questioning her and hearing the whole story from her, was astonished, and considered himself fortunate in obtaining her. And he sent off immediately to her husband Arthalobha the horses and garments that were to purchase her, as agreed upon. And he remained that night with her, having all his wishes attained, for she seemed like the fortune which was the fruit of his own wealth, incarnate in bodily form, at last obtained by him. And in the morning the base Arthalobha

* Cp. Die Sieben Weisen Meister c. 18, (Simrock's Deutsche Volksbücher, Vol. XII, p. 185).

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sent, in his shamelessness, servants to summon her, whereupon Mánapará said to them, "How can I again return to be the wife of that man who sold me to another? I am not as shameless as he is. Tell me yourselves if this would be becoming now. So depart, the man that bought me is my husband." When the servants were thus addressed by her, they went and repeated her words to Arthalobha with downcast faces. The mean fellow, when he heard it, wanted to recover her by force; then a friend of the name of Harabala said to him; "You cannot recover her from that Sukhadhana, for he is a hero, and I do not behold in you manliness corresponding to his. For he is moved to heroism by a woman that loves him on account of his generosity, and he is mighty, and surrounded with other mighty men that have come with him. But you have been deserted by your wife, who separated from you because you sold her out of meanness, and scorn makes you timid, and being reproached you have become effeminate. Moreover you are not mighty, and you are not surrounded by mighty friends, so how can you possibly be capable of vanquishing that rival? And the king will be angry with you, when he hears of your crime of selling your wife; so keep quiet, and do not make a ridiculous blunder." Though his friend tried to dissuade him with these words, Arthalobha went and beset, in his anger, the house of Sukhadhana with his retainers. While he was thus engaged, Sukhadhana sallied out with his friends and retainers, and in a moment easily defeated the whole of Arthalobha's force.

Then Arthalobha fled, and went into the presence of the king. And concealing his own wicked conduct, he said to the king,—"O king, the merchant Sukhadhana has carried off my wife by force." And the king, in his rage, wished to arrest that Sukhadhana. Then a minister of the name of Sandhána said to the king—"In any case, my lord, you cannot arrest him, for when his force is increased by that of the eleven friends who have come with him, he will be found to have more than a hundred thousand excellent horses. And you have not discovered the truth about the matter, for his conduct will turn out to be not altogether without cause. So you had better send a messenger, and ask what it is that this fellow here is chattering about." When king Báhubala heard this, he sent a messenger to Sukhadhana to ask about the matter. The messenger went, and asked about the matter by the king's order, and thereupon Mánapará told him her story. When Báhubala heard that wonderful tale, he came to the house of Sukhadhana to behold the beauty of Mánapará, being filled with excessive curiosity. There he beheld, while Sukhadhana bent before him, Mánapará, who with the wealth of her beauty would astonish even the Creator. She prostrated herself at his feet, and he questioned her, and heard from her own mouth how the whole thing happened, Arthalobha being present and listening. When he heard it, he thought it was true, because Arthalobha

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was speechless, and he asked that fair one what was to be done now. Then she said decidedly, "How can I return to that spiritless avaricious man, who sold me to another man without the excuse of distress?" When the king heard this, he said, "Well said," and then Arthalobha bewildered with desire, wrath, and shame, exclaimed,—"King, let him and me fight with our own retainers, without any auxiliary forces; then let it be seen who is spirited and who is spiritless." When Sukhadhana heard this, he said—"Then let us fight in single combat, what need is there of retainers? Mánapará shall be the prize of the victor." When the king heard this, he said, "Good! so let it be!" Then, before the eyes of Mánapará and the king, they both entered the lists mounted. And in the course of the combat, Sukhadhana laid Arthalobha on the plain, by his horse's rearing on account of a lance-wound. Then Arthalobha fell three times more on the earth, on account of his horse being killed, but Sukhadhana, who was a fair fighter, restrained himself and would not slay him. But the fifth time Arthalobha's horse fell upon him, and bruised him, and he was carried off by his servants motionless. Then Sukhadhana was cheered by all the spectators with shouts of applause, and the king Báhubala honoured him as he deserved. And he immediately bestowed a gift of honour upon the lady, and he confiscated the property of Arthalobha, which had been acquired by unlawful means; and appointing another to his office, he departed pleased to his palace. For good men derive satisfaction from breaking off their connection with the bad. And Sukhadhana, having maintained his claim by force, remained enjoying himself in the society of Mánapará his loving wife.

"Thus wives and wealth leave the mean-spirited man, and of their own accord come to the high-spirited man from every quarter. So dismiss anxiety! Go to sleep! in a short time, my lord, you will obtain that princess Karpúriká." When Naraváhanadatta heard that sound advice of Rajyadhara's, he and Gomukha went off to sleep.

And in the morning, while the prince was waiting awhile after his meal, the wise Gomukha addressed Rájyadhara as follows: "Make such an ingenious chariot for my master, as that he shall be able by means of it to reach the city of Karpúrasambhava, and obtain his beloved." When thus supplicated, that carpenter offered Naraváhanadatta the chariot with a pneumatic contrivance, that he had made before. He ascended that sky-travelling chariot, swift as thought, together with Gomukha, and crossed the deep, the home of monsters, that agitated its waves as if exulting to behold his valour, and reached the city of Karpúrasambhava on its shore. There the chariot descended from the sky, and he and Gomukha left it, and out of curiosity wandered about inside the town. And by questioning the people he found out that he had indeed without doubt reached the

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desired city, and delighted he went to the neighbourhood of the palace. There he found a splendid house occupied by an old woman, and he entered it to stay there, and she received him with respect. And eager to hit upon an artifice, he immediately asked that woman, "Noble lady, what is the name of the king here, and what children has he? And tell us of their appearance, for we are foreigners." When he said this to the old woman, she, seeing that he was of excessively noble form, answered—"Listen, illustrious sir, I will tell you all. In this city of Karpúrasambhava there is a king named Karpúraka. And he, having no children, performed penance, with his wife Buddhikárí, fasting, in honour of Śiva, in order to obtain offspring. After he had fasted for three nights, the god Śiva commanded him in a dream—'Rise up, a daughter shall be born to you, who shall be superior to a son, and whose husband shall obtain the sovereignty of the Vidyádharas.' After receiving this order from Śiva, the king woke up in the morning; and, after communicating this dream to his wife Buddhikárí, he rose up and went off delighted, and with his queen broke his fast. And then in a short time that queen conceived by the king, and when the period was completed, she brought forth a daughter beautiful in all her limbs. She surpassed in splendour the lights in the lying-in chamber,* and they, as it were, heaved sighs by discharging lamp-black. And her father made great rejoicings, and gave her the name of Karpúriká, which is his own name made feminine. And gradually that moonlight of the eyes of the people, the princess Karpúriká, has grown up, and is now in the full bloom of youth. And her father, the king here, desires to have her married, but the haughty girl detests men, and will not consent. And when my daughter, who is her friend, put this question to her 'My dear, why do you not desire marriage, the only fruit of a daughter's birth?' she answered, 'My dear, I remember my former birth, and the cause is something which happened then; hear it."

Story of the princess Karpúriká in her birth as a swan.

On the shore of the ocean there is a great sandal-wood tree. Near it there is a lake adorned with full-blown lotuses. I was a female swan on that lake on account of my actions in a previous birth. Once on a time, out of fear of the sea, I made a nest in that sandal-wood tree with my husband, who was a male swan. When I was dwelling in that nest, I had male offspring born to me, and suddenly a great wave of the sea came and carried them off. When the flood carried away my children, out of grief I wept and took no food; and remained in front of a *linga* of Śiva on the shore of the sea. Then that male swan, my husband, came to me and said—"Rise up, why do you lament your children that are dead, we shall get other ones.† As long as life is preserved, everything can be obtained."

* See note on page 305.

† Cp. Herodotus III. 119; Antigone, vv. 909—912.

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His speech pierced my heart like an arrow, and I reflected—"Alas! males are thus wickedly regardless of their youthful offspring, and show no affection to, or compassion for their females, though they are attached to them. So of what comfort is this husband to me? Of what use is this body that brings only pain?" Thus reflecting, I prostrated myself before Śiva, and devoutly placed him in my heart, and then in front of his symbol, before the eyes of the swan, my husband, I uttered this prayer; "May I become in the next birth a princess remembering my former state,"—and thereupon I flung myself into the sea. Consequently, I have been born in this life such as you see. And because I remember the cruelty of that husband in a former birth, my mind does not feel inclined to any suitor. So I do not desire to be married; the rest is in the hands of Destiny. "This is what the princess said then in private to my daughter, and that daughter of mine came and told it to me."

"So, my son, I have told you what you asked me. And that princess is undoubtedly destined to be your wife. For she was long ago designated by the god Śiva as the wife of the future emperor of the Vidyádharas. And I see that you are marked with all the distinguishing signs of an emperor, such as the peculiar freckle, and other marks. Perhaps you are some distinguished person brought here by Providence for that very purpose. Rise up, for the present we will see what there is in my house in the way of provision." After the old lady had told him this, she brought him food, and he and Gomukha spent the night there. And in the morning, the prince deliberated in private with Gomukha as to the steps to be taken, and then he assumed the dress of a Páśupata ascetic, and accompanied by Gomukha, he went to the king's gate, and roamed about in front of it, crying out again and again—"Ah my female swan! Ah my female swan!" And the people gazed at him.. And when the maids beheld him thus employed, they went in astonishment and said to the princess Karpúriká; "Your Highness! we have seen at the royal gate a Páśupata ascetic who, though he has a fellow, is unfellowed in beauty,* and he continually utters these words, 'Ah my female swan! Ah my female swan!' which bewilders the minds of the women." When the princess heard this, she, as having been a swan in a former birth, was filled with curiosity, and had him, just as he was, conducted by her maids into her presence. And she saw that he was adorned with infinite beauty, like a new god of Love that had taken a vow to propitiate Śiva. And she said to him, when he looked at her with an eye expanded by curiosity, "What is this that you are continually saying, 'Ah! my female swan! Ah! my female swan?'" Though she said this to him, he went on to say—"Ah! my female swan!" Then his companion Gomukha answered her; "I will explain this in a few words, listen, Your Highness.

* A mere pun.

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"In a former birth he was a swan on account of his actions in an anterior state of existence. Then he built himself a nest in a sandal-wood tree, on the bank of a great lake near the shore of the sea, and lived there with his female. And as it happened, their offspring in that nest were swept away by a wave, and his female, distracted with grief, threw herself into the sea. Then he, being grieved at separation from her, and disgusted with his bird-nature, desirous of leaving that body, made a pious wish in his heart—'May I be in a future life a prince remembering my former state, and may this virtuous female swan be my wife, remembering her former existence also.' Then he thought on Śiva, and scorched with the fire of grief, flung that body into the water of the sea. So he has been now born, my fair lady, as Naravâhanadatta, the son of the king of Vatsa in Kauśámbí, with the power of recollecting his former existence. When he was born, a voice said distinctly from heaven; 'This prince shall be the emperor of all the kings of the Vidyádharas.' In course of time, when he had become crown-prince, he was married by his father to the goddess Madanamanchuká of heavenly appearance, who had been born for a certain reason as a woman. And then the daughter of a king of the Vidyádharas named Hemaprabha, the maiden Ratnaprabhá, came of her own accord, and chose him for a husband. Nevertheless, thinking on that female swan, he does not enjoy tranquillity; and he told this to me, who have been his servant from my childhood. Then, while he was out hunting, it happened that he and I had a meeting in the forest with a holy female hermit. And in the course of conversation she said to him with favouring condescension—'Owing to the effect of his actions the god of Love, my son, became a swan. And a heavenly female, that had fallen through a curse, became his dear wife, when he was dwelling, as a swan, in a sandal-wood tree on the bank of the sea. But she threw herself into the sea, through grief at her offspring having been carried away by the tide, and then the male swan flung himself into the sea also. He has now by the favour of Śiva been born as yourself, the son of the king of Vatsa, and you know of that former birth of yours, my son, for you remember your former existence. And that female swan has been now born in Karpúrasambhava, a city on the shore of the sea, as a princess, Karpúriká by name. Therefore, go there, my son, and win her to wife.' When the holy female hermit had said this, she flew up into the sky and disappeared. And this lord of mine, having heard this information, immediately set out with me to come here. And being attracted by love for you, he risked his life, and after traversing a hundred difficulties, he reached the shore of the sea. There we had an interview with the carpenter, named Rájyadhara, who dwells in Hemapura, and who gave us an ingenious chariot. We have mounted on this terrible machine, as if it were our courage having taken

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shape,* and have crossed the perilous gulf of the sea, and arrived at this town. For this reason, queen, my master wandered about, exclaiming, 'Ah my female swan!' until he came into your presence. Now, from the pleasing sight of the noble moon of your countenance, he enjoys the removal of the darkness caused by the presence of innumerable woes. Now, honour your noble guest with the blue lotus garland of your look." When Karpúriká heard this feigned speech of Gomukha's, she thought it was true, relying on the fact that it harmonized with her own recollections. And she melted in her soul with love, and she thought, "After all this husband of mine was attached to me, and my despondency was causeless." And she said—"I am in truth that very female swan, and I am fortunate in that my husband has for my sake endured suffering in two births. So now I am your slave, overcome by love;" and saying this, she honoured Naraváhanadatta with baths and other hospitalities. Then she informed her father of all this by the mouth of her attendants, and he, the moment he heard it, came to her. Then the king thought himself fortunate, having seen that his daughter had conceived a desire to be married, and that an appropriate suitor for her had at length arrived in Naraváhanadatta, who was marked with all the signs of a great emperor. And he gave, with all due honour, his daughter Karpúriká to Naraváhanadatta according to the prescribed form. And he gave to that son-in-law of his, at every circumambulation from left to right of the sacred fire, thirty millions of gold-pieces, and as many lumps of camphor, the heaps of which appeared like the peaks of Meru and Kailása that had witnessed the marriage of Párvatí, come to behold his magnificence. Moreover the king Karpúraka, who had attained his wish, gave Naraváhanadatta a hundred millions of excellent garments and three hundred female slaves well adorned. And Naraváhanadatta, after his marriage, remained with that Karpúriká, as if with affection incarnate in bodily form. Whose mind was not delighted at the union of that couple, which resembled the marriage of the spring-creeper and the spring-festival?

And on the next day Naraváhanadatta, who had attained his object, said to his beloved Karpúriká, "Come, let us go to Kauśámbí." Then she answered him—"If it is to be so, why should we not go there immediately in this chariot of yours that flies through the air? If it is too small, I will furnish another large one, for there is living here a mechanic who makes ingenious chariots, who has come from a foreign land, Práṇadhara by name; I will cause him quickly to make such a chariot." After saying this, she called the warder that kept the door, and said to him—"Go and order that chariot-maker Práṇadhara to prepare a large chariot, that will travel through the air, for us to start in." Then the queen Karpúriká, having dismissed the warder, informed her father by the mouth of a slave

* I read with a MS. in the Sanskrit College—*bhayade há múrta iva sáhase.*

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of her desire to depart. And while the king, on hearing it, was coming thither, Naravâhanadatta thus reflected; "This Prâṇadhara is certainly the brother of Râjyadhara, whom he described as having run away from his native land through fear of his king." While he was thus thinking, the king quickly arrived, and that mechanic Prâṇadhara came with the warder, and said—"I have ready-made a very large chariot, which will easily carry at this instant thousands of men." When the mechanic said this, Naravâhanadatta said "Bravo!" and asked him courteously; "Are you the elder brother of Râjyadhara, skilled in various very great mechanical contrivances?" And Prânadhara answered him, bowing before him—"I am that very brother of his, but how does Your Highness know about us?" Then Naravâhanadatta told him what Râjyadhara had told him, and how he had seen him. Then Prâṇadhara joyfully brought him the chariot, and he mounted it with Gomukha, after having been politely dismissed by his father-in-law the king, and after bidding farewell to him; but first he placed in it the slaves, camphor and gold. And he took with him Prâṇadhara, whom the king permitted to depart, and that head-warder, and his recently married wife Karpûriká; and his mother-in-law uttered a solemn prayer for a blessing on his journey, and from those stores of splendid garments he bestowed gifts on the Brâhmans; and he said to Prâṇadhara—"First let us go to Râjyadhara on the shore of the sea, and then home." Then the chariot was driven on by Prâṇadhara, and the king and his wife flew up into the air quickly by means of it, as if by his accomplished wish.* In a moment he crossed the sea, and reached again that city of Hemapura on its shore, the abode of that Râjyadhara. There Râjyadhara bowed before him, delighted at beholding his brother, and as he had no female slaves, the prince honoured him with the gift of some, at which he greatly rejoiced. And after taking leave of Râjyadhara, whose tears flowed fast, as he could hardly bear to part from his elder brother, the prince reached Kauśâmbí in that same chariot. Then the people, on beholding the prince unexpectedly descend from heaven, riding in that splendid chariot, followed by his retainers, and accompanied by his new bride, were much astonished. And his father, the king of Vatsa, having gathered from the exultations of the citizens that his son had arrived, was delighted, and went out to meet him, accompanied by the queen, the ministers, his daughter-in-law, and other persons. And the king, beholding that son prostrate at his feet with his wife, received him gladly, and thought that the fact, that he was to be the future emperor of the aerial spirits, was clearly revealed by his coming in a flying chariot. His mother Vâsavadattâ, with Padmâvatí, embraced him, and she shed a tear, which dropped like the knot of pain loosened by seeing him. And his wife Ratnaprabhâ was delighted, and Madanamanchukâ

* "Wish" is literally "chariot of the mind," so here there is a pun.

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also, and their jealousy being overcome by love for him, they embraced his feet, and won his heart at the same time. And the prince delighted his father's ministers, headed by Yaugandharáyana, and his own, headed by Marubhúti, when they bowed before him, by rewarding them as they severally deserved. And they all, with the king of Vatsa at their head, welcomed that new wife Karpúriká, who bowed becomingly before them, like the goddess of Fortune arrived surrounded by a hundred immortal nymphs, even the sister-shape of Amṛita,* openly brought by her husband, having crossed the sea adorned with its shore as a garment with a beautiful fringe. And the king of Vatsa honoured that warder of her father's, giving him many crores of gold-pieces, garments and lumps of camphor, which had been brought in the chariot. And the king then honoured Práṇadhara as the benefactor of his son Naraváhanadatta, who had pointed him out as the maker of the chariot. And then the king honoured Gomukha, and asked him joyfully, "How did you obtain this princess? And how did you start from this place?" And then Gomukha deftly told the king of Vatsa, with his wives and ministers, in private, the whole adventure, as it took place, beginning with their going to the forest to hunt,—— how they met the female hermit, and how they crossed the sea by means of the chariot provided by Rájyadhara, and how Karpúriká was obtained with her female attendants, though she was averse to marriage, and how they returned by the way by which they went, in a chariot which they obtained by finding Práṇadhara. Then all of them, shaking their heads in astonishment and joy, said—"To think of the concurrence of all these circumstances, the chase, and the female ascetic, the carpenter Rájyadhara skilled in mechanical contrivances found on the shore of the sea, the crossing the ocean in the chariot that he made, and that another maker of these chariots should have previously reached the other side of the ocean! The truth is, Destiny takes trouble to provide the fortunate with the means of obtaining prosperous success." Then all respectfully commended Gomukha for his devotion to his lord. And they praised queen Ratnaprabhá, who by her knowledge protected her lord on his journey, for she produced general satisfaction by acting like a woman devoted to her husband. Then Naraváhanadatta, having made his party of air-travellers forget the fatigues of their journey, entered his palace with his father, and mother, his wives and other relations. Then his treasury was filled with heaps of gold by the friends and relations who came to see him, and whom he honoured, and he loaded Práṇadhara and his father-in-law's warder with wealth. And Práṇadhara, immediately after he had taken food, respectfully addressed this petition to him—"Prince, king Karpúriká gave us the following

* Both Śrí and the Amṛita came out of the sea when it was churned. *Sudaś'árha kúlena* seems to be corrupt.

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order—'You must come back quickly as soon as my daughter has reached her husband's palace, in order that I may have early news of her arrival.' So we must certainly go there quickly this very moment; give us a letter from Karpúriká to the king written with her own hand. For otherwise the heart of the king, which is attached to his daughter, will not take comfort. For he, never having mounted an air-chariot, fears that we may have fallen from it. So give me the letter, and permit this head-warder, who is desirous of ascending the chariot, to depart with me. But I will return here, crown-prince, and will bring my family, for I cannot abandon the two ambrosial lotuses of your feet." When Práṇadhara said this firmly, the son of the king of Vatsa immediately made Karpúriká sit down to write that letter. It ran as follows, "My father, you must not feel anxious about me, since I share the happiness and possess the love of a good husband; was the goddess Lakshmí an object of anxiety to the ocean after she had betaken herself to the Supreme Bridegroom?" When she had written the above letter with her own hand, and given it, the son of the king of Vatsa dismissed the warder and Práṇadhara with honour. And they ascended the chariot, and produced astonishment in the minds of all, as they were seen going through the air, and crossing the sea they went to the city of Karpúrasambhava. There they delighted the king Karpúraka by reading out his daughter's letter, which told that she had reached her husband's palace. The next day Práṇadhara took leave of the king, and after visiting Rájyadhara, repaired with his family into the presence of Naraváhanadatta. Naraváhanadatta, when he had returned thus quickly after accomplishing his mission, gave him a dwelling near his palace and an ample allowance. And he amused himself, and his wives, by going about in the flying chariots made by him, as if rehearsing future journeyings in the skies as emperor of the Vidyádharas.

Thus, having delighted his friends, followers and wives, and obtained a third wife Karpúriká in addition to Ratnaprabhá and Madanamanchuká, the son of the king of Vatsa spent those days in happiness.

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BOOK VIII.

CHAPTER XLIV.

Victory to the elephant-headed god,* who, reddening the sky with the vermilion dye shaken off by the wind of his flapping ears, seems to create sunset, even when it is not due.

Thus Naravâhanadatta, the son of the king of Vatsa, dwelt happily in his father's house, after he had won those wives. And one day, when he was in his father's assembly-hall, he saw a man of heavenly appearance come there, descending from heaven. And after he and his father had welcomed the man, who bowed before him, he immediately asked him, "Who are you and why have you come?" Then he answered—"There is a city in this earth on the ridge of Himavat, called Vajrakúṭa,† and rightly so called, as being all made of diamond. There I dwelt, as a king of the Vidyádharas named Vajraprabha, and my name too was rightly given me, because my body is framed of diamond. And I received this command from S'iva, (who was pleased with my austerities,) "If thou remainest loyal at the appointed time to the emperor created by me, thou shalt become by my favour invincible to thy enemies." Accordingly I have come here without delay to pay my respects to my sovereign: for I have already perceived by means of my science that the son of the king of Vatsa, (who is born of a portion of the god of Love, and appointed by the god who wears a digit of the moon,) though a mortal, shall be sole emperor over both divisions of our territory.‡ And though, by the favour of S'iva, a prince of the name of S'uryaprabha was ruler over us for a *kalpa* of the gods, still he was only lord in the southern division, but in the northern division a prince called S'rutaśarman was emperor; but your majesty, being destined for great good fortune, shall be sole emperor here over the wanderers of the air, and your dominion shall endure for a *kalpa*."

* *i. e.*, Ganeśa.

† *i. e.*, Diamond-peak.

‡ For *ubhayavedyeka* the Petersburg lexicographers read *ubhayavedyardha*. I have followed this reading.

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When the Vidyádhara said this, Naraváhanadatta, in the presence of the king of Vatsa, said to him again out of curiosity: "How did Súryaprabha, being a man, obtain of old time the sovereignty over the Vidyádharas? Tell us." Then in private, that is to say, in the presence of the queens and ministers, the king Vajraprabha began to tell that tale.

Story of Súryaprabha, and how he attained sovereignty over the Vidyádharas.

Of old there was in the country of the people of Madra a town named S'ákala;* Chandraprabha, the son of Angáraprabha, was king of it, whose name expressed his nature, as he delighted the whole world, but he was like fire in that he scorched his enemies. By his wife, named Kírtimatí, there was born to that king a son, whose future glory was indicated by his exceedingly auspicious marks. And when he was born, a clear voice sounded from heaven, which rained nectar into the ears of king Chandraprabha, "This king, now born, named Súryaprabha, is appointed by S'iva as the future emperor over the kings of the Vidyádharas. Then that prince Súryaprabha grew up in the house of his father, who was distinguished by the delightful favour of the enemy of Pura,† and he being very clever, gradually acquired, while still a child, all knowledge and all the accomplishments by sitting at the feet of a teacher; and then, when he was sixteen years old, and captivated the subjects by his virtues, his father Chandraprabha appointed him crown-prince, and he gave him the sons of his own ministers, many in number, Bhása, Prabhása, Siddhártha, Prahasta and others. And while he was bearing with them the burden of a crown-prince's duty, one day a great Asura of the name of Maya came there, and Maya went up in the assembly-hall to king Chandraprabha, who welcomed him, and said to him in the presence of Súryaprabha, "King, this son of yours, Súryaprabha, has been appointed as the future emperor of the kings of the Vidyádharas by S'iva; so why does he not acquire the magic sciences that will put him in possession of the dignity? For this reason I am sent here by the god S'iva. Permit me to take him, and teach him the right method of employing the sciences, which will be the cause of his obtaining the sovereignty of the Vidyádharas. For he has a rival in this business, a lord of the sky-goers named S'rutaśarman; he too has been appointed by S'iva. But this prince, after acquiring the power of the sciences, shall conquer him with our help, and become emperor over the lords of the Vidyádharas." When Maya said this, king Chandraprabha said—"We are fortunate; let this auspicious one be taken by you wherever you wish." Then Maya took leave of the king, and quickly carried off to Pátála Súryaprabha and his ministers, whom the king permitted to de-

* Identified by General Cunningham with the Sangala of Alexander. (Ancient Geography of India, p. 179 & ff.)

† *i. e.*, S'iva.

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part. There he taught the prince ascetic practices of such a kind, that by means of them the prince and his ministers quickly acquired the sciences. And he taught him also the art of providing himself with magic chariots, so that he acquired a chariot named Bhútásana. Then Maya brought Súryaprabha, mounted on that chariot, with his ministers, having acquired the sciences, back to his own city from Pátála. And after he had led him into the presence of his parents, he said to him, "Now I depart, enjoy here all the enjoyments given by your magic knowledge until I return." After saying this, the Asura Maya departed, after having been duly honoured, and king Chandraprabha rejoiced in his son's having acquired the sciences.

Then Súryaprabha, by virtue of the sciences, was continually roaming through many countries in his chariot, with his ministers, to amuse himself. And wherever any princess beheld him, she was immediately bewildered by love, and chose him for her husband. The first was the virgin daughter of the king of Támraliptí, who was called Vírabhaṭa; her name was Madanasená, and she was the first beauty of the world. The second was Chandrikávatí the daughter of Subhaṭa, the emperor of the western border, who had been carried off by the Siddhas and left somewhere else. And the third was the famous daughter of Kumbhíra, the king of the city of Kánchí, Varuṇasená by name, remarkable for her beauty. And the fourth was the daughter of king Paurava, sovereign of Lávánaka, Sulochaná by name, with lovely eyes. And the fifth was the daughter of king Suroha, the lord of the land of China, Vidyunmálá with charming limbs, yellow as gold. And the sixth was the daughter of king Kántisena, ruler in the land of Śríkaṇṭha, surpassing in beauty the Apsarases. And the seventh was Parapushṭá, the daughter of king Janamejaya, the lord of the city of Kauśámbí, a sweet-voiced maid. And though the relations of these maidens, who were carried off by a surprise, found out what had happened, still, as the prince was confident in the might of his supernatural science, they were pliant as canes. These wives also acquired the sciences, and Súryaprabha associated with them all at the same time, taking many bodies by his magic skill. Then he amused himself, in the company of these wives, and of the ministers Prahasta and others, with roaming in the air, with concerts, drinking-parties and other amusements. Possessing heavenly skill in painting, he drew the Vidyádhara females, and in that way, and by making sportive sarcastic speeches, he enraged those charmers, and he was amused at their faces, furrowed with frowns, and with reddened eyes, and at their speeches, the syllables of which faltered on their trembling lips. And that prince went with his wives to Támraliptí, and roaming through the air sported in the gardens with Madanasená. And having left his wives there, he went in the chariot Bhútásana, and accompanied by Prahasta only, visited the city called Vajrarátra. There he carried off the

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daughter of king Rambha before his eyes, Táráválí by name, who was enamoured of him, and burning with the fire of love. And he came back to Támraliptí, and there carried off again another maiden princess, by name Vilásiní. And when her haughty brother Sahasráyudha was annoyed at it, he paralyzed him by his supernatural power. And he also stupefied Sahasráyudha's mother's brother, who came with him, and all his retainers, and made his head shorn of hair, because he wished to carry off his beloved ones. But though he was angry, he spared to slay them both, because they were his wife's relatives, but he taunted them, who were downcast on account of the overthrow of their pride, and let them go. Then Súryaprabha, surrounded by nine wives, having been summoned by his father, returned in his chariot to his city Śákala.

And then king Vírabhaṭa sent from Támraliptí an ambassador to Súryaprabha's father, king Chandraprabha, and gave him the following message to deliver—"Your son has carried off my two daughters, but let that be, for he is a desirable husband for them, as he is a master of supernatural sciences, but, if you love us, come here now, in order that we may make a friendship based upon the due performance of marriage rites and hospitality." Thereupon king Chandraprabha rewarded the messenger, and determined that he would quickly start for that place on the morrow. But he sent Prahasta, as an ambassador to Vírabhaṭa, in order to make sure of his sincerity, and gave him Bhútásana to travel in. Prahasta went quickly and had an interview with king Vírábhaṭa, and questioned him about the business, and was informed and highly honoured by him,* and promised him, who smiled graciously, that his masters would come early next morning, and then he returned in a moment to Chandraprabha through the air. And he told that king that Vírabhaṭa was ready to receive him. The king, for his part, being pleased, shewed honour to that minister of his son's. Then king Chandraprabha with queen Kírtimatí, and Súryaprabha with Vilásiní and Madanasená, mounted that chariot Bhútásana, and went off early next day with retinue and ministers. In one watch only of the day they reached Támraliptí, being beheld, as they passed through the air, by the people with eyes the lashes of which were upraised through wonder. And descending from the sky, they entered the city side by side with king Vírabhaṭa, who came out to meet them; the beautiful streets of the town were irrigated at every step with sandal-wood water, and seemed to be strewed with blue lotuses by means of the sidelong glances of the city ladies. There Vírabhaṭa honoured his connexion and his son-in-law, and duly performed the marriage ceremony of his daughters. And king Vírabhaṭa gave at the marriage-altar of those daughters, a thousand loads of pure gold, and a hundred camels laden with burdens of ornaments made of jewels; and five

* I read *bodhitaḥ*.

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hundred camels laden with loads of various garments, and fifty thousand horses, and five thousand elephants, and a thousand lovely women adorned with beauty and jewels. And moreover he gratified his son-in-law Súryaprabha and his parents with valuable jewels and territories. And he duly honoured his ministers, Prahasta and others, and he made a feast at which all the people of the city rejoiced. And Súryaprabha remained there in the company of his parents, and his beloved wives, enjoying delights, consisting of various dainties, wines, and music.

In the meanwhile an ambassador arrived from Rambha in Vajrarátra, and in the hall of assembly delivered this message from his master: "The crown-prince Súryaprabha, confiding in the might of his sciences, has insulted us by carrying off our daughter. But to-day we have come to know, that he has undertaken to be reconciled to king Vírabhaṭa, whose misfortune is the same as ours. If in the same way you agree to be reconciled to us, come here also quickly, if not, we will in this matter salve our honour by death." When king Chandraprabha heard that, he honoured the ambassador, and said to him, "Go to that Rambha and give him this message from me: 'Why do you afflict yourself without cause? For Súryaprabha is now appointed by Śiva the future emperor of the Vidyádharas; and inspired sages have declared that your daughter and others are to be his wives. So your daughter has attained her proper place, but you being stern were not asked for her. So be appeased, you are our friend, we will come to your residence also.'" When Prahasta received this message from the king, he went through the air, and in a single watch he reached Vajrarátra. There he told his message to Rambha, and having been gladly received by him, he returned as he came, and reported it to king Chandraprabha. Then Chandraprabha sent his minister Prabhása, and had king Rambha's daughter Tárávali conducted to him from Śákala. Then he departed in the air-chariot with Súryaprabha, being dismissed with great honour by king Vírabhaṭa and all others. And he reached Vajrarátra, which was full of people awaiting his arrival, and was met by Rambha, and entered his palace. There Rambha, having performed the great feast of the marriage ceremony, gave his daughter countless stores of gold, elephants, horses, jewels, and other valuables. And he gratified so lavishly his son-in-law Súryaprabha, that he forgot all his own luxuries. And while they were remaining there delighted with feasts, an ambassador came from the city of Kánchí to Rambha. Rambha having heard his message, said to king Chandraprabha—"King, the lord of Kánchí, named Kumbhíra, is my elder brother; he has to-day sent me a trustworthy messenger to speak this speech; 'Súryaprabha first carried off my daughter, then yours. And now you have made friendship with him and his father, as I hear, so bring about my friendship also with them. Let them come to my house, that I may with my own hand

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give my daughter Varuṇasená to Súryaprabha.' So grant this request of my brother's." When Rambha made this request, Chandraprabha granted it, and sent Prahasta and had Varuṇasená brought quickly from the city of Śákala to her father Kumbhíra. And the next day, he and Súryaprabha and Rambha, and Vírabhaṭa and all, with their attendants, went to the city of Kánchí. And after they had been met by Kumbhíra, they entered the city of Kánchí, as it were the girdle of the earth, full of many jewels and adorned with excellences.* There Kumbhíra bestowed his daughter on Súryaprabha with the usual ceremonies, and gave much wealth to the young couple.

And when the marriage had taken place, Prahasta, after taking food, said to Chandraprabha, who was all joyfulness, in the presence of all, "King, in the country of Śríkaṇṭha I had an interview with the king of that land; there king Kántisena whom I thus happened to see, said to me—'Let Súryaprabha come to my house with that daughter of mine, whom he has carried off, I will perform the ceremony for him according to rule. If he refuses, I will abandon the body, distracted by love for my daughter.' This is what he then said to me, and I have now mentioned it on the proper occasion." When Prahasta said this, king Chandraprabha answered, "Go then, take Kántimatí to him, we will go there also." When the king said this to him, Prahasta went off that moment through the air, and did as he had commanded. And next morning Chandraprabha and all, with Kumbhíra, went to the land of Śríkaṇṭha in the air-travelling chariot. There king Kántisena came to meet them, and making them enter his palace, performed the auspicious ceremony of his daughter's marriage. Then he gave to Kántimatí and Súryaprabha an endless quantity of jewels, which excited the wonder of the kings.

While they were all remaining there, enjoying all kinds of pleasures, a messenger came from Kauśámbí and said—"King Janamejaya sends this message to your honours, 'My daughter, of the name of Parapushtá, has been carried off by some one lately. And I have found out to-day, that she has come into the power of Súryaprabha, so let him come with her to my house without fear. I will perform the marriage ceremony according to rule, and so dismiss him with his wife, otherwise you will be my enemies, and I shall be yours.'" Having thus delivered his master's message, the ambassador remained silent: then king Chandraprabha said to them apart—"How can we go to the house of that king who sends such haughty messages?" When the king's minister named Siddhártha heard that, he said, "Do not entertain wrong notions, king, for he is justified in

* *Kánchí* means girdle, *guṇa* excellence and thread. The last clause might be translated—made of threads.

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using such language. For that king is very generous, learned and sprung of a noble race, a hero, one who has offered the Aśvamedha sacrifice, ever unconquered by others. How can he have spoken anything unbecoming in speaking according to facts? And as for the enmity which he threatens, he does that now on account of Indra. So you must go to his house, for he is a king faithful to his engagements. Nevertheless send some one to find out his intentions." When they heard this speech of Siddhártha's, they all approved it. Then king Chandraprabha sent Prahasta to sound Janamejaya, and honoured his messenger. And Prahasta went, and after making an agreement with the king of Kauśámbí, brought a letter from him, and satisfied Chandraprabha. The king quickly sent that Prahasta, and had Parapushṭá conducted from S'ákala to Janamejaya. Then Chandraprabha and the other kings, preceded by Súryaprabha,* with Kántisena, went to Kauśámbí in the chariot. There the king Janamejaya courteously honoured his son-in-law, and his connexion and all the others, by advancing to meet them, and other ceremonies. And after he had performed the ceremony of the marriage-rite, he gave five thousand elephants and one hundred thousand excellent horses, and also five thousand camels laden with full burdens of jewels, gold, precious apparel, camphor and aloes-wood. And he made such a feast, that even the realm of Pluto was exclusively engaged in dancing and music, a feast in which excellent Bráhmans were honoured, and all kings gratified.

And in the meanwhile the heaven there suddenly became red, as if indicating that it would soon be dyed crimson with blood. And the sky suddenly became full of confused hurtling noises, as if terrified at beholding a hostile army coming in the air. And a mighty wind immediately began to blow, as if exciting the inhabitants of earth to war against the wanderers of the air. And immediately a great Vidyádhara army was seen in the air, illuminating with brightness the circle of the horizon, loud-shouting, impetuous. And in the midst of it Súryaprabha and the others beheld with astonishment a very handsome heavenly youth. And at that moment the herald of the Vidyádharas proclaimed with a loud voice in front of that youth, whose name was Dámodara: "Victory to the crown-prince Dámodara son of king A'shádha! O mortal, dweller on the earth, Súryaprabha, fall at his feet. And do homage, O Janamejaya; why have you given your daughter to an undeserver? Propitiate, both of you, this god at once, otherwise he will not be appeased." When Súryaprabha heard this, and saw that army, he was wroth, and seizing his sword and shield, he flew up into the heaven by his science. And all his ministers flew up after him, with their weapons in their hands, Prahasta, and Prabhá-

* I read *Súryaprabha* for *Súryachandra*.

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sa, and Bhása, and Siddhártha, and Prajnádhya, and Sarvadamana, and Vítabhíti and S'ubhankara. And the Vidyádharas fought a great fight with them. And on one side Súryaprabha, and on the other Dámodara advanced, not slaying their enemies with their swords, but receiving their weapons on their shields. Those men, few in number, and those air-roamers, a hundred thousand in number, found equality in battle, fighting with one another. And all sword-blades there flashed red with blood, falling on the heads of heroes, like the glances of the god of death. And the Vidyádharas fell on the earth with their heads and their bodies, in front of Chandraprabha, as if imploring protection out of fear. Súryaprabha shone in the world with the glory of the Vidyádharas which he had seen. The sky was red with blood, as if with vermilion shed abroad. And Súryaprabha at last reached, and fought face to face with Dámodara, who was armed with a sword and a shield. And as he fought, he broke through his enemy's guard by a skilful management of his weapons, and laid him on the earth, having cleft his shield with his sword. And while he was preparing to cut off the head of his struggling foe, Vishṇu came and made a threatening sound in the sky. Then Súryaprabha, having heard that sound, and having beheld Hari, prostrated himself, and out of respect for the god spared to slay Dámodara. Hari carried him off somewhere as his votary, and saved him from death, for the adorable one delivers in this world and the next his faithful followers. And the troops of Dámodara fled in different directions. Súryaprabha, for his part, descended from heaven to his father's side. And his father Chandraprabha welcomed him, on his returning unwounded with his ministers, and the other kings praised him, now that his valour had been seen.

And while they were all engaged in joyfully talking over the combat, another ambassador, belonging to Subhaṭa, arrived there. And he came and delivered a letter in the presence of Chandraprabha; and Siddhártha, opening it, read it out in the assembly: It ran as follows, "The august king Chandraprabha, the pearl-jewel of a noble race, is thus respectfully solicited by king Subhaṭa in the Concan. We have learnt that our daughter, who was carried off by some being in the night, has come into the hands of thy son, and we rejoice thereat. Make an effort, thou and thy son Súryaprabha, to come with her to our house, without raising any objection, in order that we may behold our daughter, returned as it were from the other world, and perform for her at once the ceremony required for marriage." When this letter was read by Siddhártha, the king Chandraprabha, consenting, welcomed the messenger and rejoiced. And he quickly sent Prahasta to the western border, and had Subhaṭa's daughter Chandrikávati conducted into her father's presence. And the next morning they all went, with Súryaprabha in front, and in company with Janamejaya, in the chariot to the western border. There king Subhaṭa, pleased at recovering his daughter, shewed them

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much honour, and celebrated his daughter's marriage festival. And he bestowed on Chandrikávati jewels and other gifts in such liberal profusion, that Vírabhaṭa and the others were ashamed at what they had given. Then, while Súryaprabha was remaining there in the house of his father-in-law, there came from Lávánaka also an ambassador belonging to king Paurava. He delivered to Chandraprabha this message from his master, "My daughter Sulochaná has been carried off by the fortunate prince Súryaprabha: that does not grieve me; but why should he not be brought with her to my house, in order that we may perform the marriage ceremony?" When king Chandraprabha heard that, he honoured the messenger in his joy, and had Sulochaná escorted by Prahasta into the presence of her father. Then they, Subhaṭa and all, in the company of Súryaprabha, went to Lavánaka in the chariot, that came as soon as it was thought of. There Paurava performed the joyful marriage ceremony, and bestowed jewels liberally on Súryaprabha and Sulochaná, and honoured the kings also. And while they were remaining there in delight, entertained by the king, Suroha, the king of China, also sent an ambassador. That king, like the others, requested by the mouth of the ambassador that, as his daughter had been carried off, they would come with her to his palace.

Then king Chandraprabha was delighted, and he had the king of China's daughter, Vidyunmálá, also conducted by Prahasta to her father's house. And on the next day Chandraprabha and all went, including Paurava, together with Súryaprabha and his retinue, to the land of China. There the king came out to meet them, and led them into his own treasure-chamber, and there performed the marriage ceremony of his daughter. And he gave to Vidyunmálá and Súryaprabha an immense quantity of gold, elephants, horses, jewels and silk garments. And being invited by Suroha, Chandraprabha and the others continued there for some days in various enjoyments. And Súryaprabha, who was in the prime of youth, was adorned by that Vidyunmálá,* as the rainy season, when the clouds abound, is adorned by the lightning-garland.

Thus Súryaprabha and his relatives, accompanied by his various charmers, enjoyed delights here and there in the houses of his fathers-in-law. Then he took counsel with Siddhártha and his other ministers, and dismissed one by one to their own lands Virabhaṭa and the other kings, with numbers of horses, and then took leave of that king Suroha, and accompanied by his daughter, with his own parents and followers ascended that chariot Bhútásana, and went triumphant to his own city of Śákala. In that city great rejoicing took place on account of his arrival; in one place there was the occupation of dancing, in another the delight of music; in one place the amusement of drinking, in another the toilet-rites

* Vidyunmálá means "garland of lightning."

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of fair-eyed ladies ; in another the voice of bards loud in the praise of him who had obtained what he desired. Then he had brought his other wives, who had remained in their fathers' houses, and with the stores of elephants and horses bestowed by their fathers, that were brought with them, and with the innumerable camels bowed down with burdens full of various jewels, he displayed in sport the wealth obtained by the conquest of the world, and aroused the wonder of his subjects.

Then Śákala, inhabited by that fortunate one, appeared glorious, as if the chiefs of the gods, of the followers of Kuvera, and of the snakes, had made in it many deposits of much wealth. Then Súryaprabha dwelt there with Madanasená, enjoying the pleasures he desired, happy in that all blessings were fully bestowed upon him, in the society of his parents, with his ministers, accompanied by his other wives, expecting every day Maya, who had made a promise to return.

CHAPTER XLV.

Then, one day, when king Chandraprabha was in the hall of assembly, and Súryaprabha was there accompanied by all his ministers, they called to mind Maya *à propos* of a remark made by Siddhártha, and suddenly the earth cleft open in the middle of the assembly. Then first a loud-sounding fragrant breeze ascended from the aperture in the earth, and afterwards the Asura Maya rose up from it, looking like a mountain in the night, for his hair gleamed upon his black lofty head like the potent herbs upon the mountain peaks, and his crimson robe resembled the flowing streams of cinnabar. And the king of the Dánavas, after having been duly honoured by king Chandraprabha, spake from his seat on a jewelled throne—" You have enjoyed these delights of earth, and now it is time for you to enjoy others; set yourselves now to prepare for acquiring them. Send out ambassadors, and collect your subordinate kings, and your friends and connexions ; then we will unite with Sumeru, prince of the Vidyádharas, and we will conquer S'rutaśarman, and win the sovereignty of the sky-goers. And Sumeru is our ally, considering us as friends, for he received at the outset a command from S'iva, to support Súryaprabha and give him his own daughter. When the Asura Maya said this, Chandraprabha sent, as ambassadors to all the kings, Prahasta and the other ministers that travelled through the air ; and, by the advice of Maya, Súryaprabha communicated the magic sciences to all his wives and ministers, on whom they had not been bestowed already.

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And while they were thus engaged, the hermit Nárada arrived, descending from the sky, illuminating the whole horizon with brightness. And after he had received the *argha*, he sat down and said to Chandraprabha, "I am sent here by Indra, and he sends this message to your Highness—'I have learned that, by the instigation of S'iva, you purpose, with the assistance of the Asura Maya, being all of you deluded by ignorance, to obtain for this Súryaprabha, of mortal frame, the great dignity of emperor of all the chiefs of the Vidyádharas: that is improper, for I have conferred it on S'rutaśarman, and besides it is the hereditary right of that moon of the sea of the Vidyádhara race. And as for what you are doing in a spirit of opposition to me, and contrary to what is right, it will certainly result in your destruction. Moreover, before, when your Highness was offering a sacrifice to Rudra, I told you first to offer an Aśvamedha sacrifice, but you did not do it. So the haughty enterprise you are engaged in, without regard to the gods, relying upon S'iva alone, will not turn out to your happiness.'" When Nárada had delivered in these words the message of Indra, Maya laughed and said to him; "Great hermit, the king of gods has not spoken well. For what he says about the fact of Súryaprabha being a mortal is beside the point; for who was not aware of that fact, when he met Dámodara in fight? For mortals who possess courage can obtain all powers. Did not Nahusha and others of old time obtain the dignity of Indra? And as for his saying that he bestowed the empire on S'rutaśarman, and that it is his hereditary right, that also is absurd, for where S'iva is the giver, who has any authority? Besides, did not he himself take away the sovereignty of the gods from Hiranyáksha, though it descended to him as the elder? And as for his other remark about opposition, and our acting contrary to what is right, that is false, for he violently puts himself in opposition to us out of selfish motives, and wherein, pray, are we acting contrary to what is right, for we are only striving to conquer our rival, we are not carrying off a hermit's wife, we are not killing Bráhmans? And what he says about the necessity of first performing an Aśvamedha sacrifice, and about contempt of the gods, is untrue, for when sacrifice to S'iva has been performed, what need is there of other sacrifices?* And when S'iva the god of gods is worshipped, what god is not worshipped? And as for his remark that exclusive attention to Rudra† is not becoming, I answer—Of what importance are the hosts of the other gods, where S'iva is in arms? When the sun has risen, do the other luminaries give light? So you must tell all this to the king of the gods, O hermit, and we shall continue to carry out what

* Alluding to Indra's slaying the demon Vṛitra, who was regarded as a Bráhman, and to his conduct with Ahalyá.

† *I. q.* S'iva.

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we are engaged in, let him do what he can." When the *rishi* Nárada had been thus addressed by the Asura Maya, he said "I will do so," and took back to the king of the gods that answer to his message. When that hermit had departed, the Asura Maya thus spake to king Chandraprabha, who was apprehensive on account of the message of Indra, "You must not be afraid of Indra; even if he is on the side of S'rutaśarman in fight, with the hosts of the gods, out of hostility to us, still we Daityas and Dánavas are countless in number, and under the leadership of Prahláda we are ranged together on your side. And if the destroyer of Tripura* favours us and is active on our side, what other miserable creature in the three worlds has any power? So set about this expedition, heroes." When Maya said this, all those there were pleased, and considered that it was as he said.

Then in accordance with the messages carried by the ambassadors, in course of time all the kings, Vírabhaṭa and the others, assembled there, and all the other friends and relatives of Chandraprabha. When these kings with their armies had been duly honoured, the Asura Maya again said to Chandraprabha, "Perform to-night, O king, a great sacrifice in honour of S'iva; afterwards you shall do all as I direct." When he heard this speech of Maya's, king Chandraprabha immediately had preparations made for a sacrifice to S'iva. Then he went to the forest at night, and under the instructions of Maya, himself performed devoutly a sacrifice to Rudra. And while the king was engaged in the fire-offering, there suddenly appeared there Nandin the prince of the host of Bhútas. He was honoured duly by the delighted king, and said—"The god S'iva himself sends this command by me, 'Through my favour thou needst not fear even a hundred Indras; Súryaprabha shall become emperor of the sky-goers.'" After he had delivered this message, Nandin received a portion of the offering and disappeared with the hosts of Bhútas. Then Chandraprabha became confident in the future elevation of his son, and after completing the sacrifice, at the end of the fire-offering, re-entered the city with Maya.

And the next morning, when king Chandraprabha was sitting in secret conclave together with the queen, his son, the kings and his ministers, the Asura Maya said to him—"Listen, king, I will to-day tell you a secret long guarded; you are a Dánava, Sunítha by name, my mighty son, and Súryaprabha is your younger brother, named Sumundíka; after you were slain in the war of the gods, you were born here as father and son. That Dánava body of yours has been preserved by me skilfully embalmed with heavenly drugs and ghee. Therefore you must enter a cavern and visit Pátála, and then return to your own body by a charm which I will teach you. And when you have entered that body, you will be so much superior in spirit and strength, that you will conquer in fight the wanderers of the

* *i. e.*, S'iva.

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air. But Súryaprabha, who is an incarnation of Sumundika, with this same beautiful body which he now possesses, shall soon become lord of the sky-goers. When king Chandraprabha heard this from Maya, he was delighted and agreed to it, but Siddhártha said this—"O excellent Dánava, what ground of confidence have we, if this doubt should arise, 'Why has the king entered another body, has he then died?' And moreover will he forget us when he enters another body, like a man gone to the other world? Who is he, and who are we?" When the Asura Maya heard this speech of Siddhártha's, he answered—"You yourselves must come and see him with your own eyes entering another body, of his own free will, by the employment of a charm. And hear the reason why he will not forget you. A man, who does not die of his own free will, and is born in another womb, does not remember anything, as his memory is destroyed by old age and other afflictions, but whoever of his own free will enters another body, penetrating by the employment of magic the internal organ and the senses, without his mind and intellect being impaired, and passes, as it were, from one house to another, that prince among *Yogins* has supernatural knowledge and remembers all. So do not feel doubtful; so far from there being any reason for it, this king will obtain a great divine body free from old age and sickness. Moreover you are all Dánavas, and by merely entering Rasátala,* and drinking nectar, you will obtain divine bodies free from sickness." When the ministers heard this speech of Maya's, they all said, "So be it," and consented to his proposal, abandoning their apprehensions out of the confidence they reposed in him. And by his advice, Chandraprabha, with all the kings, went on the next day to the confluence of the Chandrabhágá and the Airávatí.† There Chandraprabha left the kings outside, and committed to their care the wives of Súryaprabha, and then he entered in company with Súryaprabha, the queen, and the ministers with Siddhártha at their head, an opening in the water pointed out by Maya, and after entering he travelled a long distance, and beheld a heavenly temple, and entered it with all of them.

And in the meanwhile the Vidyádharas descended with troops on those kings, who were remaining there outside the opening; and paralyzing the kings by supernatural arts, they carried off the wives of Súryaprabha, and immediately a voice was heard from the sky—"Wicked S'rutaśarman, if you touch these wives of the emperor, you shall immediately perish with your host. So guard them respectfully, treating them like your mother; there is a reason for my not immediately slaying you and setting them free; so let them remain as they are at present." And when the kings, Vírabhaṭa and the others, saw them carried off, they prepared to die by fighting

* One of the seven under-worlds.

† *I. q.* Acesines and Hydraotes.

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with one another. But a voice from heaven forbade their attempt, saying, "No harm will befall these daughters of yours, you shall obtain them again, so you must not act rashly, prosperity befall you!" So the kings remained waiting there. In the meantime Chandraprabha was in the temple in Pátála surrounded by all his companions, and there Maya said to him, "King, listen attentively to this wonderful thing; I will shew you the supernatural art of entering another body." He said this, and recited the Sánkhya and the Yoga doctrine with its secrets, and taught him the magic art of entering another body; and that chief of Yogins said—"This is the famous supernatural power, and the independence of knowledge, the dominion over matter that is characterized by lightness and the other mystic properties. The chief of the gods, possessing this power, do not long for liberation; in order to obtain this power others endure the hardship of muttering prayers and performing asceticism. Men of lofty soul do not love the pleasures of heaven even when attained. And listen, I will tell you a story in illustration of this."

Story of the Bráhman Kála.

In a former Kalpa* there was a certain Bráhman, of the name of Kála. He went to the holy bathing-place Pushkara and muttered prayers day and night. While he was muttering, two myriads of years of the gods passed away. Then there appeared a great light inseparable from his head, which, streaming forth in the firmament like ten thousand suns,† impeded the movement of the Siddhas and others there, and set the three worlds on fire. Then Brahmá, Indra and the other gods came to him and said—"Bráhman, these worlds are on fire with your brightness. Receive whatever boon you desire." He answered them—"Let me have no other pleasure than muttering prayers, this is my boon, I choose nothing else." When they importuned him, that mutterer of prayers went far off and remained on the north side of the Himálayas, muttering prayers. When this extraordinary brightness of his gradually became intolerable even there, Indra sent heavenly nymphs to tempt him. That self-restrained man did not care a straw about them, when they endeavoured to seduce him. Then the gods sent him Death as plenipotentiary. He came to him and said—"Bráhman, mortals do not live so long, so abandon your life; do not break the law of nature." When the Bráhman heard this, he said—"If the limit of my life is attained, why do you not take me? What are you waiting for? But I will not of myself abandon my life, O thou god with

* *I. e.*, a day of Brahmá consisting of 1000 yugas.

† Cp. the halo or *aureole* round the heads of Christian saints, the circle of rays and nimbus round the head of Greek divinities, and the beam that came out of Charles the Great's mouth and illumined his head. (Grimm's Teutonic Mythology, translated by Stallybrass, p. 323.)

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the noose in hand; indeed, if I were wilfully to abandon my life, I should be a self-murderer." When he said this, and Death found that he could not take him on account of his power, he turned away from him and returned as he came. Then Indra repenting seized that Kála,* who had conquered Time the destroyer, in his arms, and took him up to heaven by force. There he remained averse to the sensual enjoyments of the place, and he did not cease from muttering prayers, so the gods made him descend again, and he returned to the Himálayas. And while all the gods were trying to induce him there to take a boon, the king Ikshváku came that way. When he heard how affairs stood, he said to that mutterer of prayers, "If you will not receive a boon from the gods, receive one from me." When the mutterer of prayers heard that, he laughed, and said to the king—"Are you able to grant me a boon, when I will not receive one even from the gods?" Thus he spoke, and Ikshváku answered the Bráhman—"If I am not able to grant you a boon, you can grant me one; so grant me a boon." Then the mutterer said—"Choose whatever you desire, and I will grant it." When the king heard this, he reflected in his mind: "The appointed order is that I should give, and that he should receive; this is an inversion of the due order, that I should receive what he gives." Whilst the king was delaying, as he pondered over this difficulty, two Bráhmans came there disputing; when they saw the king they appealed to him for a decision. The first said, "This Bráhman gave me a cow with a sacrificial fee: why will he not receive it from my hand, when I offer to give it back to him?" Then the other said, "I did not receive it first, and I did not ask for it, then why does he wish to make me receive it by force?" When the king heard this, he said—"This complainant is not in the right; why, after receiving the cow, do you try to compel the man, who gave it, to take it back from you?" When the king said this, Indra, having found his opportunity, said to him—"King, if you hold this view of what is right, then, after you have asked the Bráhman, who mutters prayers, for a boon, why do you not take it from him when it is granted?" Then the king, being at a loss for an answer, said to that muttering Bráhman—"Revered sir, give me the fruit of half your muttering as a boon." Then the muttering Bráhman said—"Very well, receive the fruit of half my muttering," and so he gave the king a boon. By means of that boon the king obtained access to all the worlds, and that muttering Bráhman obtained the world of the gods called Sivas.† There he remained for many *kalpas*, and then returned to earth, and by mystic contemplation obtained independence, and gained everlasting supernatural power.

* *Kála* means Time, Fate, Death.

† I divide *sa s'ivákhyánám* and take *sa* to be the demonstrative pronoun.

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"Thus this supernatural power is desired by wise men, who are averse to heaven and such low enjoyments; and you have obtained it, O king, so, being independent, enter your own body." When Maya said this to king Chandraprabha, after communicating to him the doctrine of mystic contemplation giving supernatural power,* he and his wife and his son and his ministers rejoiced exceedingly.

Then the king, with his son and companions, was led by Maya to a second under-world, and made to enter a splendid city. And there they saw a gigantic hero, reclining at full length upon a beautiful couch, as if asleep, anointed with potent herbs and ghee, awful from the ghastly transformation of his features, surrounded by the daughters of the kings of the Daityas, with their lotus-faces full of melancholy. Then Maya said to Chandraprabha:—"This is your body, surrounded by your former brides, enter it."—The king had recourse to the magic contemplation taught by Maya, and entered the body of that hero, abandoning his own frame.† Then the hero yawned slowly, opened his eyes, and rose up from the bed, as if awaking out of sleep. Then a shout arose from the delighted Asura brides, "Happy are we, that our husband, the god Sunítha, is to-day restored to life." But Súryaprabha and the others were immediately despondent, beholding the body of Chandraprabha lying lifeless. But Chandraprabha-Sunítha, appearing as if risen from a refreshing sleep, saw Maya, and falling at his feet honoured his father. That father too embraced him and asked him in the presence of all,—"Do you remember both your lives, my son?" He said; "I do remember them," and related what had happened to him in his life as Chandraprabha, and also what had happened to him in his life as Sunítha, and he comforted one by one Súryaprabha and the others, and also his queens, mentioning each by name, and also the Dánava ladies, his wives in his first life. And he preserved the body, which he had as Chandraprabha, carefully laid by, embalmed by means of drugs and ghee, saying, "It may possibly be useful to me." Then Súryaprabha and the others, tranquil now that they had gained confidence, bowed before him, and joyfully congratulated him.

Then Maya, having conducted all of them in high delight out of that city, led them to another city adorned with gold and jewels. When they enter-

* *I. e.* the Yoga system.

† This superstition appears to be prevalent in China. See Giles's Strange Stories from a Chinese Studio, Vol. I, p. 23, and other passages. It was no doubt carried there by the same wave of Buddhism that carried there many similar notions connected with the transmigration of souls, for instance the belief that children are born able to speak, and that this is very inauspicious. (Cp. Giles's Strange Stories from a Chinese Studio, Vol. I, p. 184 with the story of Dharmagupta and Chandraprabhá in the 17th chapter of this work.) The existence of this latter belief in Europe is probably to be ascribed to the influence of Buddhism.

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ed it, they beheld a lake of the appearance of beryl, filled with nectar, and they all sat down on the bank of it. And they drank that nectarous draught there, more excellent than the water of life, in curiously ornamented cups formed of jewels, which were brought to them by the wives of Sunítha. And by that draught they all rose up, as from a sleep of intoxication, and became possessed of divine bodies, and of great strength and courage.

Then the Asura Maya said to Chandraprabha-Sunítha, "Come, my son, let us go, and see your mother after so long a separation." And Sunítha said "So be it," and prepared to go conducted by Maya, and so proceeded to the fourth under-world with Súryaprabha and the others. There they beheld curious cities made of various metals, and at last they all reached a city built entirely of gold. There, on a pillar composed of jewels adorned with every luxury, they beheld that mother of Sunítha, the wife of Maya, by name Lílávatí, surpassing in beauty the nymphs of heaven, surrounded with Asura maidens, and adorned with all ornaments. The moment she beheld that Sunítha, she rose up in a state of excitement, and Sunítha, after saluting her, fell at her feet. Then she embraced with gushing tears the son, whom she once more held in her arms after so long an interval, and again praised her husband Maya, who was the cause of her regaining him. Then Maya said—"Queen, your other son Sumundíka has been born again as the son of your son, and here he is, Súryaprabha by name. He has been appointed by the god S'iva the future emperor of the Vidyádharas, and is destined to rule over them in the body which he now possesses." When Súryaprabha heard this, and saw her look at him with an eye of longing affection, he and his ministers fell at her feet. And Lílávatí gave him her blessing, and said to him—"My darling, you do not require the body of Sumundíka, in this you are sufficiently glorious." When his sons were thus triumphant, Maya called to mind his daughter Mandodarí, and Vibhíshaṇa, and when called to mind, they came. And Vibhíshaṇa, welcomed with triumphant rejoicings, said to him—"O prince of the Dánavas, if you will listen to my advice, I will give it you. You are among the Dánavas singularly virtuous and prosperous, so you ought not to take up a causeless enmity against the gods. For you will gain nothing but death from your hostility to them. For Asuras have been slain in battle by the gods, but not gods by Asuras." When Maya heard this, he said—"We are not forcing on war, but if Indra violently makes war on us, tell me, how can we remain passive? And as for those Asuras who were slain by the gods, they were reckless, but did the gods slay Bali and others who were not infatuated?" That king of the Rákshasas having, with his wife Mandodarí, been addressed with these and similar speeches by Maya, took leave of him, and went to his own dwelling.

Then Sunítha, with Súryaprabha and the others, was conducted to the

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third under-world to visit king Bali. In that world, which surpassed even heaven, they all beheld Bali, adorned with chain and tiara, surrounded with Daityas and Dánavas. Sunítha and his companions fell at his feet in due order, and he honoured them with appropriate welcome. And Bali was delighted with the tidings related by Maya, and he quickly had summoned Prahláda and the other Dánavas. Sunítha and the others honoured them also by falling at their feet, and they, being full of joy, congratulated them, as they bent before them. Then Bali said, "Sunítha became Chandraprabha on the earth, and now is restored to life for us by regaining his body. And we have also gained Súryaprabha, who is an incarnation of Sumundíka. And he has been appointed by S'iva the future emperor of the Vidyádharas: and by the power of the sacrifice offered by Chandraprabha my bonds have been relaxed. So without doubt we have gained prosperity by recovering these." When S'ukra, the spiritual adviser of the Dánavas, heard this speech of Bali's, he said, "In truth those who act according to right never fail of prosperity in any matter; so act according to right, and do on this occasion also what I bid you." When the Dánavas, the princes of the seven under-worlds, who were assembled there, heard that, they agreed to it and bound themselves so to act. And Bali made a feast there, out of joy at the recovery of Sunítha.

In the meanwhile the hermit Nárada arrived there again, and after taking the *argha*, he sat down, and said to those Dánavas, "I have been sent here by Indra, and he in truth says this to you, 'I am exceedingly delighted at the fact that Sunítha has come back to life; so you must not take up a causeless enmity against me, and you must not fight against my ally S'rutaśarman.'" When the hermit had thus delivered Indra's message, Prahláda said to him, "Of course Indra is pleased that Sunítha has come back to life, how could it be otherwise? But we at any rate are not taking up causeless hostility. This very day we all took an engagement that we would not do so, in the presence of our spiritual adviser. But if Indra makes himself a partizan* of S'rutaśarman, and violently opposes us, how are we to be blamed for it? For Súryaprabha's ally, S'iva, the god of gods, has long ago appointed him, because he propitiated him first. So what have we to do with this matter which has been settled by the lord S'iva? It is clear that this, which Indra says, is without cause, and not right." When Prahláda, the king of the Dánavas said this to Nárada, he blamed Indra by expressing his agreement with it, and disappeared. When he had gone, Uśanas† said to the kings of the Dánavas—"Indra is evidently determined to oppose us in this matter. But, as S'iva has decidedly girded up his loins to shew us favour, what is his power, or what will his

* Here I read *S'rutas'arma-sapakshatvam.*

† Uśanas here means S'ukra, the spiritual guide of the Asuras.

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reliance upon Vishṇu do?" The Dánavas heard and approved this speech of S'ukra's, and taking leave of Bali and Prahláda, went to their own homes. Then Prahláda went to the fourth under-world, his habitation, and king Bali, rising up from the assembly, retired within. And Maya and Sunítha and the others, Súryaprabha and all, bowed before Bali, and went to their own habitations. After they had eaten and drunk there sufficiently, Lílavátí, the mother of Sunítha, came to him and said, "My son, you know that these wives of yours are the daughters of mighty ones, Tejasvatí being the daughter of the god of wealth, Mangalávatí of Tumburu; and as for Kírtimatí, that wife that you married in your existence as Chandraprabha, her you know to be the daughter of the Vasu Prabháva, so you must look upon these three with an equal eye, my son." After saying this, she commended to him his three principal wives. Then, that night, Sunítha entered his sleeping apartment with the eldest, Tejasvatí.

But Suryaprabha, in another chamber, with his ministers, reclined on a couch without any of his wives that night. And the goddess of sleep did not come to him, who remained continually alone, saying to herself, "What is the use of this unloving man, who leaves his wives outside?" And she would not approach Prahasta out of jealousy, as he was so exclusively in love with the cares of his official duties, but the other ministers around Súryaprabha went to sleep comfortably. In the meanwhile Súryaprabha and Prahasta beheld an incomparable maiden entering, accompanied by a female friend. She was so beautiful that Providence seemed, after creating her, to have placed her in the lower regions in order that the nymphs of heaven, also his creation, might not be eclipsed by her. And while Súryaprabha was debating who she might be, she approached each of his friends, one by one, and looked at them; and as they did not possess the distinguishing marks of emperors, she left them, and seeing that Súryaprabha possessed them, she approached him, who was lying in the midst of them; and she said to her friend —"Here he is, my friend; so touch him on the feet, wake him up with those hands of yours cool as water." When her friend heard that, she did so, and Súryaprabha ceased to feign sleep, and opened his eyes, and beholding those maidens, he said—"Who are you, and why do you come here?" When the friend of the lady heard that, she said to him—"Listen, king, in the second under-world there is a victorious king named Amíla, a chieftain of the Daityas, the son of Hiraṇyáksha; this is his daughter Kalávatí whom he loves more than life. Her father came back to-day from the court of Bali, and said—'I am fortunate in that I have to-day beheld Sunítha once more restored to life; and I have also seen the young man Súryaprabha, an incarnation of Sumundíka, who has been brought into the world by S'iva as the future emperor of the Vidyádharas. So I will now offer a congratulatory tribute to Sunítha,——I will give my daughter Kalávatí to

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Súryaprabha, for she cannot be given to Sunítha because she belongs to the same family; but Súryaprabha is his son in his birth as a king, not in his birth as an Asura, and any honour paid to his son will be paid to him.' When my friend heard this speech of her father's, her mind being attracted by your virtues, she came here out of a curiosity to see you." When that friend of the lady's said this, Súryaprabha pretended to be asleep in order to discover the real object of her wish. The maiden slowly approached the sleepless Prahasta, and after telling him all by the mouth of her friend, went out. And Prahasta advanced towards Súryaprabha and said—"King, are you awake or not?" And he, opening his eyes, said to him, "My friend, I am awake, for how could I sleep to-day being alone? But I will tell you a strange fact; listen, for what can I hide from you? I saw a moment ago a maiden enter here with her friend; her equal is not beheld in these three worlds. And she departed in a moment, taking my heart with her. So look for her at once, for she must be somewhere hereabout." When Súryaprabha said this to him, Prahasta went out, and seeing the maiden there with her friend, he said to her—"I, to please you, have again woke up my master here, so you, to please me, must once more grant him an interview. Behold once more his form that gives satisfaction to your eyes,* and let him, who was overpowered by you as soon as he saw you, behold you again. For when he woke up, he said to me speaking of you, 'Bring her from some place or other, and shew her to me, otherwise I cannot survive.' Then I came to you, so come and behold him yourself." When she was thus addressed by Prahasta, she hesitated to go in boldly, owing to the modesty natural to a maiden, and reflected, and then Prahasta, seizing her hand, led her into the presence of Súryaprabha. And Súryaprabha, when he saw that Kalávatí had come near him, said—"Fair one, was this right of you to come in to-day and steal away my heart, as you did, when I was asleep? So, thief, I will not leave you unpunished to-day." When her sly friend heard this, she said to him; "Since her father knew of it before, and determined to assign this thief to you for punishment, who can forbid you to punish her. Why do you not inflict on her to your heart's content the punishment due for thieving?" When Súryaprabha heard that, he wanted to embrace her, but Kalávatí being modest, said, "Do not, my husband, I am a maiden." Then Prahasta said to her; "Do not hesitate, my queen, for the Gándharva marriage is the best of all marriages in the world." When Prahasta had said this, he went out with all the rest, and Súryaprabha that very moment made Kalávatí, the maiden of the under-world, his wife.

* I read *paśyásya rúpam*. This gives a better sense. It is partly supported by a MS. in the Sanskrit College. The same MS. in the next line reads *tvám tu paśyati chaiko'pi*—I read *tvám tu paśyatu chaisho'pi*.

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And when the night came to an end, Kalávatí went to her own dwelling, and Súryaprabha went to Sunítha and Maya. They all assembled and went into the presence of Prahláda, and he, seated in the hall of audience, after honouring them appropriately, said to Maya: "We must do something to please Sunítha on this day of rejoicing, so let us all feast together." Maya said—"Let us do so, what harm is there in this?" And then Prahláda invited by means of messengers the chiefs of the Asuras, and they came there in order from all the under-worlds. First came king Bali accompanied by innumerable great Asuras. Close behind him came Amíla and the brave Durároha and Sumáya, and Tantukachchha, and Vikaṭáksha and Prakampana, and Dhúmaketu and Mahámáya, and the other lords of the Asuras; each of these came accompanied by a thousand feudal chiefs. The hall of audience was filled with the heroes who saluted one another, and after they had sat down in order of rank, Prahláda honoured them all. And when the time of eating arrived, they all, with Maya and the others, after bathing in the Ganges, went to a great hall to dine. It was a hundred *yojanas* wide, and had a pavement of gold and jewels, and was adorned with jewelled pillars, and full of curiously wrought jewelled vessels. There the Asuras, in the company of Prahláda, and with Sunítha and Maya, and with Súryaprabha accompanied by his ministers, ate heavenly food of various kinds, containing all the six flavours, solid, liquid, and sweetmeats, and then drank the best of wine. And after they had eaten and drunk, they all went to another hall, which was made of jewels, and beheld the skilful dance of the Daitya and Dánava maidens. On that occasion Súryaprabha beheld the daughter of Prahláda, named Mahalliká, who came forward to dance by order of her father. She illuminated the world with her beauty, rained nectar into his eyes, and seemed like the moon-goddess* come to the under-world out of curiosity. She had her forehead ornamented with a patch, beautiful anklets on her feet, and a smiling face, and seemed as if all made of dancing by the Creator. With her curling hair, her pointed teeth, and her breasts that filled up the whole of her chest, she seemed as it were to be creating a new style of dance. And that fair one, the moment she was beheld by Súryaprabha, forcibly robbed him of his heart, though it was claimed by others. Then she also beheld him from a distance, sitting among the Asura princes, like a second god of Love made by the Creator, when the first god of love had been burnt up by Śiva. And when she saw him, her mind was so absorbed in him, that her skill in the expression of sentiments by gesture forsook her, as if in anger at beholding her want of modesty. And the spectators beheld the emotion of those two, and brought the spectacle to an end, saying, "The prin-

* Lit. "the shape of the moon"; put for the moon, because the author is speaking of a woman. See Böhtlingk and Roth s. v.

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cess is tired." Then Mahalliká was dismissed by her father, looking askance at Súryaprabha, and after she had bowed before the princes of the Daityas, she went home. And the princes of the Daityas went to their respective houses, and Súryaprabha too went to his dwelling at the close of day.

And when the night came, Kalávatí again came to visit him, and he slept secretly within with her, with all his followers sleeping outside. In the meanwhile Mahalliká also came there, eager to see him, accompanied by two confidantes. Then a minister of Súryaprabha's, named Prajnádhya, who happened at that moment to have his eyes forsaken by sleep, saw her attempting to enter. And he, recognising her, rose up and said—"Princess, remain here a moment until I enter and come out again." She alarmed, said—"Why are we stopped, and why are you outside?" Prajnádhya again said to her—"Why do you enter in this sudden way when a man is sleeping at his ease? Besides, my lord sleeps alone to-night on account of a vow." Then the daughter of Prahláda, being ashamed, said, "So be it, enter," and Prajnádhya went inside. Seeing that Kalávatí was asleep, he woke up Súryaprabha and himself told him that Mahalliká had arrived. And Súryaprabha, hearing of it, gently rose up, and went out, and beholding Mahalliká with two others, he said—"This person has been supremely blessed by your arrival, let this place be blessed also, take a seat." When Mahalliká heard this, she sat down with her friends, and Súryaprabha also sat down, with Prajnádhya by his side. And when he sat down, he said—"Fair one, although you shewed contempt for me by seeming to look on others in the assembly with respect, nevertheless, O rolling-eyed one, my eyes were blessed as soon as they beheld your dancing as well as your beauty." When Súryaprabha said this, the daughter of Prahláda answered him—"This is not my fault, noble sir,* he is in fault, who made me ashamed in the hall of assembly by putting me beside my part in the pantomime." When Súryaprabha heard this, he laughed and said—"I am conquered." And then that prince seized her hand with his, and it perspired and trembled, as if afraid of the rough seizure. And she said—"Let me go, noble sir, I am a maiden under my father's control,"—then Prajnádhya said to that daughter of the chief of the Asuras, "Is not there not such a thing as the Gándharva marriage of maidens? And your father, who has seen your heart, will not give you to another, moreover he will certainly do some honour to this prince here; so away with timidity! Let not such a meeting be thrown away!" While Prajnádhya was saying this to Mahalliká, Kalávatí woke up within. And not seeing Súryaprabha on the bed, after waiting a long time, she was terrified and apprehensive and went out. And seeing her lover in the company of Mahalliká, she was angry and ashamed and terrified. Mahalliká too, when she saw her, was terrified and angry and ashamed,

* *I. e. áryaputra*, used by a wife in addressing a husband.

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and Súryaprabha stood motionless like a painted picture. Kalávatí came to his side, thinking—"Now that I have been seen, how can I escape, shall I display shame or jealousy? And she said with a spiteful intonation to Mahalliká—"How are you, my friend, how comes it that you have come here at night?" Then Mahalliká said—"This is my house; as you have arrived here from another mansion of the under-world, you are to-day my guest here." When Kalávatí heard that, she laughed and said—"Yes, it is clearly the case that you entertain with appropriate hospitality every guest, as soon as he arrives here." When Kalávatí said this, Mahalliká answered—"When I spoke to you kindly, why do you answer in such an unkind and spiteful way, shameless girl? Am I like you? Did I, without being bestowed in marriage by my parents, come from a distance, and in a strange place sleep in the bed of a strange man alone at night? I came to see my father's guest, as he was going away, in accordance with the duty of hospitality, a moment ago, accompanied by two female friends. When this minister entered, after first reproaching me, I guessed the real state of the case; you have now of yourself revealed it." When thus addressed by Mahalliká, Kalávatí departed, looking askance at her beloved with an eye red with anger. Then Mahalliká too said to Súryaprabha in wrath, "Now I will depart, man of many favourites," and went away. And Súryaprabha remained in heartless despondency, as was reasonable, for his heart, devoted to his loved ones, went with them.

Then he woke up his minister Prabhása, and sent him to discover what Kalávatí had done, after she had separated from him in anger; and in the meanwhile he sent Prahasta to find out about Mahalliká, and he remained with Prajnádhya awaiting their report. Then Prabhása returned from investigating the proceedings of Kalávatí, and being questioned, he said as follows: "From this place I went to the private apartment of Kalávatí in the second under-world, concealing myself by my science. And outside it I heard the conversation of two maids. The one said, 'My friend, why is Kalávatí distressed to-day?' Then the second said—'My friend, hear the reason. There is at present in the fourth under-world an incarnation of Sumundíka, named Súryaprabha, who in beauty surpasses the god of Love; she went secretly and gave herself to him. And when she had repaired to him to-day of her own accord at night-fall, Mahalliká, the daughter of Prahláda, chose to come there too. Our mistress had a jealous quarrel with her, and was in consequence preparing to slay herself, when she was seen by her sister Sukhávatí and saved. And then she went inside, and flinging herself down on a bed, she remained with that sister, who was despondent when she had learnt by enquiry what had taken place.' When I had heard this conversation of the two maids, I entered the apartment, and beheld Kalávatí and Sukhávatí, who resembled one another exactly."

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While Prabhása was saying this to Súryaprabha in private, Prahasta also came there, and being questioned, he said as follows—" When I arrived from this place at the private apartment of Mahalliká, she entered despondent with her two intimate friends. And I entered also invisible by the employment of magic science, and I saw there twelve friends like her; and they sat round Mahalliká, who reclined on a sofa ornamented with splendid jewels; and then one said to her, 'My friend, why do you seem to be suddenly cast down to-day? What is the meaning of this despondency when your marriage is about to come off?' When the daughter of Prahláda heard that, she answered her friend pensively, 'What marriage for me? To whom am I betrothed? Who told you?' When she said that, they all exclaimed, 'Surely your marriage will take place to-morrow, and you are betrothed, my friend, to Súryaprabha. And your mother, the queen, told us to-day when you were not present, and ordered us to decorate you for the marriage ceremony. So you are fortunate, in that you will have Súryaprabha for a husband, through admiration for whose beauty the ladies of this place cannot sleep at night. But this is a source of despondency to us—What a gulf there will now be between you and us! When you have obtained him for a husband, you will forget us.' When Mahalliká heard this from their mouth, she said, 'Has he been seen by you, and is your heart attached to him?' When they heard that, they said to her—'We saw him from the top of the palace, and what woman is there that a sight of him would not captivate?' Then she said, 'Then I will persuade my father to cause all of you to be given to him.* So we shall live together, and not be separated.' When she said this, the maidens were shocked, and said to her, 'Kind friend, do not do so. It would not be proper, and would make us ashamed.' When they said this, the daughter of the king of the Asuras answered them, 'Why is it not proper? I am not to be his only wife: all the Daityas and Dánavas will give him their daughters, and there are other princesses on the earth whom he has married, and he will also marry many Vidyádhara maidens. What harm can it do to me that you should be married among these? So far from it, we shall live happily in mutual friendship; but what intercourse can I hold with those others who will be my enemies? And why should you have any shame about the matter? I will arrange it all.' While these ladies were thus conversing, with hearts devoted to you, I came out at my leisure and repaired to your presence." When Súryaprabha had heard this from the mouth of Prahasta, he passed that night in happiness, though he remained sleepless in his bed.

In the morning he went to the court of Prahláda, the king of the Asuras, with Sunítha and Maya and his ministers, to visit him. Then

* A MS. in the Sanskrit College reads *asau* where Brockhaus reads *amúr*.

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Prahláda said to Sunítha after showing him respect—"I will give to this Súryaprabha my daughter Mahalliká, for I must shew him some hospitable entertainment which will be agreeable to you." Sunítha received with joy this speech of Prahláda's. Then Prahláda made Súryaprabha ascend an altar-platform, in the middle of which a fire was burning, and which was adorned with lofty jewelled pillars illuminated by the brightness of the flame, and there gave him his daughter, with splendour worthy of the imperial throne of the Asuras. And he gave to his daughter and her bridegroom heaps of valuable jewels, obtained by his triumph over the gods, resembling the summit of mount Meru. And then Mahalliká boldly said to Prahláda—"Father, give me also those twelve companions whom I love." But he answered her—"Daughter, they belong to my brother, for they were taken captive by him, and I have no right to give them away." And Súryaprabha, after the marriage feast was ended, entered at night the bridal chamber with Mahalliká.

And the next morning, when Prahláda had gone to the hall of assembly with his followers, Amíla, the king of the Dánavas, said to Prahláda and the others—"To-day you must all come to my house, for I intend to entertain there this Súryaprabha, and I will give him my daughter Kalávatí, if you approve." This speech of his they all approved, saying, "So be it." Then they all went in a moment to the second under-world, where he dwelt, with Súryaprabha, Maya and others. There Amíla gave by the usual ceremony to Súryaprabha his daughter, who had previously given herself. Súryaprabha went through the marriage ceremony in the house of Prahláda, and surrounded by the Asuras who had feasted, spent the day in tasting the enjoyments which they provided for him.

On the next day, Durároha, a prince of the Asuras, invited and conducted them all to his own under-world, the fifth. There, by way of hospitality, he gave to Súryaprabha his own daughter Kumudávatí, as the others had done, in the prescribed manner. There Súryaprabha spent the day in enjoyment with all these united. And at night he entered the apartment of Kumudávatí. There he spent that night in the society of that lovely and loving woman, the beauty of the three worlds.

And the next morning, Tantukachchha invited and conducted him, surrounded with his companions, headed by Prahláda, to his palace in the seventh under-world. There that king of the Asuras gave him his daughter Manovatí, adorned with splendid jewels, bright as molten gold. There Súryaprabha spent a highly agreeable day, and passed the night in the society of Manovatí.

And the next day, Sumáya, a prince of the Asuras, after presenting an invitation, conducted him with all his friends to his under-world, the sixth; there he too gave him his daughter by name Subhadrá, with body black as a

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stalk of *durbá* grass, like a female incarnation of the god of Love; and Súryaprabha spent that day with that black maiden, whose face was like a full moon.

And the next day, king Bali, followed by the Asuras, in the same way led that Súryaprabha to his own under-world, the third. There he gave him his own daughter named Sundarí, with complexion lovely as a young shoot, and resembling a cluster of *mádhaví* flowers. Súryaprabha then spent that day with that pearl of women in heavenly enjoyment and splendour.

The next day, Maya also in the same way re-conducted the prince, who was in the fourth under-world, to his own palace, which possessed curiously adorned jewelled terraces, was constructed by his own magic power, and on account of its refulgent splendour seemed to be new every moment. There he gave him his own daughter, named Sumáyá, whose beauty was the wonder of the world, who seemed to be his own power incarnate, and he did not think that she ought to be withheld from him on account of his being a mere mortal. The fortunate Súryaprabha remained there with her. Then the prince divided his body by his magic science, and lived at the same time with all those Asura ladies, but with his real body he lived principally with his best beloved Mahalliká, the daughter of the Asura Prahláda.

And one night, when he was happy in her presence, he asked the noble Mahalliká in the course of conversation—"My dear, those two female friends, who came with you, where are they? I never see them. Who are they, and where have they gone?" Then Mahalliká said—"You have done well to remind me. My female friends are not two only, but twelve in number, and my father's brother carried them off from Indra's heaven. The first is named Amritaprabhá, the second Keśiní, these are the auspiciously marked daughters of the hermit Parvata. And the third is Kálindí, and the fourth Bhadraká, and the fifth is the noble Kamalá with beautiful eyes. These three are the daughters of the great hermit Devala. The sixth is named Saudáminí and the seventh Ujjvalá, these are both of them daughters of the Gandharva Háhá. The eighth is by name Pívará, the daughter of the Gandharva Huhu. And the ninth is by name Anjaniká, the daughter of the mighty Kála. And the tenth is Keśarávalí, sprung from the Gaṇa Pingala. And the eleventh is Máliní by name, the daughter of Kambala, and the twelfth is Mandáramálá the daughter of a Vasu. They are all heavenly nymphs, born from Apsarases, and, when I was married, they were taken to the first under-world, and I must bestow them on you, in order that I may be always with them. And this I promised them, for I love them. I spoke too to my father, but he refused to give them, out of regard for his brother." When Súryaprabha heard this, he said to her with a downcast expression—"My beloved, you are very magnanimous,

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but how can I do this?" When Súryaprabha said this to her, Mahalliká said in anger—"In my presence you marry others, but my friends you do not desire, separated from whom I shall not be happy even for one moment." When she said this to him, Súryaprabha was pleased and consented to do it. Then that daughter of Prahláda immediately took him to the first under-world and gave him those twelve maidens. Then Súryaprabha married those heavenly nymphs in order, commencing with Amṛitaprabhá. And after asking Mahalliká's leave, he had them taken by Prabhása to the fourth under-world and concealed there. And Súryaprabha himself went there secretly with Mahalliká, but he went to the hall of Prahláda, as before, to take his meals.

There the king of the Asuras said to Sunítha and Maya—"Go all of you to visit the two goddesses Diti and Danu." They said "So be it," and immediately Maya, Sunítha and Súryaprabha left the lower world, accompanied by the Asuras in order of precedence, and ascended the chariot Bhútásana, which came to them on being thought of, and repaired to the hermitage of Kaśyapa situated on a ridge of mount Sumeru. There they were announced by hermits who shewed them all courtesy, and after entering they beheld in due order Diti and Danu together, and bowed their heads at their feet. And those two mothers of the Asuras cast a favourable look upon them and their followers, and after shedding tears and kissing them joyfully upon their heads,* and bestowing their blessing upon them, said to Maya: "Our eyes are to-day blessed, having seen this thy son Sunítha restored to life, and we consider thee one whose merits have procured him good fortune. And beholding with heart-felt satisfaction this prosperous Sumundíka, born again in the character of Súryaprabha, possessed of heavenly beauty and of extraordinary virtue, destined to be successful and glorious, abounding in unmistakeable marks of future greatness, we openly adore him here with our bodies. Therefore rise up quickly, darlings, and visit Prajápati here, our husband; from beholding him you shall obtain success in your objects, and his advice will be helpful to you in your affairs." When Maya and the others received this order from the goddesses, they went as they were commanded, and beheld the hermit Kaśyapa in a heavenly hermitage. He was like pure molten gold in appearance, full of brightness, the refuge of the gods, wearing matted locks yellow as flame, irresistible as fire. And approaching, they fell at his feet with their followers, in order; then the hermit gave them the customary blessing, and after making them sit down, out of delight at their

* The Petersburg lexicographers remark that *sampadád* is "*wohl fehlerhaft.*" A MS. in the Sanskrit College has *sádarád*. But this seems improbable with *sádare* in the line above. Babu Syámá Charan Mukhopádhyáya conjectures *sammadád* which I have adopted.

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arrival said to them—"I am exceedingly glad that I have beheld all you my sons; thou art to be praised, Maya, who, without diverging from the good path, art a treasure-house of all sciences; and thou art fortunate, Sunítha, who hast recovered thy life though lost, and thou, O Súryaprabha, art fortunate, who art destined to be the king of the sky-goers. So you must all continue now in the path of righteousness, and hearken to my word, by means of which you will obtain the highest fortune, and taste perpetual joys, and by which you will not again be conquered by your enemies; for it was those Asuras, that transgressed law, that became a prey for the discus of the vanquisher of Mura. And those Asuras, Sunítha, that were slain by the gods, are incarnate again as human heroes. He who was thy younger brother Sumundika, has been born indeed now as Súryaprabha. And the other Asuras, who were your companions, have been born as his friends; for instance, the great Asura, named S'ambara, has been born as his minister Prahasta. And the Asura, named Triśiras, has been born as his minister named Siddhártha. And the Dánava, named Vátápi, is now his minister Prajnádhya. And the Dánava, named Ulúka, is now his companion named S'ubhankara, and his present friend Vítabhíti was in a former birth a foe of the gods, named Kála. And this Bhása, his minister, is an incarnation of a Daitya by name Vishaparvan, and his minister Prabhása is an incarnation of a Daitya named Prabala. He was a great-hearted Daitya with a frame composed of jewels, who, when asked by the gods, though they were his enemies, hewed his body to pieces, and so passed into another state of existence, and from that body of his all the jewels in the world have originated. The goddess Durgá was so pleased at that, that she granted him a boon accompanied by another body, by virtue of which he has now been born as Prabhása, mighty, and hard to be overcome by his enemies. And those Dánavas, who formerly existed under the names of Sunda and Upasunda, have been born as his ministers Sarvadamana and Bhayankara. And the two Asuras, who used to be called Vikaṭáksha and Hayagríva, have been born as his two ministers here, Sthirabuddhi and Mahábuddhi. And the others connected with him, these fathers-in-law, ministers and friends of his, are also incarnations of Asuras, who have often vanquished Indra and his crew. So your party has again gradually acquired strength. Be of good courage; if you do not depart from the right, you shall obtain the highest prosperity." While the *rishi* Kaśyapa was saying this, all his wives, the daughters of Daksha, headed by Aditi, arrived at the time of the mid-day sacrifice. When they had given their blessing to Maya and the others, who bowed before them, and had performed their husband's orders for the day, Indra also came there with the Lokapálas* to visit the sage. And Indra,

* The eight Lokapálas or guardians of the world.

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after saluting the feet of Kaśyapa and his wives, and after having been saluted by Maya and the others, looking angrily at Súryaprabha, said to Maya,—"This is the boy, I suppose, that is desirous of becoming emperor of the Vidyádharas; how is he satisfied with so very little, and why does he not desire the throne of heaven?" When Maya heard this, he said, "The throne of heaven was decreed to you by Śiva, and to him was appointed the sovereignty of the sky-goers."* When Indra heard this, he said with an angry laugh—"This would be but a small matter for this comely shape of a youth who is furnished with such auspicious marks." Then Maya answered him—"If Śrutaśarman deserves the sovereignty of the Vidyádharas, then surely this shape of his deserves the throne of heaven." When Maya said this, Indra was angry, and rose and uplifted his thunderbolt, and then the hermit Kaśyapa made a threatening noise of anger. And Diti and the other wives became enraged, and their faces were red with anger, and they loudly cried, "Shame!" Then Indra, afraid of being cursed, withdrew his weapon, and sat down with bowed head. Then Indra fell at the feet of that hermit Kaśyapa, the sire of gods and Asuras, who was surrounded by his wives, and after striving to appease him, made the following representation with hands folded in supplication: "O reverend one, this Súryaprabha is attempting to take away from Śrutaśarman the sovereignty of the Vidyádharas, which I bestowed on him. And Maya is exerting himself in every way to procure it for Súryaprabha." When Prajápati heard that, he said, seated with Diti and Danu,—"Thou lovest Śrutaśarman, O Indra, but Śiva loves Súryaprabha, and his love cannot be fruitless, and he long ago ordered Maya to do what he has done. So, what is all this outcry that thou art making against Maya, what offence has he committed herein? For he is one who abides in the path of right, wise, discreet, submissive to his spiritual superior. The fire of my wrath would have reduced thee to ashes, if thou hadst committed that sin, and thou hast no power against him; dost thou not recognise his might?" When that hermit with his wives said that, Indra was abashed with shame and fear, and Aditi said—"What is that Śrutaśarman like? Let him be brought here and shown to us." When Indra heard this, he sent Mátali,† and had brought there immediately that Śrutaśarman, the prince of the sky-goers. The wives of Kaśyapa, when they had seen that Śrutaśarman, who prostrated himself, looked at Súryaprabha and said to the hermit Kaśyapa—"Which of these two is the richer in beauty and in auspicious marks?" Then that chief of hermits said, "Śrutaśarman is not even equal to his minister Prabhása, much less is he equal to that incomparable one. For this Súryaprabha is furnished with various heavenly marks of such excellence, that, if he were to make the attempt, he would find even the throne of Indra easy to obtain." When

* *I. e.* the Vidyádharas. † His charioteer.

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they heard that speech of Kaśyapa's, all there approved it, and said—"So it is." Then the hermit gave Maya a boon in the hearing of great Indra—"Because, my son, thou didst remain undaunted, even when Indra lifted up his weapon to strike, therefore thou shalt remain unharmed by the plagues of sickness and old age, which are strong as the thunderbolt. Moreover these two magnanimous sons of thine, who resemble thee, shall always be invincible by all their enemies. And this son of mine Suvásakumára, resembling in splendour the autumn moon, shall come when thou thinkest of him, and assist thee in the night of calamity. When the hermit had thus spoken, his wives and the *ṛishis* and the Lokapálas in the same way gave boons to them, to Maya and the rest, in the assembly. Then Aditi said to Indra—"Desist, Indra, from thy improper conduct, conciliate Maya, for thou hast seen to-day the fruit of discreet conduct, in that he has obtained boons from me." When Indra heard that, he seized Maya by the hand and propitiated him, and Srutaśarman, eclipsed by Súryaprabha, was like the moon in the day. Then the king of the gods immediately prostrated himself before Kaśyapa his spiritual guide, and returned as he came, accompanied by all the Lokapálas; and Maya and the others, by the order of that excellent hermit, departed from his hermitage to meet success in their proposed undertaking.

CHAPTER XLVI.

Then Maya and Sunítha and Súryaprabha, all of them, left that hermitage of Kaśyapa, and reached the junction of the Chandrabhágá and Airávatí, where the kings, the friends and connexions of Súryaprabha, were awaiting him. And the kings who were there, when they saw Súryaprabha arrived, rose up weeping in despair, eager to die. Súryaprabha, thinking that their grief arose from not seeing Chandraprabha, told them the whole occurrence as it happened. Then, as they still remained despondent, he questioned them, and they reluctantly related how his wives had been carried off by Śrutaśarman. And they also told him how they were preparing to commit suicide through grief at that outrage, when they were forbidden by a heavenly voice. Then Súryaprabha in wrath made this vow—"Even if Brahmá and all the other gods protect Śrutaśarman, I will certainly overthrow him, a villain who carries off the wives of others, addicted to treacherous insolence." And having made this vow, he appointed a moment fixed by the astrologers on the seventh day, for marching to his overthrow. Then Maya, perceiving that he was determined, and had

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made up his mind to conquer his enemy, again confirmed him with his speech, and said to him—"If you really have made up your mind, then I will tell you this; it was I that on that occasion carried off your wives by magic, and I placed them in the under-world, thinking that thus you would set about your victorious expedition in an impetuous manner, for a fire does not of itself burn so fiercely, as it does when fanned by a breeze. So come, let us go to the under-world; I will shew you those wives of yours." When they heard that speech of Maya's, they all rejoiced, and they entered again by the same opening as before, and went to the fourth under-world, Maya leading the way. There Maya brought those wives of Súryaprabha's out of a dwelling-house, and delivered them over to him. Then Súryaprabha, after receiving those wives, and the others, the daughters of the Asuras, went by the advice of Maya to visit Prahláda. He, having heard from Maya that Súryaprabha had obtained boons, and being desirous of proving him, took up his weapon, and said with feigned anger as he bowed before him,—"I have heard, wicked one, that you have carried off the twelve maidens captured by my brother, so, I will slay you now; behold me." When Súryaprabha heard that, he said to him, without changing countenance,—"My body is at your disposal; punish me, for I have acted improperly." When he said this, Prahláda laughed and said to him—"As far as I have tested you, you have not a drop of pride in you. Choose a boon, I am pleased with you." When Súryaprabha heard this, he consented, and chose as his boon devotion to his superiors and to Śiva. Then, all being satisfied, Prahláda gave to Súryaprabha a second daughter of his, named Yáminí, and that prince of the Asuras gave him two of his sons as allies. Then Súryaprabha went with all the rest into the presence of Amíla. He too was pleased on hearing that he had obtained the boons, and gave him Sukhávatí his second daughter, and two of his sons to help him. Then Súryaprabha remained there during those days, accompanied by his wives, inducing other kings of the Asuras to make common cause with him. And he heard, in the company of Maya and the others, that the three wives of Sunítha and his own wives, the daughters of the kings, had all become pregnant, and when asked what they longed for, they all said, to see that great battle, and the Asura Maya rejoiced at it, perceiving that the Asuras, who were slain in old time, had been conceived again in them—"This," said he, "is the cause of their desire."

So six days passed, but on the seventh Súryaprabha and the others, with their wives and all, set out from the under-world. Delusive portents, which their rivals displayed to impede them, were dissipated by Suvásakumára, who came when thought of. Then they anointed Ratnaprabha, the son of Chandraprabha, king of the earth, and ascended the chariot Bhútásana,* and went all of them, by the advice of Maya, to a wood of asce-

* I read *samárúḍha-Bhútásana-vimánakáḥ*.

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ties on the bank of the eastern Ganges, the dwelling of Sumeru the king of the Vidyádharas. There Sumeru received them with all honour, as they had come on a friendly visit, having been told the whole story by Maya, and remembering the previous command of Śiva. And while Chandraprabha and the others were in that place, they summoned each of them all their own forces, and also their relations and friends. First came those princes, the sons of the fathers-in-law of Súryaprabha, who had acquired from Maya the required sciences, eager for the fray. They were sixteen in number, headed by Haribhaṭa, and each was followed by a force consisting of a myriad of chariots, and two myriads of footmen. After them came the Daityas and Dánavas true to their agreement, brothers-in-law, fathers-in-law, friends and other connexions of Súryaprabha.

Hṛishtaroman, and Mahámáya, and Sinhadanshṭra and Prakampana, and Tantukachehha and Durároha, and Sumáya, and Vajrapanjara, and Dhúmaketu, and Pramathana, and the Dánava Vikaṭáksha, and many others came from as low down as the seventh under-world. One came with seven myriads of chariots, another with eight, another with six, and another with three, and the least powerful of all with one myriad. One brought three hundred thousand footmen, another two hundred thousand, another one hundred thousand, and the pettiest potentate of all fifty thousand. And each brought a corresponding number of horses and elephants. And another innumerable host came belonging to Maya and Sunítha. And Súryaprabha's own countless army also arrived, and those of Vasudatta and the other kings, and that of Sumeru.

Then the Asura Maya addressed this question to the hermit Suvásakumára, who came to him when thought of, in the presence of Súryaprabha and the others—"Reverend sir, we cannot review this army here because it is scattered; so tell me where we could get a view of the whole army at once extended in long array." The hermit answered—"Not more than a *yojana* from here there is a place called Kalápagráma; go there and behold it drawn up in line." When the hermit said that, all the princes went with him and Sumeru to Kalápagráma. There they made the armies of the Asuras and the kings take up their positions, and going to an elevated spot they reviewed them separately. Then Sumeru said—"Śrutaśarman has the larger force, for he has under him a hundred and one chiefs of the Vidyádharas. And every single one of those chiefs is lord of two and thirty kings. Never mind! I will draw away some and make them join you. So let us go in the morning to the place named Valmíka. For to-morrow is the eighth lunar day of the black fortnight of Phálguna, which is a high day. And on that day there is produced there a sign to shew the future emperor, and for that reason the Vidyádharas are going there in a great hurry on that day.

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When Sumeru gave that opinion with regard to the army, they spent that day in accordance with the law, and went on the morrow to Valmíka in chariots with their army. There they encamped with shouting forces on the southern plateau of the Himálayas, and beheld many Vidyádhara kings that had arrived. And those Vidyádharas had lighted fires there in fire-cavities, and were engaged in sacrificing, and some were occupied with muttering prayers. Then, where Súryaprabha made a fire-cavity, the fire burst forth of itself, owing to the power of his magic science. When Sumeru saw it, he was pleased, but envy arose in the breasts of the Vidyádharas at the sight; then one said to him—"For shame, Sumeru! why do you abandon your rank as a Vidyádhara, and follow this inhabitant of earth named Súryaprabha?" When Sumeru heard this, he angrily rebuked him. And when Súryaprabha asked his name, he said—"There is a Vidyádhara of the name of Bhíma, and Brahmá loved his wife at will; from this connexion he sprang. Since he sprang from Brahmá in a secret way, he is called Brahmagupta. Hence he speaks in a style characteristic of his birth."

After saying this, Sumeru also made a fire-cavity. And in it Súryaprabha sacrificed with him to the god of Fire. And in a moment there suddenly rose from the hole in the ground an enormous and terrible serpent. In his arrogance, that chief of the Vidyádharas, named Brahmagupta, by whom Sumeru was blamed, ran to seize it. That serpent thereupon sent forth a hissing wind from its mouth, which carried Brahmagupta a hundred feet, and flung him down with such violence that he fell like a withered leaf. Then a chief of the Vidyádharas, named Tejaḥprabha, ran to seize it; he was flung away by it in the same manner. Then a lord of the Vidyádharas, named Dushṭadamana, approached it; he was hurled back like the others by that blast from its mouth. Then a prince of the sky-goers, named Virúpaśakti, approached it; he too was flung away as easily as a blade of grass by that breath. Then two kings, named Angáraka and Vijṛimbhaka, ran towards it together; and it flung them to a distance with its breath. Thus all the princes of the Vidyádharas were flung away one after another, and rose up with difficulty, with their limbs bruised with stones. Then Śrutaśarman, in his pride, went forward to seize the serpent; but it hurled him back with the blast of its breath like the others. He fell at a short distance, and rose up again, and ran again towards it; when it carried him a greater distance with its breath, and flung him to earth. Then Śrutaśarman rose up abashed, with bruised limbs, and Sumeru sent Súryaprabha to lay hold of the serpent. And then the Vidyádharas ridiculed him, saying, "Look! he too is trying to catch the snake! O! these men, thoughtless as monkeys, imitate whatever they see another doing." Even while they were mocking him, Súryaprabha went and seized the serpent,

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whose mouth was quiet, and dragged it out of the hole. But that moment the serpent became a priceless quiver, and a rain of flowers fell from the sky on his head. And a heavenly voice sounded aloud—"Súryaprabha, thine is this imperishable quiver equal to a magic power, so take it." Then the Vidyádharas were cast down, Súryaprabha seized the quiver, and Maya and Sunítha and Sumeru were delighted.

Then S'rutaśarman departed, accompanied by the host of the Vidyádharas, and his ambassador came to Súryaprabha and said; "The august lord S'rutaśarman thus commands—'Give me that quiver, if you value your life.'" Then Súryaprabha said; "Ambassador, go and tell him this—'Your own body shall become a quiver, bristling all over with my arrows.'" When the ambassador heard this speech, he turned and went away, and all laughed at that furious message of S'rutaśarman's*, and Sumeru, joyfully embracing Súryaprabha, said to him—"I am delighted that that speech of S'iva's has without doubt been fulfilled, for now that you have acquired this excellent quiver, you have practically acquired sovereign empire; so come and obtain now a splendid bow with calm intrepidity.

When they heard Sumeru say this, and he himself led the way, they all, Súryaprabha and the others, went to the mountain Hemakúṭa. And on the north side of it they reached a beautiful lake named Mánasa, which seemed to have been the first assay of the Creator's skill when making the sea, which eclipsed with its full-blown golden lotuses shaken by the wind, the faces of the heavenly nymphs sporting in the water. And while they were contemplating the beauty of the lake, S'rutaśarman and all the others came there. And then Súryaprabha made a sacrifice with lotuses and *ghee*, and immediately a terrible cloud rose up from that lake. That cloud filled the heaven, and poured down a great rain, and among the rain-drops fell from the cloud a black serpent. By the order of Sumeru, Súryaprabha rose up, and seized that serpent with a firm grasp, though it resisted, thereupon it became a bow. When it became a bow, a second snake fell from the cloud, through fear of the fiery poison of which all the sky-goers fled. That serpent too, when seized by Súryaprabha, like the first, became a bowstring, and the cloud quickly disappeared. And after a rain of flowers, a voice was heard from heaven,—"Súryaprabha, you have won this bow Amitabala and this string which cannot be cut, so take these priceless treasures." And Súryaprabha took that excellent bow with the string. S'rutaśarman, for his part, went despondent to his wood of ascetics, and Súryaprabha, and Maya and the others were delighted.

Then they asked Sumeru about the origin of the bow, and he said—

* Reading *rabhasokti* for *nabhasokti*. Perhaps *siddhimitam* in śl. 78, a, should be *siddhamidam*.

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"Here there is a great and marvellous wood of bamboo canes; whatever bamboos are cut from it and thrown into this lake, become great and wonderful bows; and these bows have been acquired by several of the gods before yourself, and by Asuras and Gandharvas, and distinguished Vidyádharas. They have various names, but the bows appropriated to emperors are all called Amitabala, and were in old time deposited in the lake by the gods. And they are obtained, through the favour of Śiva, with these exertions, by certain men of virtuous conduct destined to be emperors. Hence it comes that Súryaprabha has to-day procured this great bow, and these companions of his shall procure bows suited to them. For they, being heroes who have acquired the sciences, are appropriate recipients for them, for they are still procured by worthy men, as is right."

When the companions of Súryaprabha, Prabhása and the others, heard this speech of Sumeru's, they went to the bamboo-grove, and after defeating the king Chandradatta, who guarded it, they brought the bamboos, and threw them into the lake. And these heroic men, by fasting on the bank of the lake, and muttering prayers, and sacrificing, obtained bows in seven days. When they returned and told their adventure, Súryaprabha returned with them and Maya and the others to that wood of ascetics, in which Sumeru dwelt. Then Sumeru said to him: "It is strange that your friends have conquered Chandradatta, the king of the bamboo-wood, though he is invincible. He possesses a science called the bewildering science, for that reason he is hard to conquer. Surely he must have been keeping it to use against a more important enemy. For this reason he did not employ it against these companions of yours on the present occasion, for it only can succeed once in his hands, not repeatedly. For he employed it once against his spiritual preceptor to try its force, thereupon he laid upon him this curse. So this matter should be thought upon, for the might of sciences is hard to overcome, and for that reason you should consult the revered Maya. What can I say in his presence? Of what avail is a candle in the face of the sun?" When Sumeru had said this to Súryaprabha, Maya said; "Sumeru has told you the truth in few words, listen to this which I now say—From undeveloped matter there spring in this world various powers, and subordinate powers. Among them the sound expressed by Anusvára arises from the power of breathing, and becomes a spell of force in magic sciences, when accompanied with the doctrine of the highest truth. And of those sciences which deal with spells, and which are acquired by supernatural knowledge, or austerity, or the holy command of holy men, the power is hard to resist. So, my son, you have obtained all the sciences, except two, in which you are deficient, namely, the science of bewildering, and that of counteracting. But Yájnavalkya knows them, therefore go and ask him to bestow them on you. When thus advised by Maya, Súryaprabha went into the presence of that *rishi*.

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That hermit made him dwell for seven days in the serpent-lake, and ordered him to perform austerities for three days in the midst of the fire. And he gave him the bewildering power when he had endured for seven days the bite of the snakes, and the counteracting power when he had resisted for three days the force of the fire.* And when he had obtained these sciences, that hermit ordered him again to enter the fire-cavity, and he consented and did it. And immediately there was bestowed on Súryaprabha a chariot in the form of a white lotus, that moved at the will of the possessor, and travelled through the air, which was furnished with a hundred and eight wings, and the same number of dwellings, and constructed of precious jewels of various kinds. And a voice from heaven addressed that resolute one,—"You have obtained this chariot suitable for an emperor, and you must place your wives in all these dwellings, in order that they may be safe from your enemies." Then he, bending low, addressed this petition to his preceptor Yájnavalkya—"Tell me what fee I am to pay." The hermit answered him—"Remember me at the time when you are anointed emperor, this in itself will be sufficient fee; in the meanwhile go to your army." Then he bowed before that hermit, and ascended that chariot, and went to his army, that was encamped in the place where Sumeru dwelt. There he told his story, and Maya and the others, with Sunítha and Sumeru, congratulated him, now that he had obtained a magic chariot.

Then Sunítha called to mind that Suvásakumára, and he came and said to Maya and the others, with the kings; "Súryaprabha has obtained a chariot and all the magic sciences; so why do you even now remain indifferent about conquering your enemies?" When Maya heard that, he said, "Reverend sir, you have spoken rightly, but first let an ambassador be sent, and let policy be employed." When Maya said this, the hermit's son said—"So be it! What harm can this do? Let this Prahasta be sent. He is discerning, eloquent, and understands the nature of business and occasions, and he is stern and enduring, he possesses all the qualities of an ambassador." All approved this speech of his, and after giving Prahasta instructions, they sent him off as ambassador to Śrutaśarman.

When he had gone, Súryaprabha said to all his followers,—"Hear the strange wonderful vision that I have had—I remember, I saw toward the end of last night, that we were all carried away by a great stream of water, and while we were swept away, we kept dancing, we did not sink at all. Then that stream was turned back by a contrary breeze. Then a certain man of fiery brightness drew us out, and threw us into the fire, and we were not burned by the fire. Then a cloud rained a stream of blood, and that blood filled the whole sky, then my sleep came to an

* In the MS. lent me from the Sanskrit College I find *soḍhádhidaṁśasya* and *visoḍhavahneś*.

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end with the night." When he said this, Suvásakumára said to him, "This dream indicates success preceded by a struggle. The stream of water is battle, it is due to valour that you did not sink but danced, and were carried along by the water; the wind, that turned back the water for you, is some saviour to whom men resort for protection; and the man of fiery brightness, who drew you out of it, is Śiva in bodily form. And that he threw you into the fire, means that you are cast into a great war; and that the clouds arose, that means the returning again of fear; and the rain of a stream of blood, that means the destroying of fear, and the filling of all the quarters with blood, that means great success for you. Now dreams are of many kinds,* the rich-sensed, the true-sensed, and the senseless. A dream which quickly reveals its meaning, is called rich-sensed, a dream in which a propitious god gives a command, is called true-sensed, and one which is brought about by deep meditation and anxiety, they call senseless. For a man under the influence of sleep, with mind bewildered by the quality of passion and withdrawn from outward objects, sees a dream on account of various causes. And it depends upon the time, when it is seen, whether it is fulfilled soon or late, but this kind of dream which is seen at the end of the night is quickly fulfilled.† When Súryaprabha and his companions heard this from the hermit's son, they were much pleased, and rising up they performed the duties of the day.

In the meanwhile Prahasta returned from the court of Śrutaśarman, and, when asked by Maya and the others, he described his adventures. "I went rapidly hence to the city named Trikúṭapatáká, situated on the mountain Trikúṭa, built of gold. And being introduced by the door-keeper, I entered, and beheld Śrutaśarman surrounded by various Vidyádhara kings, by his father Trikúṭasena, and also by Vikramaśakti and Durandhara and other heroes, Dámodara among them. And sitting down, I said to Śrutaśarman, 'I am sent to visit you by the august Súryaprabha: and he commissioned me to give you this command. By the favour of Śiva I have obtained precious sciences, and wives and allies. So come and join my army, together with those chiefs of the sky-goers; I am the slayer of those that oppose, but the saviour of those that bend. And as for your carrying off from her relations the maiden Kámachúḍámaṇi, the daughter of Sunítha, who ought not to be approached, set her at liberty, for that is a deed of shame.' When I said this they all exclaimed in wrath,—'Who is he that sends us this haughty command? Let him give commands to mortals, but who is he compared with Vidyádharas?

* Reading *aneko dhanyártho.*

† Cp. Odyssey 4. 841 ὣς ὅτι ἐναργὲς ὄνειρον ἐπέσσυτο νυκτὸς ἀμολγῷ, where some suppose ἀμολγὸς to mean the four hours before daybreak.

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Since he assumes such airs, though he is a miserable mortal, he should be destroyed.'

"When I heard that, I said, 'What, what? Who is he? Listen, he has been created by Śiva as your future emperor. If he is a mortal, then mortals have attained divinity, and the Vidyádharas have seen the valour of that mortal; moreover, if he comes here, we shall soon see which party will be destroyed.' When I said this in wrath, that assembly was disturbed. And Śrutaśarman and Dhurandhara rushed forward to slay me. And I said to them—'Come now, let me see your valour!' Then Dámodara rose up, and restrained them, exclaiming 'Peace! an ambassador and a Bráhman must not be slain.' Then Vikramaśakti said to me—'Depart, ambassador, for we, like your master, are all created by Śiva. So let him come, and we will see whether we are able to entertain him or not.' When he said this in a haughty manner, I laughed and said, 'The swans utter their cries in the lotus-bower and enjoy themselves much, until they see the cloud that comes darkening the heaven.' After saying this I rose up in a contemptuous manner, left the court, and came here." When Maya and others heard this from Prahasta, they were pleased. And they all, Súryaprabha and the rest, determined on preparing for battle, and made Prabhása, the impetuous in war, their general. And receiving the command from Suvásakumára, they all prepared that day with strict vows to consecrate themselves for the combat.*

And at night, Súryaprabha, as he was lying sleepless, saw a wonderful and beautiful maiden enter the chamber, in which he was occupying a solitary couch in accordance with his vow. She came boldly up to him, who pretended to be asleep, with his ministers sleeping round him, and said to her confidante, who was with her; "If he possesses such glorious beauty, when he is asleep, and all the graceful motion of his body is still, what must it be, my friend, when he is awake? So let be! we must not wake him up. I have gratified the curiosity of my eyes. Why should I fix my heart too fondly on him? For he will have a battle with Śrutaśarman, and who can say what will befall either party in it? For the feast of battle is for consuming the lives of heroes. And should he not be fortunate, we shall have to take some other resolve.† And how could one like me captivate the soul of a man who, when roaming in the air, beheld Kámachúḍámaṇi?" When she said this, her confidante answered, "Why do you say this? Why, fair one, is it your duty not to allow your heart to attach itself to him? Why should not he, the sight of whom captivated the heart of Kámachúḍámaṇi, captivate the heart of any

* I read *cha raṇadíkshāyám.*

† The MS. in the Sanskṛit College reads *tatrāsyāstu śivam tāvat;* let him succeed in the battle.

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other lady, were she even Arundhatí in bodily presence? And do you not know that he will prosper in fight by the force of science? And when he is emperor, you, and Kámachúḍámaṇi, and Suprabhá of the same family, are to be his wives, so say the holy sages, and in these very days he has married Suprabhá. So, how can he be unsuccessful in fight? For the predictions of the sages are never falsified. And will you not captivate the heart of the man, whose heart was captivated by Suprabhá? For you, blameless one, exceed her in beauty. And if you hesitate through regard for your relations, that is not right, for good women have no relations but their husband." That excellent maiden, when she heard this speech of her confidante's, said—"You have spoken truth, my friend, I need no other relations. And I know my husband will conquer in fight by his science. He has obtained jewels and sciences, but my mind is grieved because up to the present time he has not obtained the virtuous herbs. Now they are all in a cave of the mountain Chandrapáda. But they are to be obtained by an emperor possessing virtue. So, if he were to go there and procure those mighty drugs, it would be well, for his great struggle is nigh at hand, even to-morrow." When Súryaprabha heard this, he flung off all his feigned sleep, and rising up, said respectfully to that maiden—"Lovely-eyed one, you have shewn great favour to me, so I will go there, tell me who you are." When the maiden heard that, she was abashed with shame, and silent, thinking that he had heard all, but her friend said—"This is a maiden named Vilásiní, the daughter of Sumeru, the prince of the Vidyádharas, who was desirous of beholding you." When her friend said this, Vilásiní said to her, "Come, let us go now," and went out of the room.

Then Súryaprabha woke up his ministers, Prabhása and the rest, and told them of that method of procuring the drugs, which the lady spoke of. And he sent Prabhása, a fit person to accomplish that, to tell it to Sunítha and Sumeru and Maya. And when they came and approved of it, Súryaprabha, accompanied by his ministers, went with them in the night to the mountain Chandrapáda. And as they were gradually advancing, the Yakshas, Guhyakas, and Kumbhánḍas, being alarmed, rose up to bar their way, armed with numerous weapons. Some of them Súryaprabha and his friends bewildered with weapons, some they paralysed by science, and at last they reached that mountain Chandrapáda. When they reached the mouth of the cavern in that mountain, the Gaṇas of S'iva prevented them from entering, assuming strange deformed countenances. Then Suvásakumára said to Súryaprabha and the others, "We must not fight with these, for the revered god S'iva might be angry. Let us praise that giver of boons by his eight thousand names, and that will make the Gaṇas* favourably disposed to us." Then they all agreed, and praised S'iva; and the Gaṇas,

* *I. e.* attendants of S'iva.

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pleased at hearing their master praised, said to them; "We abandon this cave to you, take its potent simples. But Súryaprabha must not enter it himself; let Prabhása enter it, for it will be easy for him to enter." They all said "So be it," and acceded to the advice of the Gaṇas. Then that cave, as soon as Prabhása entered it, though before enveloped in darkness, became irradiated with light. And four very terrible Rákshasas, who were servants there, rose up, and bending before him, said to him "Enter." Then Prabhása entered, and collected those seven divine herbs, and coming out, gave them all to Súryaprabha. And that moment a voice was heard from heaven, saying, "Súryaprabha, of great power are these seven drugs which you have obtained to-day." When Súryaprabha and the others heard that, they were delighted, and quickly returned to the dwelling of Sumeru to greet their army. Then Sunítha asked that Suvásakumára; "Hermit, why was Prabhása allowed by the Gaṇas to enter the cave, and not Súryaprabha, and why was he also welcomed by the servants?" When the hermit heard that, he said in the hearing of all, "Listen, I will explain this—Prabhása is a great benefactor to Súryaprabha, being a second self to him, there is no difference between them. Moreover, no one is equal in might and courage to Prabhása, and this cave belongs to him on account of his good deeds in a former life, and listen, I will tell you what sort of a person he was in a former existence."

Story of the generous Dánava Namuchi.

In old times there was an excellent Dánava named Namuchi, who was devoted to charity and very brave, and did not refuse to give anything to anybody that asked, even if he were his enemy. He practised asceticism as a drinker of smoke for ten thousand years, and obtained as a favour from Brahmá, that he should be proof against iron, stone, and wood. Then he frequently conquered Indra and made him flee, so the *ṛishi* Kaśyapa entreated him, and made him make peace with the gods. Then the gods and Asuras, as their enmity was at an end, deliberated together, and went to the ocean of milk, and churned it with the mountain Mandara. And as Vishṇu and the other gods received Lakshmí and other things as their shares, so Namuchi gained the horse Uchchhaiḥśravas; and the other gods and Asuras received other various shares, appointed by Brahmá, of the things that rose from the sea, when churned. And the *amṛita* at last came up at the end of the churning, and the gods stole it, so a quarrel again took place between them and the Asuras. Then, as fast as the gods killed an Asura in their fight with them, the horse Uchchhaiḥśravas immediately restored him to life by smelling him. The consequence was that the gods found it impossible to conquer the Daityas and Dánavas. Then Vṛihaspati said in secret to Indra, who was in despair: "There is only one expedient left, adopt it without delay; go to Namuchi yourself,

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and ask him for that excellent horse, for he will certainly give it to you, though you are his enemy, sooner than mar the glory of open-handedness, which he has been accumulating since his birth." When the preceptor of the gods said that to him, great Indra went with the gods and craved as a boon that horse Uchchaiḥśravas from Namuchi. Then the great-hearted Namuchi reflected, "I never turn back a suppliant, so I will not turn back Indra; and how can I, as long as I am Namuchi, refuse to give him the horse? If the glory of generosity, which I have long been acquiring in the worlds, were to wither, what would be the use to me of prosperity, or life?" Accordingly he gave the horse to Indra, although S'ukra warned him not to do it. Then Indra, after he had given the horse, lulled him to security, and as he could not be slain by any other weapon, killed him with foam of the Ganges, in which he had placed a thunderbolt. Alas! terrible in the world is the thirst for enjoyment, carried away by which even gods do not shrink from unbecoming and infamous conduct. When Danu, the mother of Namuchi, heard this, being afflicted with grief, she made by virtue of her asceticism a solemn resolve for the allaying of her sorrow, "May that mighty Namuchi be again born in my womb, and may he again become invincible by the gods in battle." Then he was again conceived in her womb, and born as an Asura composed all of jewels, named Prabala on account of his strength. Then he performed asceticism, and satisfying supplicants even with his life, became successful, and as prince of the Dánavas conquered Indra a hundred times. Then the gods took counsel together, and came to him, and said to him: "By all means give us your body for a human sacrifice."* When he heard that, he gave them his own

* The word, which I have translated "human sacrifice," is *purushamedha*. For the prevalence of human sacrifices among all nations of antiquity see Grimm's Teutonic Mythology, translated by Stallybrass, Vol. I, p. 44 and ff; see also Tylor's Primitive Culture, Vol. II, p. 246, 353, 361, 365. Dr. Rajendralála Mitra, Rai Bahadúr, in an essay in the Journal of the Asiatic Society for 1876, entitled "Human Sacrifices in India," traces the history of the practice in India, and incidentally among the principal nations of antiquity. The following is his own summary of his conclusions with respect to the practice in India. (1) That, looking to the history of human civilization, and the rituals of the Hindus, there is nothing to justify the belief that in ancient times the Hindus were incapable of sacrificing human beings to their gods. (2) That the S'unaḥśepha hymns of the Rig Veda Sanhitá most probably refer to a human sacrifice. (3) That the Aitareya Bráhmaṇa refers to an actual, and not a typical human sacrifice. (4) That the Purushamedha originally required the actual sacrifice of men. (5) That the S'atapatha Bráhmaṇa sanctions human sacrifice in some cases, but makes the Purushamedha emblematic. (6) That the Taittiríya Bráhmaṇa enjoins the sacrifice of a man at the Horse sacrifice. (7) That the Puráṇas recognise human sacrifices to Chaṇḍiká but prohibit the Purushamedha rite. (8) That the Tantras enjoin human sacrifices to Chaṇḍiká, and require that, when

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body, although they were his enemies; noble men do not turn their backs on a suppliant, but bestow on him even their lives. Then that Dánava Prabala was cut to pieces by the gods, and he has been again born in the world of men with the body of Prabhása.

"So Prabhása was first Namuchi, and then he was Prabala, and then he became Prabhása, therefore on account of his merit he is hard for his enemies to conquer. And that cave of herbs, which belonged to that Prabala, is for that reason the property of Prabhása, and is at his command with its servants. And below it there is in Pátála* the mansion of Prabala, and in it there are his twelve head-wives beautifully adorned, and various jewels, and many kinds of weapons, and a wishing-stone, and a hundred thousand warriors, and also horses. This all belongs to Prabhása, and was acquired by him in a former life. Such a hero is Prabhása; in him nothing is wonderful." When they heard this from the hermit's son, Súryaprabha and his followers, with Maya and Prabhása, went immediately to that cavern belonging to Prabhása, that led down to Pátála, for the purpose of securing the jewels. Prabhása alone went in by that entrance, and secured his former wives, and the wishing-stone, and the horses, and the Asura warriors, and coming out again with all his wealth, he gave great satisfaction to Súryaprabha. Then that Súryaprabha, having quickly obtained what he wished, returned to his own camp with Maya and Sunítha and Prabhása, followed by Sumeru and the other kings and the ministers. There, after the Asuras and kings and others had gone to their own quarters, he again was consecrated for the fight, restraining his passions, and spent the rest of the night on a bed of *kuśa* grass.

CHAPTER XLVII.

Early the next morning, Súryaprabha set out from the hermitage of Sumeru with his forces to conquer S'rutaśarman. And arriving near the

human victims are not available, an effigy of a human being should be sacrificed to her. Of the sacrifices to Chaṇḍiká we have enough and to spare in the Kathá Sarit Ságara. Strange to say, it appears that human sacrifices were offered in Greece on Mount Lykaion in Arcadia even in the time of Pausanias. Dim traditions with respect to the custom are still found among the inhabitants of that region, (Bernhard Schmidt, Griechische Märchen, p. 27).

* Cp. chapter 45. In chapter 73 will be found another instance of a "rifted rock whose entrance leads to hell." Cp. the Hercules Furens of Seneca, v. 662 & ff.

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mountain of Trikúṭa his dwelling-place, he encamped, driving away the enemies' army with his own force, which was established there. And while he was encamped there with Sumeru, Maya, and others, and was in the hall of council, an ambassador came from the lord of Trikúṭa. And when he came, he said to Sumeru the Vidyádhara prince; "The king, the father of S'rutaśarman, sends you this message. 'We have never entertained you, as you were far off; now you have arrived in our territory with guests, so now we will shew you appropriate hospitality.'" When Sumeru heard this scoffingly ambiguous message, he said in answer: "Bravo! you will not get another guest such a fit object of hospitality as we are. Hospitality will not bear its fruit in the next world, its fruit is in this. So here we are, entertain us." When Sumeru said this, the ambassador returned to his master as he came.

Then Súryaprabha and the others, established upon an elevated place, surveyed their armies encamped separately. Then Sunítha said to his father-in-law the Asura Maya: "Explain to me the arrangement of the warriors in our army." Then that all-knowing prince of the Dánavas said, "I will do so, listen;" and pointing them out with his finger, he began to say—"These kings Subáhu, Nirgháta, Mushṭika, and Gohara, and Pralamba, and Pramátha, and Kankaṭa, and Pingala, and Vasudatta and others, are considered half-power warriors.* And Ankurin, and Suviśála, and Daṇḍin, and Bhúshaṇa, and Somila, and Unmattaka, and Devaśarman, and Pitṛiśarman, and Kumáraka, and Haridatta and others are all full-power warriors. And Prakampana, and Darpita, and Kumbhíra, and Mátṛipálita, and Mahábhaṭa, and Vírasvámin, and Surádhara, and Bháṇḍíra, and Sinhadatta and Guṇavarman, with Kíṭaka and Bhíma and Bhayankara, these are all warriors of double power. And Virochana, and Vírasena, and Yajnasena, and Khujjara, and Indravarman, and S'evaraka, and Krúrakarman, and Nirásaka, these princes are of triple power, my son. And Suśarman, and Báhuśálin, and Viśákha, and Krodhana, and Prachaṇḍa,—these princes are warriors of fourfold power. And Junjarin, and Víraśarman, and Pravíravara, and Supratijna and Maráráma, and Chaṇḍadanta, and Jálika, and the three, Sinhabhaṭa, Vyághrabhaṭa, and S'atrubhaṭa, these kings and princes are warriors of fivefold power. But this prince Ugravarman is a warrior of sixfold power. And the prince Viśoka, and Sutantu, and Sugama, and Narendraśarman are considered warriors of sevenfold power. And this king Sahasráyu is a great warrior. But this S'atáníka is lord of a host of great warriors. And Subhása, Harsha, and Vimala, the companions of Súryaprabha, Mahábuddhi and Achalabuddhi, Priyankara and S'ubhan-

* For a parallel to the absurdities that follow, see Campbell's West Highland Tales, p. 202.

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kara are great warriors, as also Yajnaruchi and Dharmaruchi. But Viśvaruchi, and Bhása, and Siddhártha, these three ministers of Súryaprabha, are chiefs of hosts of great warriors. And his ministers Prahasta and Mahártha are leaders of hosts of transcendent warriors. And Prajnádhya and Sthirabuddhi are leaders of hosts of hosts of warriors; and the Dánava Sarvadamana, and Pramathana here, and Dhúmaketu, and Pravahana, and Vajrapanjara, and Kálachakra, and Marudvega are leaders of warriors and transcendent warriors. Prakampana and Sinhanáda are leaders of hosts of leaders of hosts of warriors. And Mahámáya, and Kámbalika, and Kálakampana here, and Prahṛishtaroman, these four lords of the Asuras, are kings over chiefs of hosts of transcendent warriors. And this Prabhása, the general of the army, who is equal to Súryaprabha, and this son of Sumeru, Kunjarakumára, these two are leaders of hosts of chiefs of hosts of great warriors. Such heroes are there in our army, and others besides, girt with their followers. There are more in the hostile army, but S'iva being well disposed towards us, they will not be able to resist our host.

While the Asura Maya was saying this to Sunítha, another ambassador came from the father of S'rutaśarman, and said thus to him; "The king of Trikúta sends this message to you; 'This is a great feast for heroes—the feast, which goes by the name of battle. This ground is narrow for it, therefore let us leave it, and go to a place named Kalápagráma, where there is a wide space.'" When Sunítha and the other chiefs with their soldiers heard this, they agreed, and all of them went with Súryaprabha to Kalápagráma. And S'rutaśarman and his partizans also, eager for battle, went to that same place, surrounded with the hosts of the Vidyádharas. When Súryaprabha and his chiefs saw elephants in the army of S'rutaśarman, they summoned their contingent of elephants, which was conveyed in the chariot that flew through the air. Then Dámodara, that excellent Vidyádhara, drew up his army in the form of a large needle; S'rutaśarman himself took up his position on the flank with his ministers, and Dámodara was in front, and other great warriors in other places. And Prabhása, the leader of Súryaprabha's army, arranged it in the form of a crescent; he himself was in the centre, and Kunjarakumára and Prahasta at the two horns; and Súryaprabha, and Sunítha and the other chiefs, all remained in the rear. And Sumeru with Suvásakumára stood near him. Thereupon the war-drums were beaten in both armies.

And in the meanwhile the heaven was filled with the gods, come to see the battle, together with Indra, and the Lokapálas, and the Apsarases. And S'iva, the lord of all, came there with Párvatí, followed by deities, and the Gaṇas, and demons, and the mothers.* And holy Brahmá came accom-

* The personified energies of the principal deities, closely connected with the

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panied by the Vedas incarnate in bodily form, beginning with the Gáyatrí, and the S'ástras and all the great Ṛishis. And the god Vishṇu came, riding on the king of birds, bearing his weapon the discus, accompanied by goddesses, of whom the goddesses of Fortune, Glory, and Victory were the chief. And Kaśyapa came with his wives, and the Á́dityas and the Vasus, and the chiefs of the Yakshas, Rákshasas and snakes, and also the Asuras with Prahláda at their head. The sky was obscured with them, and the battle of those two armies began, terrible with the clashing of weapons, accompanied with loud shouts. The whole heaven was darkened by the dense cloud of arrows, through which the flashes, made by the arrows striking against one another, played like lightning, and rivers of blood flowed, swollen with the gore of many elephants and horses wounded with weapons, in which the bodies of heroes moved like alligators. That battle gave great delight to heroes, jackals, and goblins, that danced, waded, and shouted in blood.

When the confused *mêlée*, in which countless soldiers fell, had abated, Súryaprabha, and the other chiefs, gradually began to perceive the distinction between their own army and that of the enemy, and heard in order from Sumeru the names and lineage of the chiefs fighting in front of the enemies' host. Then first took place a single combat between king Subáhu and a chief of the Vidyádharas, named Aṭṭahása. Subáhu fought a long time, until Aṭṭahása, after riddling him with arrows, cut off his head with a crescent-headed shaft. When Mushṭika saw that Subáhu was slain, he rushed forward in wrath; he too fell smitten by Aṭṭahása with an arrow in the heart. When Mushṭika was slain, a king named Pralamba in wrath rushed on, and attacked Aṭṭahása with showers of arrows, but Aṭṭahása slew his retainers, and striking the hero Pralamba with an arrow in a mortal place, laid him low on the seat of his chariot. A king named Mohana, when he saw Pralamba dead, engaged with Aṭṭahása and smote him with arrows. Then Aṭṭahása cut his bow and slew his charioteer, and laid him low, slain with a terrific blow. When the host of S'rutaśarman saw that the dexterous Aṭṭahása had slain those four warriors, expecting the victory, they shouted for joy. When Harsha, the companion of Súryaprabha, saw that, he was wroth, and with his followers attacked Aṭṭahása and his followers; and with shafts he repelled his shafts, and he slew his followers, and killed his charioteer, and two or three times cut his bow and his banner, and at last he cleft asunder his head with his arrows, so that he fell from his chariot on the earth, pouring forth a stream of blood. When Aṭṭahása was slain, there was such a panic in the battle, that in a moment

worship of the god S'iva. Professor Jacobi compares them with the Greek goddesses called μητέρες, to whom there was a temple in the Sicilian town of Engyion. (Indian Antiquary, January 1880.)

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only half the two armies remained. Horses, elephants and footmen fell down there slain, and only the trunks of slaughtered men remained standing in the van of battle.

Then a chief of the Vidyádharas, named Vikṛitadanshṭra, angry at the slaughter of Aṭṭahása, showered arrows upon Harsha. But Harsha repelled his arrows, struck down his chariot-horses, and his banner and his charioteer, and cut off his head with its trembling earrings. But when Vikṛitadanshṭra was killed, a Vidyádhara king, named Chakravála, in wrath attacked Harsha; he slew Harsha still fighting on, though fatigued with combat, after his bow had been frequently cut asunder, and his other weapons damaged. Angry at that, king Pramátha attacked him, and he too was slain by that Chakravála in fight. In the same way four other distinguished kings, who attacked him one by one, were slain one after another by that Chakravála, namely, Kankaṭa, and Viśála, and Prachaṇḍa and Ankurin. When king Nirgháta saw that, he was wroth, and attacked Chakravála, and those two, Chakravála and Nirgháta, fought for a long time, and at last they broke one another's chariots to pieces, and so became infantry soldiers, and the two, rushing furiously together, armed with sword and discus, cleft with sword-strokes one another's heads, and fell dead on the earth. Then the two armies were dispirited, seeing those two warriors dead, but nevertheless a king of the Vidyádharas, named Kálakampana, stepped forward to the front of the fight. And a prince, named Prakampana, attacked him, but he was in a moment struck down by that Kálakampana. When he was struck down, five other warriors attacked Kálakampana, namely Jálika, and Chaṇḍadatta, and Gopaka, and Somila, and Pitṛiśarman; all these let fly arrows at him at the same time. But Kálakampana deprived all five of their chariots, and slew them at the same time, piercing the five with five arrows in the heart. That made the Vidyádharas shout for joy, and the men and Asuras despond. Then four other warriors rushed upon him at the same time, Unmattaka and Praśasta, Vilambaka and Dhurandhara; Kálakampana slew them all easily, in the same way he killed six other warriors that ran towards him, Tejika, and Geyika, and Vegila, and S'ákhila, and Bhadrankara and Daṇḍin, great warriors with many followers. And again he slew five others that met him in fight, Bhíma, Bhíshaṇa, Kumbhíra, Vikaṭa, and Vilochana. And a king, named Sugaṇa, when he saw the havoc that Kálakampana had made in the battle, ran to meet him. Kálakampana fought with him until both had their horses and charioteers killed, and were compelled to abandon their chariots; then Kálakampana, reduced to fight on foot, laid Sugaṇa, who was also fighting on foot, low on the earth with a sword-cut. Then the sun, having beheld that surprising struggle of Vidyádharas with men, went grieved to rest.* Not only did the field of

* For *ávaham* 1 read *áhavam*.

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battle become red, filled with streaming blood, but the heaven also became red, when evening set her foot-prints there. Then the corpses and demons began their evening dance, and both armies, stopping the battle, went to their camps. In the army of S'rutaśarman were slain that day three heroes, but thirty-three distinguished heroes were slain in the army of Súryaprabha.

Then Súryaprabha, grieved at the slaughter of his kinsmen and friends, spent that night apart from his wives. And eager for the fight, he passed that night in various military discussions with his ministers, without going to sleep. And his wives, grieved on account of the slaughter of their relations, met together in one place that night, having come for the sake of mutual condolence. But even on that melancholy occasion they indulged in miscellaneous conversation; there is no occasion on which women are not irrelevant in their talk. In the course of this conversation, one princess said—"It is wonderful! How comes it that to-night our husband has gone to sleep without any of his wives?" Hearing that, another said—"Our husband is to-day grieved on account of the slaughter of his followers in battle, so how can he take any pleasure in the society of women?" Then another said, "If he were to obtain a new beauty, he would that instant forget his grief." Then another said—"Do not say so; although he is devoted to the fair sex, he would not behave in this way on such a sad occasion" While they were thus speaking, one said with wonder; "Tell me why our husband is so devoted to women, that, though he has carried off many wives, he is perpetually marrying new princesses and is never satisfied." One of the wives, a clever woman of the name of Manovatí, said when she heard this,—"Hear why kings have many loves. The good qualities of lovely women are different, varying with their native land, their beauty, their age, their gestures, and their accomplishments, no one woman possesses all good qualities. The women of Karnáṭa, of Láṭa, of Saurásh ṭra and Madhyadeśa, please by the peculiar behaviour of their various countries. Some fair ones captivate by their faces like an autumn moon, others by their breasts full and firm like golden ewers, and others by their limbs, charming from their beauty. One has limbs yellow as gold, another is dark like a *priyangu*, another, being red and white, captivates the eyes as soon as seen. One is of budding beauty, another of full-developed youth, another is agreeable on account of her maturity, and distinguished by increasing coquetry. One looks lovely when smiling, another is charming even in anger, another charms with gait resembling that of an elephant, another with swan-like motion. One, when she prattles, irrigates the ears with nectar; another is naturally beautiful, when she looks at one with graceful contraction of the eyebrows. One charms by dancing, another pleases by singing, and another fair one attracts by being able to play on the lyre and

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other instruments. One is distinguished for good temper, another is remarkable for artfulness; another enjoys good fortune from being able to understand her husband's mind. But, to sum up, others possess other particular merits; so every lovely woman has some peculiar good point, but of all the women in the three worlds none possesses all possible virtues. So kings, having made up their minds to experience all kinds of fascinations, though they have captured many wives for themselves, are for ever seizing new ones.* But the truly noble never, under any circumstances, desire the wives of others. So this is not our husband's fault, and we cannot be jealous." When the head-wives of Súryaprabha, beginning with Madanasená, had been addressed in this style by Manovatí, they made one after another remarks to the same effect. Then, in their merriment, they laid aside all the ties of reserve, and began to tell one another all kinds of secrets. For unfortunately there is nothing which women will not let out, when they are met together in social intercourse, and their minds are interested in the course of the conversation. At last that long conversation of theirs was somehow or other brought to an end, and in course of time the night passed away, during which Súryaprabha was longing to conquer the host of his enemies, for he was alone, intently waiting for the time when the darkness should depart.†

CHAPTER XLVIII.

The next morning, Súryaprabha and his party, and S'rutaśarman and his supporters, again went to the field of battle armed, with their forces. And again the gods and Asuras, with Indra, Brahmá, Vishṇu, and Rudra, and with the Yakshas, snakes, and Gandharvas, came to see the fight. Dámodara drew up the troops of S'rutaśarman in the form of a discus, and Prabhása drew up the troops of Súryaprabha in the form of a thunderbolt. Then the battle of those two armies went on, deafening the horizon with drums and the shouts of champions, and the sun hid himself in flights of arrows, as if out of fear that the warriors smitten with weapons would certainly pierce his disk. Then Prabhása, by command of Súryaprabha, broke the discus-arrangement of the enemy's host, hard for another to

* *Labdhakakshyáḥ* is probably a misprint for *baddhakakshyáḥ*.

† I read *abhikánkshá* for *abhikánksho* which is found in Brockhaus's text. This is supported by a MS. in the Sanskṛit College.

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break, and entered alone. And Dámodara himself came and defended that opening in the line, and Prabhása fought against him unaided. And Súryaprabha, seeing that he had entered alone, sent fifteen great warriors to follow him, Prakampana, and Dhúmraketu, and Kálakampana, and Mahámáya, and Marudvega, and Prahasta, and Vajrapanjara, and Kálachakra, and Pramathana, and Sinhanáda, and Kambala, and Vikaṭáksha, and Pravahana, and Kunjarakumáraka, and Prahṛishtaroman the heroic Asura prince: all those great warriors rushed forward to the opening in the line; then Dámodara exhibited his wonderful heroism, in that alone he fought with those fifteen.

When Indra saw that, he said to the hermit Nárada, who was at his side, "Súryaprabha and the others of his party are incarnations of Asuras, but Śrutaśarman is a portion of me, and all these Vidyádharas are portions of the gods, so observe, hermit, this is a disguised fight between the gods and Asuras. And observe, in it Vishṇu is, as ever, the ally of the gods, for Dámodara, who is a portion of him, is fighting here.

While Indra was saying this, fourteen great warriors came to assist the general Dámodara,—Brahmagupta and Váyubala, and Yamadanshṭra, and Suroshaṇa, and Roshávaroha, and Atibala, and Tejaḥprabha, and Dhurandhara, and Kuveradatta, and Varuṇaśarman, and Kambalika, and the hero Dushṭadamana, and Dohana and Árohaṇa. And those fifteen heroes, joined with Dámodara, fighting in front of the line, kept off the followers of Súryaprabha. Then single combats took place between them; Prakampana carried on a missile fight with Dámodara, and Dhúmraketu fought with Brahmagupta, and Mahámáya fought with Atibala, the Dánava Kálakampana fought with Tejaḥprabha, and the great Asura Marudvega with Váyubala, and Vajrapanjara fought with Yamadanshṭra, and the heroic Asura Kálachakra with Suroshaṇa; Pramathana fought with Kuveradatta, and the king of the Daityas, named Sinhanáda, with Varuṇaśarman. Pravahana fought with Dushṭadamana, and the Dánava Prahṛishtaroman fought with Roshávaroha; and Vikaṭáksha fought with Dhurandhara, Kambalika fought with Kambalika, and Kunjarakumáraka with Árohaṇa, and Prahasta with Dohana, who was also called Mahotpáta.

When these pairs of warriors were thus fighting in the front of the line, Sunítha said to Maya, "Alas! observe, our heroic warriors, though skilled in the use of many weapons, have been prevented by these antagonists from entering the enemies' line; but Prabhása entered before recklessly alone, so we do not know what will become of him there. When Suvásakumára heard this, he said, "All the gods, Asuras, and men in the three worlds are not a match for this Prabhása unaided, much less then are these Vidyádharas. So why do you fear without reason, though you know this well enough?"

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While the hermit's son was saying this, the Vidyádhara Kálakampana came to meet Prabhása in fight. Then Prabhása said to him, "Ha! Ha! you have rendered me a great service, so let me now see your valour here." Saying this, Prabhása let fly at him a succession of arrows, and Kálakampana in return showered sharp arrows upon him. Then that Vidyádhara and that man fought together with arrows and answering arrows, making the worlds astonished. Then Prabhása with a sharp arrow struck down the banner of Kálakampana, with a second he killed his charioteer, with four more his four horses, and with one more he cut his bow in half, with two more he cut off his hands, with two more his arms, and with two more his two ears, and with one sharp-edged arrow he cut off the head of his foe, and thus displayed wonderful dexterity. Thus Prabhása, as it were, chastised Kálakampana, being angry with him because he had slain so many heroes in his own army. And the men and Asuras, when they saw that Vidyádhara chief slain, raised a shout, and the Vidyádharas immediately proclaimed their despondency.*

Then a king of the Vidyádharas, named Vidyutprabha, lord of the hill of Kálanjara, in wrath attacked Prabhása. When he was fighting with Prabhása, Prabhása first cut asunder his banner, and then kept cutting his bows in two, as fast as he took them up. Then the Vidyádhara, being ashamed, by his delusive power flew up invisible into the sky, and rained swords, clubs, and other weapons upon Prabhása. Prabhása, for his part, swept away his succession of missiles with others, and by the illuminating weapon made that Asura manifest, and then employing the weapon of fire, he burned up Vidyutprabha with its blaze, and bringing him down from the heaven, laid him dead on the earth.

When S'rutaśarman saw this, he said to his warriors, "Observe, this man has slain two chiefs of hosts of great warriors. Now why do you put up with it? Join together and slay him." When they heard that, eight warriors in anger surrounded Prabhása. One was a king of the Vidyádharas named Urdhvaroman, a lord of hosts of warriors, dwelling in the great mountain named Vankaṭaka. And the second warrior was a chief of the Vidyádharas named Vikrośana, the king of the rock Dharaṇídhara. And the third was the hero Indramálin, a prince of the Vidyádharas, lord of a host of distinguished warriors, and his home was the mountain Lílá. And the fourth was an excellent Vidyádhara named king Kákaṇḍaka, a chief of a host of warriors, and his dwelling was in the mountain Malaya. And the fifth was Darpaváha by name, lord of the hill Niketa, and the sixth was Dhúrtavyayana the lord of the mountain Anjana, and both these Vidyádharas were chiefs of excellent warriors. And the seventh one, whose chariot was drawn by asses, was named Varáhasvámin, king of the

* The MS. in the Sanskrit College reads *jagme*.

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mount Kumuda, and he was chief of a host of great warriors. And the eighth warrior was like him, Medhávara king of Dundhubhi. Prabhása repelled the numerous arrows, which these eight came and discharged, and he pierced them all at the same time with arrows. And he slew the horse of one, and of one the charioteer, and he cut in half the banner of one, and he cleft the bow of another. But Medhávara he struck at the same time with four arrows in the heart, and at once laid him dead on the earth. And then he fought with the others, and cut off with an *anjalika** the head of Urdhvaroman with its curled and plaited hair, and of the other six he killed the horses and charioteers, and at last laid themselves low, cutting off their heads with crescent-headed arrows. And then a rain of flowers fell on his head from heaven, encouraging the kings of the Asuras, and discouraging the Vidyádharas. Then four more great warriors, armed with bows, sent by S'rutaśarman, surrounded Prabhása; one was named Kácharaka, the lord of the mountain Kuraṇḍa; the second Diṇḍimálin, whose home was the hill of Panchaka, and the third was Vibhávasu, king of the mountain Jayapura, the fourth was named Dhavala, the ruler of Bhúmituṇḍika. Those excellent Vidyádharas, chiefs of hosts of great warriors, let fly five hundred arrows at the same time at Prabhása. But Prabhása easily disposed of all, one by one, each with eight arrows; with one arrow he cut down the banner, with one cleft the bow, with one he killed the charioteer, with four the horses, and with one more he cut off the head of the warrior, and then shouted triumphantly.

Then another four Vidyádharas, by the order of S'rutaśarman, assembled in fight against Prabhása. The first was named Bhadrankara, dark as the blue water-lily, sprung from Mercury in the house† of Viśvávasu, but the second was Niyantraka like the fire in brightness, sprung from Mars in the house of Jambaka, and the third was called Kálakopa, very black in hue, with tawny hair, sprung from Saturn in the house of Dámodara. And the fourth was Vikramaśakti, like gold in brightness, sprung from the planet Jupiter in the house of the Moon. The three first were lords of hosts of lords of hosts of transcendent warriors, but the fourth was a great hero surpassing the rest in valour. And those haughty chiefs attacked Prabhása with heavenly weapons. Prabhása repelled their weapons with the weapon of Náráyaṇa, and easily cut asunder the bow of each eight times; then he repelled the arrows and clubs which they hurled, and slaying their horses and charioteers, deprived them all of their chariots. When S'rutaśarman saw that, he quickly sent other ten lords of the Vidyádharas,

* Possibly an arrow with a head resembling two hands joined.

† There is probably a pun here. *Kshetra*, besides its astrological sense, means a wife on whom issue is begotten by some kinsman or duly appointed person, as in the Jewish law.

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chiefs of lords of hosts of lords of hosts of warriors, two called Dama and Niyama, who exactly resembled one another in appearance, two sons born to the Aśvins in the house of the lord of Ketumálá, and Vikrama and Sankrama, and Parákrama and Á́krama, and Sammardana and Mardana, and Pramardana and Vimardana, the eight similar sons of the Vasus born in the house of Makaranda. And when they came, the previous assailants mounted other chariots. Wonderful to say, though all those fourteen joined together, and showered arrows on Prabhása, he alone fought with them fearlessly. Then, by the order of Súryaprabha, Kunjarakumára and Prahasta left the *mêlée* and flying up from the front of the line, weapons in hand, white and black in hue, came to the aid of Prabhása, like Ráma and Ḳrishṇa over again. They, though fighting on foot, harassed Dama and Niyama, by cutting asunder their bows and killing their charioteers. When they, in their fear, soared up to heaven, Kunjarakumára and Prahasta soared up also, weapons in hand. When Súryaprabha saw that, he quickly sent them his ministers Mahábuddhi and Achalabuddhi to act as charioteers. Then Prahasta and Kunjarakumára discovered, by employing magic collyrium, those two sons of the Vidyádharas, Dama and Niyama, though they had made themselves invisible by magic power, and riddled them so with showers of arrows that they fled. And Prabhása, fighting with the other twelve, cleft all their bows asunder, though they kept continually taking fresh ones. And Prahasta came and killed at the same time the charioteers of all, and Kunjarakumára slew their horses. Then those twelve together, being deprived of their chariots, and finding themselves smitten by three heroes, fled out of the battle.

Then S'rutaśarman, beside himself with grief, anger and shame, sent two more Vidyádharas, captains of hosts of warriors and distinguished warriors; one was called Chandragupta born in the house of the lord of the great mountain Chandrakula, beautiful as a second moon, and the second was his own minister named Narangama, of great splendour, born in the house of the lord of the mountain Dhurandhara. They also, after discharging a shower of arrows, were in a moment deprived of their chariots by Prabhása and his comrades, and disappeared.

Then the men and Asuras shouted for joy; but thereupon S'rutaśarman came himself, with four great warriors of mighty force, named Mahaugha, Á́rohaṇa, Utpáta and Vetravat, the sons respectively of Tvashṭri,* Bhaga, Aryaman and Púshan, born in the houses of the four

* Tvashṭri is the Vulcan of the Hindus. Bhaga is an Á́ditya regarded in the Vedas as bestowing wealth, and presiding over marriage, his Nakshatra is the Uttara Phálguní. Aryaman is also an Á́ditya; Púshan, originally the sun, is in later times an Á́ditya. The "canopy of arrows" reminds us of the saying of Dieneces, Herodotus, VII. 227, and of Milton, P. L., VI. 666.

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Vidyádhara kings, Chitrapada and others, that ruled over mount Malaya. And S'rutaśarman himself, blinded with furious anger, was the fifth, and they all fought against Prabhása and his two companions. Then the host of arrows, which they shot at one another, seemed like a canopy spread in the sky by the Fortune of war in the full blaze of the sun. Then those other Vidyádharas, who had been deprived of their chariots, and had fled from the battle, came back into the fight.

Then Súryaprabha, seeing many of them assembled in fight, under the leadership of S'rutaśarman, sent other great warriors of his own to support Prabhása and his comrades, his own friends with Prajnáḍhya at their head, and the princes of whom S'atáníka and Vírasena were the chief. They flew through the air, and Súryaprabha sent the other warriors also through the air in the chariot Bhutásana. When all those archers had gone chariot-borne, the other Vidyádhara kings, who were on the side of S'rutaśarman, also came up. Then a fight took place between those Vidyádhara princes on the one side, and Prabhása and his comrades on the other, in which there was a great slaughter of soldiers. And in the single combats between the two hosts, many warriors were slain on both sides, men, Asuras, and Vidyádharas. Vírasena slew Dhúmralochana and his followers; but having been deprived of his chariot, he was in his turn killed by Hariśarman. Then the Vidyádhara hero Hiraṇyáksha was killed by Abhimanyu, but Abhimanyu and Haribhaṭa were slain by Sunetra. And Sunetra was killed by Prabhása, who cut off his head. And Jválámálin and Mahávu killed one another. But Kumbhíraka and Nírasaka fought with their teeth, after their arms were cut off, and so did Kharva and the mighty Suśarman. And the three, S'atrubhata, Vyághra-bhaṭa, and Sinhabhaṭa were slain by Pravahana, the Vidyádhara king. Pravahana was killed by the two warriors Suroha and Viroha, and those two were slain by Sinhabala, the dweller in the cemetery. That very Sinhabala, whose chariot was drawn by ghosts, and Kapilaka, and Chitrápíḍa the Vidyádhara king, and Jagajjvara, and the hero Kántápati, and the mighty Suvarṇa, and the two Vidyádhara kings Kámaghana and Krodhapati, and king Baladeva and Vichitrápíḍa, these ten were slain by the prince S'atáníka. When these heroes had been slain, S'rutaśarman, beholding the slaughter of the Vidyádharas, himself attacked S'atánika in his anger. Then a terrible fight took place between those two, lasting to the close of the day, and causing a great slaughter of soldiers, exciting the wonder even of the gods, and it continued until hundreds of corpses, rising up all round, laid hold of the demons as their partners, when the time arrived for the joyous evening dance. At the close of day the Vidyádharas, depressed at the great slaughter of their army, and grieved at the death of their friends,

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and the men and Asuras having won the victory by sheer force stopped the combat, and went each of them to their own camps.

At that time two Vidyádharas, chiefs of captains of bands of warriors, who had deserted the cause of S'rutaśarman, came, introduced by Sumeru, and said to Súryaprabha, after bowing before him: "We are named Mahá-yána and Sumáya, and this Sinhabala was the third of us; we had obtained magic power by having the rule of a great cemetery, and were unassailable by the other Vidyádharas. While we, such as you have heard, were once taking our ease in a corner of the great cemetery, there came to us a good witch named S'arabhánaná, of great and godlike power, who is always well disposed towards us. We bowed before her and asked her, 'Where have you been, honoured lady, and what have you seen there strange?' She thereupon related this adventure."

Adventure of the witch S'arabhánaná.

'I went with the witches to visit my master, the god Mahákála,* and while I was there, a king of the Vetálas came and reported: "See, O master, the chiefs of the Vidyádharas have killed our commander-in-chief named Agnika, and one named Tejaḥprabha is swiftly carrying off his lovely daughter. But the holy sages have foretold that she shall be the wife of the emperor of the Vidyádharas, so grant us a boon, and have her released before he forcibly carries her off to a distance." When the god heard this speech of the afflicted Vetála, he said to me—"Go and set her free," then I went through the air and came up with the maiden. Tejaḥprabha said, "I am carrying off the girl for our rightful emperor S'rutaśarman," but I paralyzed him by my magic power, and bringing back the maiden, gave her to my master. And he made her over to her own family. I in truth went through this strange adventure. Then I remained there some days, and after taking a reverent farewell of the god I came here.'

"When that witch S'arabhánaná had said this, we said to her—'Tell us, who is to be the future emperor of the Vidyádharas? You in truth know all.' She said—'Súryaprabha will certainly be.' Whereupon Sinhabala said to us—'This is untrue, for have not the gods and Indra girded up their loins to support the cause of S'rutaśarman?' When the noble woman heard that, she said to us—'If you do not believe this, listen; I tell you that soon there will be war between Súryaprabha and S'rutaśarman, and when this Sinhabala shall be slain before your eyes by a man in battle, you will recognise this token, and will know that this speech of mine is true.' When that witch had said this, she departed, and those days passed away, and now we have seen with our own eyes, that in truth this Sinhabala has been slain. Relying upon that, we think that you are indeed appointed emperor of all the Vidyádharas, and submitting ourselves to your rule, we have

* An epithet of S'iva in his character of the destroying deity.

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repaired to your two lotus-like feet." When the Vidyádharas Mahávána and Sumáyaka said this, Súryaprabha, in concert with Maya and the rest, received them into confidence and honoured them, and they rejoiced. When S'rutaśarman heard that, he was in great consternation, but Indra comforted him by a message, sending to him Viśvávasu, and commissioning him to say—"Be of good cheer! To-morrow I will aid thee with all the gods in the van of battle." This he said to him out of love, to comfort him. And Súryaprabha, having been encouraged by beholding the breaking of his enemies' line, and having seen in the front of battle the slaughter of his rival's partisans, again forwent the society of his charmers, and entered his dwelling at night surrounded by his ministers.

CHAPTER XLIX.

Then Súryaprabha, lying on his couch at night, eager for battle, apart from his wives, said to his minister Vítabhíti—"I cannot sleep, so tell me, my friend, some strange story of courage and endurance, to amuse me during the night." When Vítabhíti heard this request of Súryaprabha's, he answered—"I will obey your order," and he told this story.

Story of king Mahásena and his virtuous minister Guṇaś'arman.

There is a city Ujjayiní, the ornament of this earth, full of numberless jewels of pellucid water. In that city there lived a king named Mahásena, beloved by the virtuous, an unequalled treasury of accomplishments, having the beauty both of the sun and moon. He had a wife named Aśokavatí, whom he loved as his life, there was not another woman in the three worlds equal to her in beauty. The king ruled his realm with her for consort, and he had besides a friend, a Bráhman named Guṇaśarman, whom he respected and loved. And that Bráhman was brave and very handsome, and, though young, had thoroughly mastered the lore of the Vedas, and knew the accomplishments, the Sástras, and the use of weapons, and was always in attendance on the king.

And one day, as he was within the palace, a conversation arose about dancing, and the king and queen said to Guṇaśarman, who was in attendance,—"You know everything, there is no doubt about that; so we have a curiosity to see you dancing; if you know how to dance, kindly exhibit your skill." When Guṇaśarman heard this, he said with a smile on his face; "I know how to dance, but dancing is a thing not becoming in the king's court; foolish dancing is generally ridiculous and is censured in the

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S'ástras. And far from me be shame here in the presence of the king and queen." When Guṇaśarman said that, the king answered him, being urged on to it by the queen out of curiosity—"This will not be like a dance on the stage, or in such places, which would make a man feel ashamed, but merely a private display of skill in the society of friends. And at present I am not your king, I am your friend without ceremony, so rest assured that I will not eat to-day, until I have seen your skill in dancing." When the king pressed him in this style, the Bráhman consented to do it. For how can servants refuse the request of an importunate lord? Then that Guṇaśarman danced so skilfully with his body, that the hearts of both the king and queen danced for joy. And, at the end of it, the king gave him a lyre to play upon, and the moment he tested its tones, he said to the king, "This lyre is not in good order, so give me another one, there is a puppy inside this, your Majesty,—I know that by the indications of the twanging of the strings." Saying this, Guṇaśarman let go the lyre from under his arm. Then the king sprinkled it, and unscrewed and examined it, and a puppy came out of it. Then king Mahásena praised Guṇaśarman's omniscience, and was much astonished, and had another lyre brought. He played on that lyre which, like the Ganges that flows in three worlds,* was charming from its swift stream of music,† and purged the ear by its sound. Then in presence of the king, who with his wife looked on astonished, he exhibited in turn his skill in the nobler studies. Then the king said to him, "If you are skilled in fighting, then shew me a specimen of the art of binding the enemy's limbs with your own hands unarmed." The Bráhman answered him—"King, take your weapons and strike at me, that I may shew you a specimen of my skill." Then, as fast as the king took a sword or other weapon and struck at him, Guṇaśarman, by that artifice of fettering the limbs immediately disarmed him with ease, and frequently fettered his hand and body, without receiving a wound. Then the king, seeing that he was capable of aiding him in his political affairs, praised that excellent Bráhman of transcendent ability, and honoured him highly.

But queen Aśokavatí, having beheld again and again the beauty and abilities of that Bráhman, suddenly fell in love with him. She thought to herself, "If I cannot obtain him, of what use is my life to me." Then she artfully said to the king—"Do me a kindness, my husband, and order this Guṇaśarman to teach me to play on the lyre. For when I beheld to-day his skill in playing on the lyre, I took a desperate fancy to the instrument." When the king heard this, he said to Guṇaśarman—"By all means teach

* There are three different styles of music called *tára*, *udára*, and *mudára*. So the word *márga* contains a pun.

† *Ogha* means current and also quick time in music.

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the queen to play on the lyre." Then Guṇaśarman said, "I will do so, my sovereign, we will begin the practising on an auspicious day." Then he took leave of the king and went home. But he put off for many days beginning to teach the queen the lyre, seeing the changed expression of the queen, and afraid of some mischief.

One day he was standing near the king when he was eating, and when the cook was giving him some condiment, he prevented him, saying, "Stop! stop!" The king asked what this meant, then the discreet man said, "This sauce is poisoned, and I detected it by certain indications. For when the cook was giving you the sauce, he looked at my face, trembling with fear, and with an eye that rolled apprehensively. And we can at once find out whether I am right; let this sauce be given to some one to eat, and I will counteract the effect of the poison." When he said this, the king made the cook eat the sauce, and immediately after he had eaten it, he became senseless. Then Guṇaśarman counteracted the effect of the poison on the cook by a spell, and when the king asked the cook the truth of the whole matter, he said this—"King, your enemy king Vikramaśakti, sovereign of Gauḍa, sent me here to give you poison. I introduced myself to your majesty as a foreigner skilful in the culinary art, and entered your kitchen. So to-day I have been discovered by that shrewd man in the act of giving you poison in sauce; your majesty knows what to do now." When the cook said this, the king punished him, and being much pleased, gave Guṇaśarman a thousand villages for saving his life.

And the next day, as the queen kept vigorously pressing him, the king made Guṇaśarman begin to teach her the lyre. Then, while he was teaching her the lyre, the queen Aśokavatí indulged in perpetual coquetry, laughter, and mirth. One day, wounded with the arrow of love, she scratched him with her nails frequently in secret, and said to the chaste Guṇaśarman, who entreated her to desist, "It was yourself that I asked for, handsome man, under the pretext of learning to play the lute, for I am desperately in love with you, so consent to my wishes." When she said this, Guṇaśarman answered her, "Do not talk so, for you are my master's wife, and such a one as I am should not commit such treason, desist from this reckless conduct." When Guṇaśarman said this, the queen continued, "Why do you possess in vain this beauty and skill in accomplishments? How can you look with a passionless eye on me who love you so much?" When Guṇaśarman heard this, he answered sarcastically, "You are right. What is the use of that beauty and skill, which is not tarnished with infamy by seducing the wife of another, and which does not in this world and the next cause one to fall into the ocean of hell?" When he said this, the queen said to him, pretending to be angry, "I am determined to die, if you do not do what I say, so being despised by you, I will slay

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you before I die." Then Guṇaśarman said, "By all means let it be so. For it is better to live for one moment, bound by the bonds of righteousness, than to live unrighteously for hundreds of crores of *kalpas*. And it is far preferable for me to die without reproach, having done no wrong, than for me to have done wrong, and to be put to death by the king, with reproach attaching to my name." When the queen heard that, she went on to say to him—"Do not commit treason against yourself, and me; listen, I will tell you something. The king does not neglect to do what I tell him, even if it is impossible; so I will ask him and get territories given to you, and I will have all your servants made barons, so you will become a king, for you are distinguished for good qualities. So what have you to fear? Who can overpower you and how? So grant my wishes fearlessly, otherwise you will not live." When the king's wife said this, seeing that she was determined, Guṇaśarman said to her artfully, in order to put her off for a moment,—"If you are persistently set on this, then I will obey your command, but it will not be advisable to do so immediately, for fear it should get abroad; wait for some days; believe that what I say is true; what object have I in incurring your enmity which would ensure my destruction?" Thus Guṇaśarman comforted her with that hope, and agreed to her request, and then departed with heart lightened.

Then, in the course of some days, king Mahásena went and surrounded king Somaka in his treasure-city. And when the king of Gauḍa, Vikramaśakti, knew that he had arrived there, he went and surrounded king Mahásena; then king Mahásena said to Guṇaśarman—"While we are occupied in besieging one enemy we are besieged by another, so now how are we to fight with two enemies, as we are unequal in force? And how long, being brave men, can we remain without fighting a battle? So what are we to do in this difficulty?" When Guṇaśarman, who was at the side of the king, was asked this question, he answered—"Be of good courage, my sovereign; I will devise a stratagem that will enable us to get out of this situation, difficult as it is. He comforted the king with these words, and put on his eyes an ointment that rendered him invisible, and at night went, without any one seeing him, to the camp of Vikramaśakti. And he entered into his presence, and woke him up while asleep, and said, "Know, O king, that I am come a messenger from the gods. Make peace with king Mahásena and depart quickly, otherwise you will certainly be destroyed here with your army. And if you send an ambassador, he will agree to your proposals of peace; I have been sent by the holy Vishṇu to tell you this. For you are a votary of his, and he watches over the safety of his votaries." When king Vikramaśakti heard this, he thought, "Certainly this is true, if he were any other, how could he enter this carefully guarded tent? This is not what a mere mortal could accomplish." When the king had

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gone through these reflections, he said—"I am fortunate in receiving such a command from the god, I will do what he bids me." When the king said that, Guṇaśarman disappeared by the help of his magic collyrium, thus confirming the king's confidence in him, and went away. And he came and told king Mahásena what he had done; he threw his arms round his neck, and hailed him as the preserver of his life and throne. And the next morning Vikramaśakti sent an ambassador to Mahásena, and after making peace with him, returned home with his army. But Mahásena conquered Somaka, and having obtained elephants and horses, returned to Ujjayiní a victor, thanks to Guṇaśarman. And while he was there, Guṇaśarman saved him from a crocodile while bathing in the river, and from the poison of a snake-bite while in his garden.

Then, after some days had passed, king Mahásena, having got together an army, went to attack his enemy Vikramaśakti. And that king, as soon as he heard of his approach, marched out to meet him in fight, and a great battle took place between the two. And in the course of it, the two kings met in single combat, and disabled one another's chariots. Then, in their fury, they rushed forward sword in hand, and king Mahásena through carelessness stumbled and fell on the earth. Then the king Vikramaśakti tried to strike him on the ground, but Guṇaśarman cut off his arm with a discus, sword and all, and striking him again in the heart with an iron mace laid him low. And king Mahásena rose up, and was pleased when he saw his enemy dead, and said repeatedly to Guṇaśarman—"What am I to say? This is the fifth time that you have saved my life, heroic Bráhman." Then Mahásena conquered the army and kingdom of Vikramaśakti, who had been slain by Guṇaśarman, and after overcoming other kings by the aid of Guṇaśarman, he returned to Ujjayiní and dwelt there in happiness.

But queen Aśokavatí did not cease from importunately soliciting Guṇaśarman day and night. But he would never consent to that crime; good men prefer death to immodest conduct. Then Aśokavatí, finding out that he was resolved, one day out of enmity to him affected to be unhappy, and remained with tearful countenance. Then Mahásena, coming in, and seeing her in that condition, said—"What is this, my beloved? Who has offended you? Tell me the name of the man whose life and property I am to take by way of punishment?" Then the unforgiving queen said with affected reluctance to the king, who had thus addressed her, "You have no power to punish the man who has injured me; he is not a man you can chastise, so what is the good of revealing the injury to no purpose?" When she said this, the king pressed her, and she said deceitfully—"My husband, if you are very anxious to know, listen, I will tell you. Guṇaśarman, who pretends to be a loyal servant,* made an agreement

* *Chhaláhataḥ* is a mistake for *chhaládṛitaḥ*. See Böhtlingk and Roth, (s. v. *han* with *á*). The MS. in the Sanskṛit College has *chhaládataḥ*.

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with the king of Gauḍa, and in order to get money from him, undertook to do you an injury. The wicked Bráhman secretly sent his confidential messenger to Gauḍa, to make the king hand over treasure and so on. Then a confidential servant, seeing the king despondent, said to him—'I will manage this affair for you, do not waste your wealth.' When the king of Gauḍa heard this, he had that messenger of Guṇaśarman's cast into prison,*————

* * * *

and the cook who was to administer the poison came here, carefully keeping the secret. In the meanwhile Guṇaśarman's messenger escaped from prison, and came here to him. And he, knowing the whole story, revealed it all, and pointed out to Guṇaśarman† that cook, who had entered into our kitchen. Then that scoundrelly Bráhman detected the cook in the act of administering the poison, and denounced him to you, and so had him put to death. Then the mother and the wife and the younger brother of that cook came here to find out what had become of him, and the sagacious Guṇaśarman, finding it out, put to death his wife and mother, but his brother escaped somehow or other and entered my palace. While he was imploring my protection and telling me the whole story, Guṇaśarman entered my apartment. When the brother of that cook saw Guṇaśarman and heard his name, he went out and fled from my presence, whither I know not. Guṇaśarman, for his part, when he saw him who had been previously pointed out to him by his servants, was abashed and seemed to be thinking over something. And I, wanting to know what it was, said to him in private, 'Guṇaśarman, why do you seem to be altered to-day?' And he, being anxious to win me over to his side, as he was afraid of the matter being revealed, said to me—'Queen, I am consumed with passion for you, so consent to my wishes, otherwise I cannot live; bestow on me life as a Bráhman's fee.' When he had said this, as the room was empty, he fell at my feet. Then I drew away my foot and rose up in bewilderment, and he, rising up, embraced me, a weak woman, by force. And my maid Pallaviká came in at that very moment. The instant he saw her, he fled out alarmed. If Pallaviká had not come in, the villain would certainly have outraged me.‡ This is the injury he has done me to-day." When the queen had told this false tale, she stopped and wept. For in the beginning wicked women sprang from Lying Speech. And the moment the king heard it, he was all on fire with anger, for

* Here Brockhaus makes a hiatus.

† I read *Guṇaśarmanaḥ* or *Guṇaśarmane*.

‡ The old story of Hippolyte, the wife of Acastus, (the "Magnessa Hippolyte" of Horace,) and Peleus, of Antea and Bellerophon, of Phædra and Hippolytus, of Fausta and Crispus. See also the beginning of the Seven Wise Masters, Simrock's Deutsche Volksbücher, Vol. XII, pp. 128, 129.

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reliance upon the words of women destroys the discrimination even of the great. And he said to his dear wife, "Be comforted, fair one, I will certainly punish that traitor with death. But he must be slain by artifice, otherwise we might be disgraced, for it is well known that five times he has saved my life. And we must not proclaim abroad his crime of offering violence to you." When the king said this to the queen, she answered—"If that crime may not be published, may that other one of his be published, that out of friendship for the king of Gauḍa he attempted treason against his master?" When she said this, he answered—"You are quite right"—and so king Mahásena went to his hall of audience.

Then all the kings, and princes, and barons came to visit the king. And in the meanwhile Guṇaśarman left his house to go to court, and on the way he saw many unfavourable omens. There was a crow on his left hand, a dog ran from the left to the right, a snake appeared on his right, and his left arm and shoulder throbbed.* He thought to himself, "These evil omens indicate calamity to me without doubt, so whatever happens to me, I hope no misfortune may befall the king my master." With these thoughts he entered the hall of audience, and prayed loyally that nothing untoward might befall the palace. But when he bowed and took his seat, the king did not salute him as before, but looked askance at him with an eye glowing with anger. And when Guṇaśarman was alarmed as to what it might mean, the king rose up from the seat of justice, and sat at his side, and said to the astonished courtiers, "Hear what Guṇaśarman has done to me;† then Guṇaśarman said—"I am a servant, you are my master, so how can our suit be equal, ascend your seat of judgment, and afterwards give what order you like." When the resolute man said this, the king, by the advice of the other ministers, ascended the seat of judgment, and said again to his courtiers—"You know, that I made this Guṇaśarman equal to myself, preferring him to my hereditary ministers. Now hear what treason he attempted to commit against me, after making an agreement with the king of Gauḍa by sending messengers to and fro." After saying this, the king related to them all the fictitious account of the matter which Aśokavatí had given

* Cp. the English superstitions with regard to the raven, crow and magpie (Henderson's Folk-lore of the Northern Counties, pp. 95 and 96, Hunt's Romances and Drolls of the West of England, p. 429, Thiselton Dyer, English Folk-lore, pp. 80 and 81). See also Horace, Odes, III, 27. In Europe the throbbing or tingling of the left ear indicates calamity, (Liebrecht, zur Volkskunde, p. 327, Hunt's Romances and Drolls of the West of England, p. 430, Thiselton Dyer, English Folk-lore, p. 279).

† The Sanskṛit College MS. reads *nyáyam* for *práptam* "hear my suit against Guṇaśarman." This makes a far better sense.

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him. And the king also told to his confidential ministers, after dismissing the crowd, the lying tale of an attempt to outrage her, which she had told against Guṇaśarman. Then Guṇaśarman said—"King, who told you such a falsehood, who painted this aerial picture?" When the king heard that, he said, "Villain, if it is not true, how did you know that the poison was in the dish of rice?" When Guṇaśarman said—"Everything is known by wisdom," the other ministers, out of hatred to him, said, "That is impossible." Then Guṇaśarman said, "King, you have no right to speak thus without enquiring into the truth of the matter, and a king devoid of discrimination is not approved of by those who understand policy." When he repeated this over and over again, the king exclaimed that he was an insolent wretch, and aimed a sword-cut at him. But he avoided that blow by employing his trick of fence, and then the other followers of the king struck at him. And he eluded their swords by his artifices of fence, and baffled the exertions of them all. And he fettered them, binding them with one another's hair, shewing wonderful skill in the employment of his trick of disarming. And he made his way out by force from that hall of assembly of the king, and he killed about a hundred warriors, who pursued him. Then he put on his eyes that ointment serving to render him invisible, which he had in the corner of his garment, and immediately left that country without being seen. And he made towards the Dekhan, and as he was going along, he thus reflected on the way: "Surely that foolish king was set on by that Aśokavatí. Alas! women whose love is slighted are worse than poison! Alas! kings who do not investigate the truth are not to be served by the good!" While engaged in such reflections, Guṇaśarman came at last to a village, there he saw a worthy Bráhman under a banyan-tree teaching his pupils. He went up to him and hailed him. And the Bráhman, after welcoming him, immediately asked him, "O Bráhman, what recension of the Vedas do you recite, tell me." Then Guṇaśarman answered that Bráhman,—"Bráhman, I recite twelve recensions, two of the Sámaveda, two of the Ṛigveda, seven of the Yajurveda, and one of the Atharvaveda." Then the Bráhman said—"You must be a god," and he went on to say to Guṇaśarman, whose shape revealed his excellence; "Tell me, what country and what family did you adorn by being born in them? What is your name and how did you learn so much?" When Guṇaśarman heard this, he said to him:

Story of Ádityaśarman the father of Guṇaśarman.

In the city of Ujjayiní there was a Bráhman's son named Ádityaśarman, and when he was a child, his father died, and his mother entered the fire with her husband. Then Ádityaśarman grew up in that city, in his uncle's house, reading the Vedas, and the books of knowledge, and also the treatises on accomplishments. And after he had acquired knowledge, and

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was engaged in a vow of muttering prayers, he struck up a friendship with a certain wandering hermit. That wandering hermit went with his friend Ádityaśarman, and performed a sacrifice in a cemetery to get a Yakshiṇí into his power. Then a heavenly maiden, beautifully adorned, appeared to him in a chariot of gold, surrounded with beautiful maidens. She said to him in a sweet voice, "Mendicant, I am a Yakshí named Vidyunmálá, and these others are Yakshiṇís. Take a suitable wife from my following according to your pleasure. So much have you obtained by your employment of spells; you have not discovered the perfect spell for obtaining me; so, as I am obtained by that only, do not take any further trouble to no purpose." When the Yakshí said this to him, the mendicant consented, and chose one Yakshiṇí from her retinue. Then Vidyunmálá disappeared, and Ádityaśarman asked that Yakshiṇí, whom the hermit had obtained, "Is there any Yakshiṇí superior to Vidyunmálá?" When the Yakshiṇí heard that, she answered, "Yes, handsome man, there is. Vidyunmála, Chandralekhá, and Sulochaná the third, are the best among the Yakshiṇís, and among these Sulochaná." After saying that, the Yakshiṇí departed, to return at the appointed time; and the mendicant went with Ádityaśarman to his house. There the loving Yakshiṇí every day visited the hermit at the appointed time, and granted him all that he desired. One day Ádityaśarman asked her this question by the mouth of that mendicant: "Who knows the proper spell for attracting Sulochaná?" And the Yakshiṇí sent him this message by the mouth of the mendicant—"There is a place called Jambuvana in the south. There is a mendicant there, named Vishṇugupta, who has made his dwelling on the banks of the Veṇí; he is the best of Buddhist mendicants, and knows the spell at full length." When Ádityaśarman learned this from the Yakshiṇí, he went in all eagerness to that country, followed by the mendicant out of love. There he duly searched for the Buddhist mendicant, and after he had approached him, he served him devotedly for three years, and waited upon him continually. And by the help of that Yakshiṇí, who was at the beck and call of the first mendicant, his friend, he provided him with heavenly luxuries, ministered seasonably. Then that Buddhist mendicant, being pleased, gave to that Ádityaśarman the spell for obtaining Sulochaná, which he desired, together with the prescribed rites to accompany it. Then Ádityaśarman, having obtained that spell, and having duly employed it, went into a solitary place and performed there the final sacrifice according to the prescribed ritual, leaving no ceremony out. Then the Yakshiṇí Sulochaná appeared to him in an air-chariot, with world-enchanting beauty, and said to him, "Come! come! I have been won by you, but you must not make me your wife for six months, great hero, if you wish to have by me a son, who will be a favourite of fortune, marked with auspicious marks, all-knowing and invin-

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cible." When she said this, Ádityaśarman consented, and she took him off in her chariot to Alaká. And Ádityaśarman remained there, looking at her ever near him, with his suspense and doubts at an end, and performed for six months a vow as difficult as standing on the edge of a sword. Then the god of wealth, being pleased, himself gave that Sulochaná to Ádityaśarman according to a heavenly ritual. I was born as that Bráhman's son by her, and I was named Guṇaśarman by my father on account of my good qualities. Then in that very place I learned in succession the Vedas, the sciences, and the accomplishments, from a prince of the Yakshas named Maṇidara.

Then, once upon a time, it happened that Indra came to the god of wealth, and all who sat there rose up when they saw him. But as Fate would have it, Ádityaśarman my father was at that time thinking of something else, and did not rise up in a hurry. Then Indra, being angry, cursed him, and said—"Out, fool! go to your own world of mortals, you are out of place here." Then Sulochaná fell at his feet, and propitiated him, and Indra answered, "Then let him not go to the world of mortals himself, but let this son of his go, for one's son is said to be a second self. Let not my word have been spoken in vain." When Indra had said so much, he was satisfied. Then my father took me and deposited me in my uncle's house in Ujjayiní. For what is ordained to be a man's lot must be. There, as it happened, I struck up a friendship with the king of that place. And listen, I will tell you what happened to me there afterwards.

After saying this, he described to him what happened from the very beginning, and what Aśokavatí did, and what the king did, ending up with his flight. And he went on to say to him—"Bráhman, thus I have fled away to go to a foreign land, and on my way, as I was journeying along, I have seen you." When the Bráhman heard that, he said to Guṇaśarman—"And thus I have become fortunate by your visit, my lord. So now come to my house, and know that I am Agnidatta by name, and this village is my grant from the king; be at ease here." After saying this, Agnidatta made Guṇaśarman enter his splendid mansion, in which were many cows, buffaloes, and horses. There he honoured that guest with bath and unguents, and robes and ornaments, and with various kinds of food. And he shewed him his daughter, Sundarí by name, whose beauty was to be desired even by the gods, on the pretence of getting him to inspect her marks. And Guṇaśarman, for his part, seeing that she was unsurpassed in beauty, said "She will have rival wives. She has a mole on her nose, and consequently I assert that she must have a second one on her breast; and men say that such is the result of spots in these two localities." When he said this, her brother, by command of her father, uncovered her breast, and beheld there a mole.

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Then Agnidatta said in astonishment to Guṇaśarman, "You are all-knowing, but these moles of hers portend good fortune to us. For wives generally have many rivals when the husband is fortunate, a poor* man would find it difficult to support one, much more to support many." When Guṇaśarman heard this, he answered him—"It is as you say; how could ill fortune befall a shape with such auspicious marks?" When he had said this, Agnidatta took occasion to ask him concerning the meaning of moles and other marks; and he told him what moles and other marks portended on every single limb, both in men and women.†

Then Sundarí, the moment she beheld Guṇaśarman, longed eagerly to drink him in with her eyes, as the female partridge longs to drink the moon. Then Agnidatta said in private to Guṇaśarman, "Illustrious one, I give you this my daughter Sundarí. Do not go to a foreign land, remain at ease in my house." When Guṇaśarman heard this speech of his, he said to him—"True, I should be happy enough to do so, but as I have been on a false charge scorched with the fire of the king's contempt, it does not please me. A lovely woman, the rising of the moon, and the fifth note of a lute, these delight the happy but afflict the miserable. And a wife, who falls in love of her own accord with a man, is sure to be chaste, but if she is given away by her father against her will, she will be like Aśokavatí. Moreover, the city of Ujjayiní is near to this place, so the king may perhaps hear of my whereabouts and oppress me. So I will wander round to holy places, and will wash off the stains of sin contracted ever since my birth, and will abandon this body, then I shall be at rest." When he said this, Agnidatta answered him, smiling, "If even you show so much infatuation, what are we to expect from others? What annoyance can you, a man of pure character, derive from the contempt of a fool?

* *Daridryo* is probably a misprint for *daridro*.

† Cp. Thiselton Dyer's English Folk-lore, p. 280. He remarks: "A belief was formerly current throughout the country in the significance of moles on the human body. When one of these appeared on the upper side of the right temple above the eye, to a woman it signified good and happy fortune by marriage. This superstition was especially believed in in Nottinghamshire, as we learn from the following lines, which, says Mr. Briscoe, (author of 'Nottinghamshire Facts and Fictions') were often repeated by a poor girl at Bunny:—

'I have a mole above my right eye,
And shall be a lady before I die.
As things may happen, as things may fall
Who knows but that I may be Lady of Bunny Hall?'

The poor girl's hopes, it is stated, were ultimately realized, and she became 'Lady of Bunny Hall.'

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Mud thrown at the heaven falls upon the head of the thrower. The king will soon reap the fruit of his want of discrimination, for Fortune does not long wait upon a man blind with infatuation and wanting in discrimination. Besides, if you are disgusted with women from your experience of Aśokavatí, do you not feel respect for them on beholding a good woman, for you know signs? And even though Ujjayiní be near to this place where you now are, I will take steps to prevent any one's knowing that you are here. But if you desire to make a pilgrimage to sacred places, then I say—that is approved by the wise only for a man, who cannot, according to the scriptures, attain happiness by performing the actions enjoined by the Vedas; but he who can acquire merit by offerings to the gods, to the manes of deceased ancestors, and to the fire, by vows, and muttering prayers, what is the use of his wandering about on pilgrimages? A pilgrim whose pillow is his arm, who sleeps upon the ground, and lives on alms, and drinks only water, is not free from cares, even though he has attained equality with hermits. And as for your desiring to abandon the body,* in this also you are led astray, for in the next world suicides suffer more severe pains than here. An unbecoming fault and folly is not to be committed by one so young and wise: decide for yourself: you must certainly do what I tell you. I will have made for you here a spacious and beautiful subterranean dwelling; marry Sundarí and live at ease in it." When he was thus diligently schooled by Agnidatta, Guṇaśarman agreed to his proposal, and said to him, "I accept your offer, for who would abandon a wife like Sundarí?† But I will not marry this your daughter till I have accomplished my ends. In the meanwhile I will propitiate some god with strict asceticism, in order that I may be revenged on that ungrateful monarch." When he said this, Agnidatta gladly consented, and Guṇaśarman rested there in comfort during the night. And the next day Agnidatta had a secret subterranean dwelling constructed for his comfort, called Pátálavasati.‡ And while he was there, Guṇaśarman said in secret to Agnidatta: "Tell me, what god, granting boons to his worshippers, shall I propitiate here by performing vows, and what spell shall I use?" When the brave man said that, Agnidatta answered him, "I have a spell for propitiating the god Svámikumára, which was told me by a teacher; so with that propitiate the general of the gods, the foe of Táraka, desiring whose birth the gods, oppressed by their enemies, sent Káma to Śiva, (and he, after burning him up, decreed that henceforth he should be born in the mind;) whose origin

* I read *dehatyágam* and *vánchasi*.

† *I. e.* "beautiful." There is a pun here.

‡ *Pátála* = Hades, *i. e.*, the world below, *vasati* = dwelling.

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they say was various, from Śiva, from the fire-cavity, from fire, from the thicket of reeds and from the Kṛittikás; and who, as soon as he was born, made the whole world bend by his irresistible might, and slew the unconquered Asura Táraka." Then Guṇaśarman said, "Tell me that spell." And Agnidatta gave Guṇaśarman that spell. With it Guṇaśarman propitiated Skanda in the subterranean dwelling, unremitting in his vow, waited upon by Sundarí. Then the six-faced god appeared to him in visible form, and said, "I am pleased with you, choose a boon,—*

* * * *

You shall possess an inexhaustible treasury and, after conquering Mahásena, you shall, my son, advance irresistibly and rule the earth." After giving him this great boon, Skanda disappeared, and Guṇaśarman obtained inexhaustible treasure. Then the successful hero married, according to the prescribed rites, with splendour suited to his greatness, the daughter of the Bráhman Agnidatta, who fell more in love with him every day, like his future good fortune in affairs come to him in bodily form. And then having collected, by virtue of his surpassing accumulation of inexhaustible treasure, an army consisting of many horses, elephants and foot-soldiers, he marched to Ujjayiní, overrunning the earth with the forces of all the kings that crowded to his banner out of gratitude for his gifts. And after proclaiming there to the subjects that immodest conduct of Aśokavatí, and after conquering the king Mahásena in battle, and deposing him from the throne, he obtained the dominion of the earth. And king Guṇaśarman married many daughters of kings, besides Sundarí, and his orders were obeyed even on the shores of the sea, and with Sundarí as his consort he long enjoyed pleasures to his heart's content.

"Thus king Mahásena, in old time, suddenly incurred calamity through being unable to discriminate the characters of men, being a man of dull intellect, but the clear-headed Guṇaśarman, with the help of his own resolute character alone, obtained the highest prosperity."

After Súryaprabha had heard this chivalrous tale at night from the mouth of his minister Vítabhíti, the royal hero, who was longing to traverse the great sea of battle, gained great confidence, and gradually dropped off to sleep.

* Here Brockhaus supposes a hiatus.

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CHAPTER L.

Then Súryaprabha and his ministers rose up early in the morning, and accompanied by all the troops of the Dánavas and their allies, went to the field of battle. And S'rutaśarman came surrounded by all the forces of the Vidyádharas; and all the gods, Asuras, and others again came to look on. Both armies adopted the crescent formation, then there took place a battle between those two armies. The swift arrows,* winged with feathers, clashing against one another and cutting one another in pieces, also fought. The long sword-blades issued from the mouths of the scabbards, and drinking blood, and waving to and fro, appeared like the tongues of Death. The field of battle seemed like a lake, the full-blown lotuses of which were the faces of heroes; on these the shower of discuses descended like a flight of Brahmany ducks, and so ruined the kingly swans. The combat appeared, with the severed heads of heroes flying up and down, like a game of ball, with which Death was amusing himself. When the arena of combat was cleared from the obscuring dust by the sprinkling of bloody drops, there took place on it the single combats of furious champions. There Súryaprabha fought with S'rutaśarman, and Prabhása fought with Dámodara, and Siddhártha fought with Mahotpáta, and Prahasta with Brahmagupta, and Vítabhí with Sangama, and Prajnádhya with Chandragupta, and Priyankara with Akrama, and Sarvadamana fought with Atibala, and Kunjarakumáraka fought with Dhurandhara, and other great champions fought with others respectively.

Then first Mahotpáta silenced the arrows of Siddhártha with his arrows, and after cleaving his bow, slew his horses and charioteer. Siddhártha, though deprived of his chariot, charged him angrily, and with a large iron mace broke in pieces his chariot and horses. Then Siddhártha fought on foot with Mahotpáta also on foot, and in a wrestling-bout hurled him to the ground. But while he was trying to crush him, that Vidyádhara was delivered by his father Bhaga, and flying up into the air left the battle-field. And Prahasta and Brahmagupta destroyed one another's chariots, and then fought with swords, shewing various arts of fence; and Prahasta cleft his foe's shield in the course of their sword-play, and with a dexterous sleight laid him low on the earth; but when he was about to cut off his head, as he lay on the ground, he was forbidden by his father Brahmá

* *S'avará* should probably be *śaraká*.

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himself by a sign from a distance; then all the Dánavas laughed the gods to scorn, saying, "You gods have come to save your sons, not to behold the fray." In the meanwhile Vítabhaya, after cutting in two the bow of Sankrama, and slaying his charioteer, slew him by piercing his heart with the weapon of Káma. And Prajnáḍhya, fighting on foot with Chandragupta, sword to sword, after both their chariots had been destroyed, killed him by cutting off his head. Then the Moon, angry at the death of his son, himself came and fought with Prajnáḍhya, and the two combatants were evenly matched. And Priyankara, who had lost his chariot, fighting with Ákrama, who had also had his chariot destroyed, cut him in two with one blow of his sword. And Sarvadamana easily killed Atibala in fight, for when his bow was cleft, he threw his elephant-hook and smote him in the heart.

Then Kunjarakumára in a contest, in which missiles were opposed by answering missiles, frequently deprived Dhurandhara of his chariot, and as frequently Vikramaśakti brought him a chariot, and defended him in sore straits, repelling weapons with weapons; then Kunjarakumára in wrath rushed forward, and swiftly hurled a great rock on to the chariot of Vikramaśakti, and, when Vikramaśakti retired with broken chariot, he crushed Dhurandhara with that very stone.* * *

Then Súryaprabha, while fighting with S'rutaśarman, being angry on account of the slaughter of Virochana, killed Dama with one arrow. Enraged at that, the two Aśvins descended to the combat, but Sunítha received them with showers of arrows, and a great fight took place between him and them. And Sthirabuddhi slew Parákrama in fight with a javelin, and then fought with the eight Vasus enraged on account of his death. And Prabhása, seeing Bhása deprived of his chariot, though himself engaged in fighting with Dámodara, killed Mardana with one arrow. The Dánava Prakampana killed Tejaḥprabha in a missile combat, and then fought with the god of Fire enraged on account of his death. And when Dhúmraketu had slain Yamadanshṭra in fight, he had a terrible combat with the enraged Yama.† And Sinhadanshṭra, having crushed Suroshaṇa with a stone, fought with Nirṛiti,‡ enraged on account of his death. Kálachakra also cut Váyubala in two with a discus, and then fought with Váyu§ inflamed with rage thereat. And Mahámáya slew Kuveradatta, who deluded his foes by assuming the forms of a snake, a mountain, and a tree, assuming himself the forms of Garuḍa, of the thunderbolt, and of fire. Then Kuvera‖ himself fought with him in wrath. In the same way all the gods fought,

* Here Brockhaus supposes a hiatus.

† The god of Death.

‡ *i. e.* Destruction (a goddess of death and corruption).

§ *i. e.* the god of the wind.

‖ The god of wealth.

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angry on account of the slaughter of their sons. And then various other princes of the Vidyádharas were slain by various men and Dánavas, darting forward from time to time.

And in the meanwhile a conflict went on between Prabhása and Dámodara, terrible from its unceasing exchange of missiles. Then Dámodara, though his bow was cleft asunder, and his charioteer slain, took another bow and fought on, holding the reins in his own hands. And when Brahmá applauded him, Indra said to him, "Revered one, why are you pleased with one who is getting the worst of it?" Then Brahmá answered him,—"How can I help being pleased with one, who fights for so long with this Prabhása? Who but Dámodara, who is a portion of Hari, would do this? For all the gods would be a scant match for Prabhása in fight. For that Asura Namuchi, who was so hard for the gods to subdue, and who was then born again as Prabala, one entire and perfect jewel, has now been born as the invincible Prabhása son of Bhása, and Bhása too was in a former birth the great Asura Kálanemi, who afterwards became Hiranyakaśipu and then Kapinjala. And Súryaprabha is the Asura who was called Sumuṇḍíka. And the Asura who was before called Hiranyáksha is now this Sunítha. And as for Prahasta and others, they are all Daityas and Dánavas; and since the Asuras slain by you have been born again in these forms, the other Asuras, Maya and others, have espoused their cause. And see, Bali has come here to look on, for his bonds have been broken by virtue of the great sacrifice to S'iva, duly performed by Súryaprabha and the others, but keeping his promise faithfully, he remains content with the realm of Pátála until your allotted period of rule is at an end, and then he will be Indra. These are now favoured by S'iva, so it is not now a time of victory for you, make peace with your foes." While Brahmá was saying this to the king of the gods, Prabhása sent forth the great weapon of S'iva. When Vishṇu saw that terrible all-destroying weapon let loose, he also sent forth, out of regard for his son, his discus called Sudarśana. Then there took place between those divine weapons, which had assumed visible shapes, a struggle which made the three worlds dread a sudden destruction of all creatures. Then Hari said to Prabhása—"Recall your weapon and I will recall mine," and Prabhása answered him,—"My weapon cannot be launched in vain, so let Dámodara turn his back, and retire from the fight, and then I will recall my weapon." When Prabhása said that, Vishṇu answered—"Then do you also honour my discus, let not either of these weapons be fruitless." When Vishṇu said this, Prabhása who possessed tact, said "So be it, let this discus of thine destroy my chariot." Vishṇu agreed, and made Dámodara retire from the fight, and Prabhása withdrew his weapon, and the discus fell on his chariot. Then he mounted another chariot and went to Súryaprabha, and then Dámodara, for his part, repaired to S'rutaśarman.

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And then the single combat between S'rutaśarman, who was puffed up by being a son of Indra, and Súryaprabha, became exceedingly fierce. Whatever weapon S'rutaśarman vigorously employed, Súryaprabha immediately repelled with opposing weapons. And whatever delusion S'rutaśarman employed, was overmastered by Súryaprabha with opposing delusion. Then S'rutaśarman in fierce wrath sent forth the weapon of Brahmá, and the mighty Súryaprabha let loose the weapon of S'iva. That mighty weapon of S'iva repelled the weapon of Brahmá, and being irresistible, was overpowering S'rutaśarman, when Indra and the other Lokapálas, being indignant, sent forth their tremendous weapons beginning with thunderbolts. But the weapon of S'iva conquered all those weapons, and blazed exceedingly, eager to slay S'rutaśarman. Then Súryaprabha praised that great weapon, and entreated it not to kill S'rutaśarman, but to take him prisoner and hand him over to himself. Then all the gods speedily prepared for fight, and the other Asuras also, who had come to look on, did the same, being eager to conquer the gods. Then a Gaṇa named Vírabhadra, sent by S'iva, came and delivered this order of his to Indra and the other gods: "You came to look on, so what right have you to fight here? Moreover, your overstepping the bounds of propriety will produce other bad results." When the gods heard that, they said—"All of us have sons here that have been slain, or are being slain, so how can we help fighting?* Love for one's offspring is a feeling hard to lay aside, so we must certainly revenge ourselves on their slayers to the utmost of our power; what impropriety is there in this?" When the gods said this, Vírabhadra departed, and a great fight took place between the gods and the Asuras: Sunítha fought with the two Aśvins, and Prajñaḍhya fought with the Moon, and Sthirabuddhi with the Vasus, and Kálachakra with Váyu, and Prakampana with Agni, and Sinhadanshṭra with Nirṛiti, and Pramathana with Varuṇa, and Dhúmraketu with Yama, and then Mahámáya fought with the god of wealth, and other Asuras† at the same time fought with other gods, with missiles and opposing missiles. And finally, whatever mighty weapon any god sent forth, S'iva immediately destroyed with an angry roar. But the god of wealth, when his club was uplifted, was restrained by S'iva in a conciliatory manner, while various other gods, their weapons having been broken, fled from the field of battle. Then Indra himself, in wrath, attacked Súryaprabha, and let fly a storm of arrows at him and various other weapons. And Súryaprabha repelled those weapons with ease, and kept striking Indra with hundreds of arrows drawn back to the ear. Then the king of the gods, enraged, seized his thunderbolt, and S'iva made an angry noise and destroyed that thunderbolt. Then Indra turned his back and fled,

* Cp. Homer's Iliad, Book XV, 113—141.

† For *anyonyaiś* I read *anye' anyaiś*.

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and Nárâyaṇa himself, in wrath, attacked Prabhâsa with sharp-edged* arrows. And he fearlessly fought with him, opposing those and other missiles with his own missiles, and when his horses were slain, and he was deprived of his chariot, he ascended another, and still fought with that enemy of the Daityas on equal terms. Then the god enraged sent forth his flaming discus. And Prabhâsa sent forth a heavenly sword, after consecrating it with magic formulas. While those two weapons were contending, S'iva, seeing that the sword was gradually being overpowered by the discus, made an angry roar. That caused the discus and sword to be both destroyed. Then the Asuras rejoiced, and the gods were cast down, as Súryaprabha had obtained the victory, and S'rutaśarman was taken prisoner. Then the gods praised and propitiated S'iva, and the husband of Ambiká, being pleased, gave this command to the gods—"Ask any boon but that promised to Súryaprabha; who can set aside what has been once promised at a burnt-sacrifice?" The gods said—"But, Lord, let that also which we promised to S'rutaśarman be fulfilled, and let not our sons perish." Then they ceased, and the Holy Lord thus commanded them, "When peace is made, let that be so, and this is the condition of peace; —— let S'rutaśarman with all his retinue do homage to Súryaprabha. Then we will issue a decree which shall be for the weal of both." The gods acquiesced in this decision of S'iva's, and made S'rutaśarman do homage to Súryaprabha. Then they renounced their enmity and embraced one another, and the gods and Asuras also laid aside their enmity and made peace with one another. Then, in the hearing of the gods and Asuras, the holy S'iva said this to Súryaprabha: "You must rule yourself in the southern half-*vedi*, but the northern half-*vedi* give to S'rutaśarman. For you are destined, my son, soon to receive the fourfold sovereignty of all the sky-goers, Kinnaras and all. And when you receive this, as you will be in a distinguished position, you must also give the southern half-*vedi* to S'ríkunjarakumára." And as for the heroes slain on both sides in the battle, let them all rise up alive with unwounded limbs. After saying this, S'iva disappeared, and all those heroes, who were slain in that battle, rose up unwounded, as if they had awaked from sleep.

Then Súryaprabha, the tamer of his foes, intent on observing the command of S'iva, went to a remote extensive plain, and sitting in full court, himself made S'rutaśarman, who came to him, sit down on half of his throne. And his companions, headed by Prabhâsa, and S'rutaśarman's companions, headed by Dámodara, sat at the side of the two princes. And Sunítha and Maya, and the other Dánavas, and the kings of the Vidyádharas too sat on seats in order of precedence. Then the Daityas, who were kings of the seven Pátálas, headed by Prahláda, and the kings of the

* Or perhaps—with arrows having ten million points.

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Dánavas came there out of joy. And Indra came with the Lokapálas, preceded by Vṛihaspati, and the Vidyádhara Sumeru with Suvásakumára. And all the wives of Kaśyapa came, headed by Danu, and the wives of Súryaprabha in the chariot Bhútásana. When they had all sat down, after shewing one another affection, and going through the prescribed courtesies, a friend of Danu's, named Siddhi, spoke to them as from her: "O gods and Asuras, the goddess Danu says this to you—'Say, if you have ever felt before the joy and satisfaction which we all feel in this friendly meeting! so you ought not to wage against one another war, which is terrible on account of the sorrow it produces. Hiranyáksha and those other elder Asuras, who waged it to obtain the empire of heaven, have passed away, and Indra is now the eldest, so what cause is there for enmity?

So let your mutual antagonism drop, and be happy, in order that I may be pleased, and the prosperity of the worlds may be ensured.'" When they had heard this address of the revered Danu, uttered by the mouth of Siddhi, Vṛihaspati, Indra having looked him in the face, said to her—"The gods entertain no design against the Asuras, and are willing to be friends with them, unless they display a treacherous animosity against the gods." When the preceptor of the gods said this, Maya the king of the Dánavas said—"If the Asuras entertained any animosity, how could Namuchi have given to Indra the horse Uchchhaiḥśravas that resuscitates the dead? And how could Prabala have given his own body to the gods? And how could Bali have given the three worlds to Vishṇu, and himself have gone to prison? Or how could Ayodeha have given his own body to Viśvakarman? What more shall I say? The Asuras are ever generous, and if they are not treacherously injured, they cherish no animosity." When the Asura Maya had said this, Siddhi made a speech, which induced the gods and Asuras to make peace and embrace one another.

In the meanwhile a female warder, named Jayá, sent by Bhaváni, came there and was honoured by all, and she said to Sumeru, "I am sent by the goddess Durgá to you, and she gives you this order—'You have an unmarried daughter named Kámachuḍámaṇi; give her quickly to Súryaprabha, for she is a votary of mine.'" When Jayá said this to Sumeru, he bowed, and answered her—"I will do as the goddess Durgá commands me, for this is a great favour to me, and this very thing was long ago enjoined on me by the god Śiva." When Sumeru answered Jayá on this wise, she said to Súryaprabha—"You must set Kámachúḍámaṇi above all your wives, and she must be respected by you more than all the others; this is the order given to you to-day by the goddess Gaurí, being propitious to you." When Jayá had said this, she disappeared, after having been honoured by Súryaprabha. And Sumeru quickly fixed upon an auspicious moment in that same day for the marriage, and he had an altar made there, with pillars and

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pavement of refulgent jewels, furnished with fire that seemed, as it were, eclipsed by their rays. And he summoned there his daughter Kámachúḍámaṇi, whose beauty was greedily drunk in by the eager eyes of gods and Asuras. Her loveliness was like that of Umá, and no wonder, for if Párvatí was the daughter of Himálaya, she was the daughter of Sumeru. Then he made her ascend the altar, fully adorned, resplendent from the ceremony of the marriage-thread, and then Súryaprabha took the lotus-hand of Kámachúḍámaṇi, on which bracelets had been fastened by Danu, and the other ladies. And when the first handful of parched grain* was thrown into the fire, Jayá immediately came and gave her an imperishable celestial garland sent by Bhaváni, and then Sumeru bestowed priceless jewels, and an excellent elephant of heavenly breed, descended from Airávata. And at the second throwing of parched grain, Jayá bestowed a necklace, of such a kind that, as long as it is upon a person's neck, hunger, thirst and death cannot harm them ; and Sumeru gave twice as many jewels as before, and a matchless horse descended from Uchchaiḥśravas. And at the third throwing of grain, Jayá gave a single string of jewels, such that, as long as it is on the neck, youth does not wither, and Sumeru gave a heap of jewels three times as large as the first, and gave a heavenly pearl that bestowed all kinds of magic powers upon its possessor.

Then the wedding being over, Sumeru said to all present ; " Gods, Asuras, Vidyádharas, mothers of the gods, and all. To-day all of you must eat in my house, you must do me this honour, I entreat you with palms folded above my head." They all were inclined to refuse Sumeru's invitation, but in the meanwhile Nandin arrived ; he said to them, who bowed humbly before him, " S'iva commands you to feast in the house of Sumeru, for he is the god's servant, and if you eat his food, you will be satisfied for ever." All of them, when they heard this from Nandin, agreed to it. Then there came there innumerable Gaṇas sent by S'iva, under the leadership of Vináyaka, Mahákála, Vírabhadra and others. They prepared a place fit for dining, and caused the guests to sit down in order, gods, Vidyádharas and men. And the divine beings Vírabhadra, Mahákála, Bhṛingin and others, ministered to them viands produced by Sumeru by magic, and others supplied by the cow Kámadhenu ordered to do so by S'iva, and they waited upon every single guest according to his rank, and then there was a concert, charming on account of the dancing of heavenly nymphs, and in which the bards of the Vídyádharas kept continually joining out of delight. And at the end of the feast, Nandin and the others gave them all celestial garlands, robes, and ornaments. After they had thus honoured the gods and others, all the chiefs of the Gaṇas, Nandin and the others, departed with all the Gaṇas as they had come. Then all the gods and Asuras, and

* Cp. Thiselton Dyer's English Folk-lore, p. 203.

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those mothers of theirs, and S'rutaśarman and his followers took leave of Sumeru, and went each to his own place. But Súryaprabha and his wife, accompanied by all his former wives, went in the chariot first to that ascetic grove of Sumeru. And he sent his companion Harsha to announce his success to the kings and to his brother Ratnaprabha. And at the close of day he entered the private apartments of his wife Kámáchúdámaṇi, in which were splendid jewelled couches, and which were admirably built. There he flattered her by saying to her, "Now other women dwell outside of me, but you alone live in my heart." Then the night and his sleep gradually came to an end.

And in the morning Súryaprabha got up, and went and paid compliments to his head-wives, who were all together. And while they were rejecting him, as being in love with a new wife, with playfully sarcastic, sweet, affectionate, and bashful turns of speech, a Vídyádhara named Sushena came, announced by the warder, and after doing homage, said to that triumphant king—"Your highness, I have been sent here by all the princes of the Vidyádharas, the lord of Trikúṭa and others, and they make this representation to your highness—'It is auspicious that your coronation should take place on the third day at the mountain Ṛishabha, let this be announced to all, and let the necessary preparations be made.'" When Súryaprabha heard that, he answered the ambassador—"Go, and say to the king of Ṭrikúṭa and the other Vídyádharas from me—'Let your honours begin the preparations, and say yourselves what further is to be done; I for my part am ready. But I will announce the day to all, as is fitting.'" Then Sushena departed, taking with him this answer. But Súryaprabha sent off his friends Prabhása and the others, one by one, to invite all the gods, and the hermits, Yájnavalkya and others, and the kings, and the Vidyádharas, and the Asuras to the great festival of his coronation.

He himself went alone to Kailása the monarch of mountains, in order to invite S'iva and Ambiká. And as he was ascending that mountain, he saw that it gleamed white as ashes, looking like a second S'iva to be adored by the Siddhas, Ṛishis, and gods. After he had get more than half-way up it, and had seen that further on it was hard to climb, he beheld on one side a coral door. When he found that, though gifted with supernatural power, he could not enter, he praised S'iva with intent mind. Then a man with an elephant's face opened the door, and said—"Come! enter! the holy Ganeśa is satisfied with you." Then Súryaprabha entered, inly wondering, and beheld the god seated on a broad slab of *jyotírasa*,* with one tusk, and an elephant's proboscis, in brightness like twelve suns, with pendent stomach, with three eyes, with flaming axe and club, surrounded by many Gaṇas with the faces of animals, and falling at his feet, he adored him.

* Probably some kind of sparkling gem.

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The vanquisher of obstacles, being pleased, asked him the cause of his coming, and said to him with an affectionate voice—"Ascend by this path." Súryaprabha ascended by that path another five *yojanas*, and saw another great door of ruby. And not being able to enter there either, he praised the god Śiva by his thousand names with intent mind. Then the son of Skanda, called Viśákha, himself opened the door, proclaiming who he was, and introduced the prince into the interior. And Súryaprabha, having entered, beheld Skanda of the brightness of burning fire, accompanied by his five sons like himself, Śákha, Viśákha and their brothers, surrounded by inauspicious planets, and infant planets,* that submitted to him as soon as he was born, and by ten millions of Ganeśas, prostrate at his feet. That god Kártikeya also, being pleased, asked the cause of his coming, and shewed him the path by which to ascend the mountain. In the same manner he passed five other jewel-doors in succession, kept by Bhairava, Mahákála, Vírabhadra, Nandin, and Bhṛingin severally, each with his attendants, and at last he reached on the top of the mountain an eighth door of crystal. Then he praised Śiva, and he was introduced courteously by one of the Rudras, and beheld that abode of Śiva that excelled Svarga, in which blew winds of heavenly fragrance, in which the trees ever bore fruit and flowers,† in which the Gandharvas had begun their concert, which was all joyous with the dancing of Apsarases. Then, in one part of it, Súryaprabha beheld with joy the great god Śiva, seated on a throne of crystal, three-eyed, trident in hand, in hue like unto pure crystal, with yellow matted locks, with a lovely half-moon for crest, adored by the holy daughter of the mountain, who was seated at his side. And he advanced, and fell at the feet of him and the goddess Durgá. Then the adorable Hara placed his hand on his back, and made him rise up, and sit down, and asked him why he had come. And Súryaprabha answered the god, "My coronation is nigh at hand, therefore I desire the Lord's presence at it." Then Śiva said to him, "Why have you gone through so much toil and hardship? Why did you not think of me where you were, in order that I might appear there. Be it so, I will be present." The god, who is kind to his votaries, said this, and calling a certain Gaṇa who stood near him, gave him the following command: "Go and take this man to the Ṛishabha mountain, in order that he may be crowned emperor, for that is the place appointed for the grand coronation of emperors such as he is." When the Gaṇa had received this command from the holy god, he took in his lap with all respect Súryaprabha, who had circumambulated Śiva. And he carried him and placed him on the Ṛishabha mountain by his magic power that very moment, and then disappeared. And when Súryaprabha arrived there, his

* Said to mean, planets or demons unfavourable to children.

† Cp. Odyssey VII, 117.

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companions came to him, and his wives with Kámachúḍámani at their head, and the kings of the Vidyádharas, and the gods with Indra, and the Asuras with Maya at their head, and Śrutaśarman, and Sumeru with Suvásakumára. And Súryaprabha honoured them all in becoming fashion, and when he told the story of his interview with Śiva, they congratulated him. Then Prabhása and the others brought the water of consecration with their own hands, mixed with various herbs, in pitchers of jewels and gold, taking it from male and female rivers, seas and holy bathing places. In the meanwhile the holy Śiva came there, accompanied by Durgá; and the gods, and Asuras and Vidyádharas, and kings, and great *ṛishis* adored his foot. And while all the gods, and Dánavas, and Vidyádharas uttered loud cries of "Blessed be this day," the *ṛishis* made Súryaprabha sit on the throne, and pouring all the waters over him, declared him emperor of the Vidyádharas. And the discreet Asura Maya joyfully fastened on his turban and diadem. And the drum of the gods, preceded by the dancing of lovely Apsarases, sounded joyfully in heaven, in unison with the cymbals of earth. And that assembly of great *ṛishis* poured the water of consecration over Kámachúḍámaṇi also, and made her the appropriate queen consort of Súryaprabha. Then, the gods and Asuras having departed, Súryaprabha, the emperor of the Vidyádharas, protracted his great coronation feast with his relations, friends, and companions. And in a few days he gave to Śrutaśarman that northern half *vedi* mentioned by Śiva, and having obtained his other beloved ones, he enjoyed for a long time, together with his companions, the fortune of king of the Vidyádharas.

"Thus by virtue of the favour of Śiva, Súryaprabha, though a man, obtained of yore the empire of the Vidyádharas."

Having told this story in the presence of the king of Vatsa, and having bowed before Naraváhanadatta, Vajraprabha, the king of the Vidyádharas, ascended to heaven. And after he had gone, that hero, king Naraváhanadatta, together with his queen Madanamanchuká, remained in the house of his father the king of Vatsa, waiting to obtain the rank of emperor of the Vidyádharas.

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BOOK IX.

CHAPTER LI.

We bow before that Ganeśa before whom, when dancing, even the mountains seem to bow, for they are made to stoop, owing to the earth being bent by the weight of Niśumbha.

Thus Naravâhanadatta, the son of the king of Vatsa, dwelt in Kauśámbí in the palace of his father, having heard with astonishment of the reign of the king of the Vidyádharas. And once on a time, having gone out hunting, he dismissed his army, and entered a great forest, with Gomukha as his only companion. There the throbbing of his right eye indicated the approach of good fortune, and he soon heard the sound of singing mixed with the notes of a heavenly lyre. After going a short distance to find whence the sound proceeded, he beheld a Svayambhú* temple of Śiva, and after tying up his horse, he entered it. And there he beheld a heavenly maiden, surrounded by many other lovely maidens, praising Śiva with the harp. As soon as he saw her, with the effluent streams of her loveliness she disturbed his heart, as the orb of the moon disturbs the heart of the sea. She too looked on him with impassioned, loving, and bashful eye, and had her mind solely fixed on him, and forgot to pour forth her notes. Then Gomukha, who read his master's soul, began to ask her attendants—"Who is she, and whose daughter is she?" But in the meanwhile a Vidyádharí of mature age, resembling her in feature, descended from heaven, preceded by a gleam red as gold. And she came down, and sat by the side of that maiden, and then the maiden rose up, and fell at her feet. And that mature dame blessed that girl, saying, "Obtain without impediment a husband, who shall be king of all the Vidyádharas." Then Naravâhanadatta came to that gentle-looking Vidyádharí, and bowed before her, and after she had given him her blessing, he slowly said to her: "Who is this maiden of thine, mother, tell me?" then that Vidyádharí said to him "Listen, I will tell you."

* *i. e.*, connected in some way with Buddha. See Böhtlingk and Roth s. v.

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Story of Alankáravatí.

There is on the mountain-heights of the father of Gaurí,* a city named Śrísundarapura, and in it there dwells a king of the Vidyádharas, named Alankáraśíla. That lofty-souled king had a wife named Kánchanaprabhá, and in course of time a son was born to the king by her. And, when Umá announced to his father in a dream that he should be devoted to religion, he named him Dharmaśíla. And in course of time that son Dharmaśíla grew up to be a young man, and the king, having had him taught the sciences, appointed him Crown-prince. Then Dharmaśíla, when appointed Crown-prince, being exclusively devoted to virtue, and self-controlled, delighted the subjects even more than did his father. Then the queen Kánchanaprabhá, the consort of king Alankáraśíla, became pregnant again, and gave birth to á daughter. Then a heavenly voice proclaimed, "This daughter shall be the wife of the emperor Naraváhanadatta." Then her father gave her the name of Alankáravatí, and the girl gradually grew like a digit of the moon. And in course of time she attained mature youth, and learned the sciences from her own father, and through devotion to the god Śiva, began to roam from temple to temple of his. In the meanwhile that brother of hers, Dharmaśíla, who was saintly, though in the bloom of youth, said in secret to his father Alankáraśíla—"My father, these enjoyments, that vanish in a moment, do not please me; for what is there in this world which is not distasteful at the last? Have you not heard on this point the saying of the hermit Vyása? 'All aggregations end in dissolution, all erections end in a fall, all unions end in separation, and life ends in death.' So what pleasure can wise men take in these perishable objects? Moreover, neither enjoyments nor heaps of wealth accompany one into the other world, but virtue is the only friend that never moves a step from one's side. Therefore I will go to the forest, and perform a severe penance, in order by it to attain everlasting supreme felicity." When the king's son Dharmaśíla said this, his father Alankáraśíla was perturbed, and answered him with tears in his eyes; "My son, what is this sudden delusion that has overtaken you while still a boy? For good men desire a life of retirement after they have enjoyed their youth. This is the time for you to marry a wife, and rule your kingdom justly, and enjoy pleasures, not to abandon the world." When Dharmaśíla heard this speech of his father's, he answered: "There is no period for self-control or absence of self-control fixed by age; any one, even when a child, attains self-control, if favoured by the Lord, but no bad man attains self-control even when old. And I take no pleasure in reigning, nor in marrying a wife; the object of my life is to propitiate Śiva by austerities." When the prince said this, his father Alankáraśíla, seeing that he could not be turned

* *i. e.*, the Himálaya.

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from his purpose even by the greatest efforts, shed tears, and said; "If you, who are young, my son, display such freedom from passion, why should not I, who am an old man? I too will go to the forest." He said this, and went to the world of men, and bestowed on Bráhmans and the poor a myriad loads of gold and jewels. And returning to his city, he said to his wife Kánchanaprabhá: "You must, if you wish to obey my commands, remain here in your own city, and take care of this daughter of ours, Alankáravatí, and when a year has past, there will be on this very day an auspicious moment for her marriage. And then I will give her in marriage to Naraváhanadatta, and that son-in-law of mine shall be an emperor, and shall come to this city of ours." Having said this to his wife, the king made her take an oath, and then made her return weeping with her daughter, and himself went with his son to the forest. But his wife Kánchanaprabhá lived in her own city with her daughter; what virtuous wife would disobey her husband's commands? Then her daughter Alankáravatí wandered about to many temples together with her mother, who accompanied her out of affection. And one day the science named Prajnapti said to her, "Go to the holy places in Kaśmíra named Svayambhú, and there offer worship, for then you will obtain without difficulty for a husband, Naraváhanadatta, the sole emperor of all the Vidyádhara kings." After hearing this from the science, she went with her mother to Kaśmíra and worshipped Śiva in all the holy places, in Nandikshetra, in Mahádevagiri, in Amaraparvata, in the mountains of Sureśvarí, and in Vijaya, and Kapaṭeśvara. After worshipping the husband of Párvatí in these and other holy places, that princess of the Vidyádharas and her mother returned home.

Know, auspicious youth, that this is that very maiden Alankáravatí, and that I am her mother Kánchanaprabhá. And to-day she came to this temple of Śiva without telling me. Then I, perceiving it by the Prajnapti science, came here, and I was told by the same science that you had come here also. So marry this daughter of mine who has been ordained your wife by the god. And to-morrow arrives the day of her marriage appointed by her father, so return for this day, my son, to Kauśámbí your own city. And we will go hence, but to-morrow the king Alankáraśíla will come from the grove of asceticism, and himself give you this daughter of his.

When she said this, Alankáravatí and Naraváhanadatta were thrown into a strange state of distraction, for their eyes were full of tears, since their hearts could not bear that they should be separated from one another even for a night, and they were like *chakravákas* when the end of the day is near. When Kánchanaprabhá saw them in such a state, she said: "Why do you show such a want of self-restraint because you are to be separated for one night. People, who possess firmness, endure for a long

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time mutual separation to which no termination is assigned; hear in proof of this the tale of Rámabhadra and Sítá."

Story of Ráma and Sítá.

Long ago king Daśaratha, the sovereign of Ayodhya, had a son, named Ráma, the elder brother of Bharata, Śatrughna and Lakshmaṇa. He was a partial incarnation of Vishṇu for the overthrow of Rávaṇa, and he had a wife named Sítá, the daughter of Janaka, the lady of his life. As fate would have it, his father handed over the kingdom to Bharata, and sent Ráma to the forest with Sítá and Lakshmaṇa. There Rávaṇa carried off his beloved Sítá by magic, and took her to the city of Lanká, having slain Jaṭáyus on the way. Then Ráma, in his bereaved state, made Sugríva his friend by killing Bálin, and by sending Hanumán to Lanká, obtained news of his wife. And he crossed the sea by building a bridge over it, and slew Rávaṇa, and gave the sovereignty of Lanká to Vibhíshaṇa and recovered Sítá. Then he returned from the forest, and while he was ruling his kingdom, that Bharata had made over to him, Sítá became pregnant in Ayodhyá. And while the king was roaming through the city at leisure, with a small retinue, to observe the actions of his subjects, he beheld a certain man turning his wife, whom he held by the hand, out of his house, and giving out that her fault was going to the house of another man.* And king Ráma heard the wife saying to her husband,—"King Ráma did not desert his wife, though she dwelt in the house of the Rákshasa; this fellow is superior to him, for he abandons me for going to the house of a relation." So he went home afflicted; and afraid of the slander of the people, he abandoned Sítá in the forest; a man of reputation prefers the sorrow of separation to ill-repute. And Sítá, languid with pregnancy, happened to reach the hermitage of Válmíki, and that *ṛishi* comforted her, and made her take up her abode there. And the other hermits there debated among themselves; "Surely this Sítá is guilty, otherwise how could her husband have deserted her? So, by beholding her, everlasting pollution will attach to us; but Válmíki does not expel her from the hermitage out of pity, and he neutralizes by means of his asceticism the pollution produced by beholding her, so come, let us go to some other hermitage." When Válmíki perceived that, he said; "Bráhmans, you need not have any misgivings about the matter, I have perceived her by my meditation to be chaste. When even then they exhibited incredulity, Sítá said to them; "Reverend sirs, test my purity by any means that you know of, and if I turn out to be unchaste, let me be punished by

* This seems to agree with the story as told in the Bhágavata Puráṇa. For various forms of the Ráma legend, see the translation of the Uttara Ráma Charita by M. Félix Nève.

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having my head cut off." When the hermits heard that, they experienced an emotion of pity, and they said to her, "There is a famous bathing-place in this forest, called Ṭíṭhibhasaras, for a certain chaste woman named Ṭíṭhibhí, being falsely accused by her husband, who suspected her of familiarity with another man, in her helplessness invoked the goddess Earth and the Lokapálas, and they produced it for her justification. There let the wife of Ráma clear herself for our satisfaction." When they said that, Sítá went with them to that lake. And the chaste woman said—"Mother Earth, if my mind was never fixed even in a dream on any one besides my husband, may I reach the other side of the lake,"—and after saying this, she entered the lake, and the goddess Earth appeared, and, taking her in her lap, carried her to the other side. Then all the hermits adored that chaste woman, and enraged at Ráma's having abandoned her, they desired to curse him. But Sítá, who was devoted to her husband, dissuaded them, saying,—"Do not entertain an inauspicious thought against my husband, I beg you to curse my wicked self." The hermits, pleased with that conduct of hers, gave her a blessing which enabled her to give birth to a son, and she, while dwelling there, in good time did give birth to a son, and the hermit Válmíki gave him the name of Lava.* One day she took the child and went to bathe, and the hermit, seeing that it was not in the hut, thought—"She is in the habit, when she goes to bathe, of leaving her child behind her, so what has become of the child? Surely it has been carried off by a wild beast. I will create another, otherwise Sítá, on returning from bathing, will die of grief." Under this impression, the hermit made a pure babe of *kuśa* grass, resembling Lava, and placed him there, and Sítá came, and seeing it, said to the hermit, "I have my own boy, so whence came this one, hermit?" When the hermit Válmíki heard this, he told her exactly what had taken place, and said, "Blameless one, receive this second son named Kuśa, because I by my power created him out of *kuśa* grass." When he said this to her, Sítá brought up those two sons Kuśa and Lava, for whom Válmíki performed the sacraments. And those two young princes of the Kshatriya race, even when children, learned the use of all heavenly weapons, and all sciences from the hermit Válmíki.

And one day they killed a deer belonging to the hermitage, and ate its flesh, and made use of a *linga*, which Válmíki worshipped, as a plaything. The hermit was offended thereby, but at Sítá's intercession he appointed for those youths the following expiatory penance: "Let this Lava go

* The story of Genovesa in Simrock's Deutsche Volksbücher, Vol. I, p. 371, bears a striking resemblance to that of Sítá. The way in which Schmerzensreich and his father retire to the forest at the end of the story is quite Indian. In the Greek novel of Hysminias and Hysmine the innocence of the heroine is tested by the fountain of Diana (Scriptores Erotici, p. 595).

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quickly and bring from the lake of Kuvera golden lotuses, and *mandára** flowers from his garden, then worship, both of you brothers, this *linga* with those flowers; in this way this crime of those two will be atoned for." When Lava heard this, he went, though a boy, to Kailása, and invaded that lake and garden of Kuvera, and after killing the Yakshas, brought back the lotuses and the flowers, and as he was returning, being tired, he rested in the way under a tree. And in the meanwhile Lakshmaṇa came that way, seeking a man with auspicious marks for Ráma's human sacrifice.† He, according to the custom of Kshatriyas, challenged Lava to fight, and paralyzed him by the stupefying weapon, and taking him prisoner, led him to the city of Ayodhyá. And in the meanwhile Válmíki comforted Sítá, who was anxious about the return of Lava, and said to Kuśa in his hermitage, "Lakshmaṇa has taken prisoner the child Lava and has carried him off to Ayodhyá; go and deliver him from Lakshmaṇa, after conquering him with these weapons." When the sage said this, and gave to Kuśa a heavenly weapon, he went and with it attacked and besieged the sacrificial enclosure in Ayodhyá, and he conquered in fight Lakshmaṇa, who advanced to repel him, by the help of those heavenly weapons; then Ráma advanced to meet him; and when he could not, though exerting himself to the utmost, conquer with weapons that Kuśa, owing to the might of Válmíki, he asked him who he was, and why he came. Then Kuśa said, "Lakshmaṇa has taken my elder brother prisoner and brought him here; I have come here to set him at liberty. We two are Kuśa and Lava the sons of Ráma, this is what our mother, the daughter of Janaka, says." Thereupon he told her story. Then Ráma burst into tears, and summoned Lava and embraced both, saying, "I am that same wicked Ráma." Then the citizens assembled and praised Sítá, beholding those two heroic youths, and Ráma recognised them as his sons. And then he summoned the queen Sítá from the hermitage of Válmíki, and dwelt with her in happiness, transferring to his sons the burden of the empire.

"Thus heroic souls endure separation for so long a time, and how can you find it difficult to endure it for only one night?" When Kánchanaprabhá had said this to her daughter Alaṇkáravatí, who was eager to be married, and to Naraváhanadatta, she departed through the air with the

* One of the five trees of Paradise. For the golden lotuses, see Chapter XXV. In Ch. LII we find trees with trunks of gold and leaves and fruit of jewels. A similar tree is found in the mediæval romance of king Alexander. Dunlop compares the golden vine carried away by Pompey. Liebrecht remarks that there was also a golden vine over the gate of the temple at Jerusalem, and compares the golden lotus made by the Chinese emperor Tunghwan. He refers also to Huon of Bordeaux, Ysaie le Triste, and Grimm's Kindermärchen 130 and 133. (Liebrecht's Dunlop, p. 184). See also Milton's Paradise Lost, IV. 220 and 256.

† See page 445.

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intention of returning again, and took her daughter with her: and Naravâhanadatta, for his part, returned despondent to Kauśámbí.

Then, as he could not sleep at night, Gomukha said to him to amuse him—"Prince, hear this story of Pṛithvírúpa, which I will relate to you."

Story of the handsome king Pṛithvírúpa.

There is in the Dekhan a city named Pratishṭhána, in it lived a very handsome king, named Pṛithvírúpa. Once on a time two discerning Buddhist hermits came to him, and seeing that that king was very handsome, they said to him, "King, we have travelled through the world, and we have nowhere seen a man or woman equal to you in beauty, except the daughter of king Rúpadhara and queen Hemalatá, in the isle of Muktipura, Rúpalatá by name, and that maiden alone is a match for you, and you alone are a match for her; if you were to be united in marriage, it would be well." With these words of the hermit, which entered by his ears, the arrows of Love entered also and stuck in his heart. Then king Pṛithvírúpa, being full of longing, gave this order to his admirable painter, Kumáridatta by name; "Take with you my portrait, accurately painted on canvas, and with these two mendicants go to the isle of Muktipura, and there shew it by some artifice to the king Rupadhara and his daughter Rúpalatá. Find out if that king will give me his daughter or not, and take a likeness of Rúpalatá, and bring it back." When the king had said this, he made the painter take his likeness on canvas, and sent him with the mendicants to that island. And so the painter and the mendicants set out, and in course of time reached a city named Putrapura on the shore of the sea. There they embarked on a ship, and going across the sea, they reached in five days that island of Muktipura. There the painter went and held up at the gate of the palace a notice, to the effect that there was no painter like him in the world. When the king Rúpadhara heard of that, he summoned him, and the painter entered the palace, and bowing, he said: "O king, though I have travelled all over the earth, I have never seen my match as a painter, so tell me, whom I am to paint of gods, mortals, and Asuras." When the king heard that, he summoned his daughter Rúpalatá into his presence, and gave him the following order: "Make a portrait of this daughter of mine, and shew it me." Then the painter Kumáridatta made a portrait of the princess on canvas and shewed it, and it was exactly like the original. Then king Rúpadhara was pleased, and thinking him clever, he asked that painter, in his desire to obtain a son-in-law, "My good fellow, you have travelled over the earth: so tell me if you have anywhere seen a woman or a man equal to my daughter in beauty." When the king said this, the painter answered him, "I have nowhere in the world seen a woman or a man equal to her, except a king in Pratishṭhána, named Pṛithvírúpa, who is a match for her; if she were married to him, it would be well. Since he has not found a

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princess equal in beauty, he remains, though in his fresh youth, without a wife. And I, your majesty, having beheld that king, dear to the eyes, took a faithful likeness of him, out of admiration of his beauty." When the king heard that, he said: "Have you that portrait with you?" And the painter said, "I have," and showed the portrait. Thereupon the king Rúpadhara, beholding the beauty of that king Pṛithvídhara, found his head whirl round with astonishment. And he said, "Fortunate are we to have beheld that king even in a picture; I felicitate those who behold him in the flesh. When Rúpalatá heard this speech of her father's, and saw the king in the picture, she was full of longing, and could neither hear nor see anything else. Then the king Rúpadhara, seeing that his daughter was distracted with love, said to that painter Kumáridatta, "Your pictures exactly correspond to the original, so that king Pṛithvírúpa must be an appropriate husband for my daughter. So take this portrait of my daughter, and set off immediately, and shew my daughter to king Pṛithvírúpa; and tell the whole incident as it took place, and if he pleases, let him come here quickly, to marry her." Thus the king spake, and honoured the painter with gifts, and sent him off with his ambassador, in the company of the mendicants.

The painter, the ambassador, and the mendicants crossed the sea, and all reached the court of Pṛithvírúpa in Pratishṭhána. There they gave the present to that king, and told him the whole transaction, as it took place, and the message of Rúpadhara. And then that painter Kumáridatta shewed to that king his beloved Rupalatá in a painting. As the king gazed,* his eye was drowned in that sea of beauty her person, so that he could not draw it out again. For the king, whose longing was excessive, could not be satisfied with devouring her form, which poured forth a stream of the nectar of beauty, as the partridge cannot be satisfied with devouring the moonlight. And he said to the painter, "My friend, worthy of praise is the Creator who made this beauty, and yourself who copied it. So I accept the proposal of king Rúpadhara; I will go to the island of Muktipura and marry his daughter." After saying this, the king honoured the painter, the ambassador, and the hermits, and remained looking at the picture.

And afflicted with the sorrow of absence, the king spent that day in gardens and other places, and set out the next day on his expedition, after ascertaining a favourable moment. And the king mounted the great

* Cp. the story of Seyf ul Mulk in the Persian Tales, and the Bahar-Danush, c. 35 (Dunlop, Vol. II, p. 208, Liebrecht's translation, p. 335) see also Dunlop's remarks upon the Polexandre of Gomberville. In this romance Abdelmelec, son of the emperor of Morocco, falls in love with Alcidiana by seeing her portrait (Vol. II, p. 276, Liebrecht's translation, p 372.) A similar incident is found in the romance of Agesilaus of Colchos, (Liebrecht's Dunlop, p. 157.)

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elephant Mangalaghaṭa, and proceeded on his way with many horses and elephants, with chiefs and Rájpúts, and with the painter and the hermits, together with the ambassador of Rúpadhara, and in a few days he reached the entrance of the Vindhya forest, and encamped there in the evening. The next day, the king Pṛithvírúpa mounted an elephant named Śatrumardana, and going on entered that forest. And as he was slowly proceeding, he beheld his army, which was marching in front of him, suddenly fleeing. And while he was perplexed as to what it could mean, a Rájpút named Nirbhaya, mounted on an elephant, came up and said to him, "King, a very large army of Bhillas attacked us in front there; in the fight that ensued those Bhillas slew with their arrows just fifty of our elephants, and a thousand of our footmen, and three hundred horses; but our troops laid low two thousand Bhillas, so that for every single corpse seen in our host two were seen in theirs. Then our forces were routed, galled with their arrows, which resemble thunderbolts." When the king heard that, he was angry, and advancing he slew the army of the Bhillas, as Arjuna slew that of the Kauravas. Then the other bandits were slain by Nirbhaya and his comrades,* and the king cut off with one crescent-headed arrow the head of the commander of the Bhillas. The king's elephant Śatrumardana, with the blood flowing from arrow-wounds, resembled a mountain of collyrium pouring forth streams coloured with cinnabar. Then his whole army, that had been dispersed, returned, finding themselves victorious, and those Bhillas, that had escaped slaughter, fled in all directions. And the king Pṛithvírúpa, having brought the fight to an end, had his might extolled by the ambassador of Rúpadhara, and being victorious, encamped in that very forest district, on the bank of a lake, to recruit the strength of his wounded troops.

And in the morning the king set out thence, and slowly advancing he reached that city of Putrapura on the shore of the sea. There he rested for a day, being entertained in becoming fashion by the king of that place, named Udáracharita. And he crossed the sea in ships supplied by him, and in eight days reached the isle of Muktipura.

And the king Rúpadhara, hearing of it, came to meet him delighted, and the two kings met and embraced one another. Then the king Pṛithvírúpa entered his city with him, being, so to speak, drunk in by the eyes of the ladies of the city. Then the queen Hemalatá and the king Rúpadhara, seeing that he was a suitable husband for their daughter, rejoiced. And that king Pṛithvírúpa remained there, and Rúpadhara honoured him with entertainment in accordance with his own magnificence.

And the next day, the long-desiring Rúpalatá ascended the altar in an

* For the *vidruteshu* of Brockhaus's edition I read *nihateshu*, which I find in the Sanskṛit College MS.

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auspicious moment, and he with exultation received her hand in marriage. And when they beheld one another's beauty, the expanded eye of each was extended to the ear, as if to inform that organ that the report it had heard before was true. When the parched grain was thrown, Rúpadhara gave jewels in such abundance to the happy couple, that men thought he was a perfect mine of jewels. And after his daughter's marriage had taken place, he honoured the painter and the two mendicants with dresses and ornaments, and bestowed gifts on all the others. Then that king Pṛithvírúpa, remaining in that city with his attendants, enjoyed the best meat and drink the isle could produce. The day was spent in singing and dancing, and at night the eager king entered the private apartments of Rúpalatá, in which jewelled couches were spread, which was adorned with jewelled pavement, the circuit of which was propped on jewelled pillars, and which was lit up with jewel-lamps. And in the morning he was woke up by the bards and heralds reciting, and he rose up and remained as the moon in heaven.

Thus king Pṛithvírúpa remained ten days in that island, amusing himself with ever-fresh enjoyments furnished by his father-in-law. On the eleventh day, the king, with the consent of the astrologers, set out with Rúpalatá, after the auspicious ceremony had been performed for him. And he was escorted by his father-in-law as far as the shore of the sea, and accompanied by his retainers, he embarked on the ships with his wife. He crossed the sea in eight days, and his army, that was encamped on the shore, joined him, and the king Udáracharita came to meet him, and then he went to Putrapura. There king Pṛithvírúpa rested some days, and was entertained by that king, and then he set out from that place. And he mounted his beloved Rúpalatá on the elephant Jayamangala, and he himself mounted an elephant named Kalyáṇagiri. And the king, proceeding by continual stages, in due course reached his good city of Pratishṭhána, where flags and banners were waving. Then, after beholding Rúpalatá, the ladies of the city lost at once all pride in their own beauty, and gazed on her with eyes unwinking from wonder. Then king Pṛithvírúpa entered his palace, making high festival, and he gave to that painter villages and wealth, and he honoured those two hermits with wealth as they deserved, and gave complimentary presents to the chiefs, ministers and Rájpúts. Then that king, having attained his object, enjoyed there this world's happiness in the society of Rúpalatá.

After the minister Gomukha had told Naraváhanadatta this tale with the object of amusing him, he went on to say to the impatient prince,—"Thus the resolute endure painful separation for a long time, but how is it that you cannot endure it even for one night, O king? For to-morrow your Highness shall marry Alankáravatí." When Gomukha had said this, Marubhúti the son of Yaugandharáyaṇa came up at that instant, and said,

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"What stuff will you not prate, being ungalled, and never having felt the agony of love? A man possesses firmness and discernment and morality, only so long as he does not come within the range of the arrows of Love. Happy in the world are Sarasvatí, Skanda, and Buddha, these three, who have brushed off and flung away love, like a blade of grass clinging to the skirt of the robe." When Marubhúti said this, Naraváhanadatta, perceiving that Gomukha was distressed, said in order to comfort him,—"What Gomukha said to me was appropriate, and it was said to amuse me, for what loving friend exults over one in the agony of separation? One afflicted by the pain of separation should be comforted by his friends to the best of their ability, and the sequel should be left to the disposal of the five-arrowed god." Talking in this style, and hearing various tales from his attendants, Naraváhanadatta somehow managed to get through that night. And when morning came, he rose up and performed his necessary duties, and saw Káńchanaprabhá descending from heaven, accompanied by her husband Alankáraśíla, and her son Dharmaśíla, and that Alankáravatí her daughter; and they all descended from the chariot and came near him, and he welcomed them as was fitting, and they saluted him in like manner. And in the meanwhile thousands of other Vidyádharas descended from heaven, carrying loads of gold, jewels, and other valuables; and after hearing of this occurrence, the king of Vatsa came there with his ministers and his queens, delighted at the advancement of his son. After the king of Vatsa had performed the rites of hospitality duly, the king Alankáraśíla said to him, bowing graciously,—"King, this is my daughter Alankáravatí, and when she was born, she was declared by a voice, that came from heaven, to be destined to be the wife of this thy son Naraváhanadatta, the future emperor of all the Vidyádhara kings. So I will give her to him, for this is a favourable moment for them; for this reason I have come here with all these." The king of Vatsa welcomed that speech of the Vidyádhara sovereign's, saying, "It is a great favour that you do me." Then the ruler of the Vidyádharas sprinkled with water, produced in the hollow of his hand by virtue of his science, the ground of the courtyard. Immediately there was produced there an altar of gold, covered with a heavenly cloth, and a pavilion, not made with hands, for the preliminary ceremony, composed of various jewels. Then the successful king Alankáraśíla said to Naraváhanadatta—"Rise up, the favourable moment has arrived—bathe." After he had bathed, and had the marriage-thread put on, the king Alankáraśíla, being delighted, gave him with all his heart his daughter, after bringing her to the altar in her bridal dress. And when the grain was thrown into the fire, he and his son gave to his daughter thousands of loads of jewels, gold, garments and ornaments, and heavenly nymphs. And after the marriage was over, he

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honoured them all, and then took his leave of them, and with his wife and son departed, as he came, through the air. Then the king of Vatsa, seeing his son destined to advancement, being honoured by the bending kings of the Vidyádharas, was delighted, and prolonged that feast to a great length. And Naravábanadatta, having obtained Alaṅkáravatí, charming on account of her good conduct, and of noble virtues, like a skilful poet who has obtained a style, charming on account of its excellent metre, and of splendid merits, remained delighted with her.*

CHAPTER LII.

Then Naravábanadatta, the son of the king of Vatsa, being united to Alaṅkáravatí his new wife, remained in the house of his father, pleased with the heavenly dancing and singing of her maids, and enjoying banquets with his ministers.

And one day his mother-in-law Káuchanaprabhá, the mother of Alaṅkáravatí, came to him and said, after he had hospitably entertained her—"Come to our palace, behold that city of Sundarapura, and take your delight in its gardens with Alaṅkáravatí." When he heard this, he consented, and he informed his father, and by his advice took Vasantaka with him, and with his wife and his minister, he ascended a splendid chariot created by his mother-in-law by her science, and set out through the air, and while in the chariot, he looked down from heaven, and beheld the earth of the size of a mound, and the seas small as ditches, and in due course he reached the Himálayas with his mother-in-law, wife, and attendants, and it resounded with the songs of the Kinnarís, and was adorned with the companies of heavenly nymphs. There he saw a great many wonderful sights, and then he reached the city of Sundarapura. It was adorned with many palaces of gold and jewels, and, thus, though it was on the Himálayas, it made the beholder suppose that he was looking on the peaks of mount Meru.† And he descended from the heaven, and getting out of the car-

* An elaborate pun. *Rasika* also means "full of (poetical) flavour."

† Dim traditions of this mountain seem to have penetrated to Greece and Rome. Aristophanes (Acharnians v. 82) speaks of the king of Persia as engaged for 8 months ἐπὶ χρυσῶν ὀρῶν. Clark tells us that Bergler quotes Plautus, Stichus 24, Neque illo mercat Persarum sibi montes qui esse perhibentur aurei. (Philological Journal, VIII. p. 192.) See also Ter. Phormio I, 2, 18, Pers. III, 65. Naravábanadatta's journey through the air may remind the reader of the air-voyage of Alexander in the Pseudo-Callisthenes, II, 41. He sees a serpent below him, and a ἄλως in the middle of it. A divine being, whom he meets, tells him, that these objects are the earth and the sea.

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riage entered that city, which, as it were, danced with the waving silk of its banners, in its joy at having once more a king. And he entered that palace, with the auspicious ceremony performed for him by his mother-in-law, accompanied by Alaṅkáravatí, and with his favourites and Vasantaka. There the fortunate prince spent the day in his father-in-law's palace, in enjoyments which were provided for him by the power of his mother-in-law. And on the next day his mother-in-law Káncanaprabhá said to him; "There is in this city an image of the holy self-existent husband of Umá.* He, if visited and worshipped, gives enjoyment and even salvation. Around it the father of Alaṅkáravatí made a great garden, and brought down to it a holy water, rightly named the Ganges-pool: go there to-day to worship the god and to amuse yourselves." When his mother-in-law said this to him, Naraváhanadatta, accompanied by his wife Alaṅkáravatí, and followed by his attendants, went to that garden of Śiva. It looked lovely with its golden-trunked trees, which were charming with their branches of jewels, the clear white flowers of which were clusters of pearls, and the shoots of which were coral.† There he bathed in the Ganges-pool and worshipped Śiva, and wandered round the tanks that were adorned with ladders of jewels and lotuses of gold. And, accompanied by his attendants, he amused himself with Alaṅkáravatí on their charming banks, and in bowers of the wish-granting creeper. And in those he delighted his soul with heavenly banquets and concerts, and amusing jokes caused by the simplicity of Marubhúti. And so Naraváhanadatta dwelt a month there, amusing himself in gardens, thanks to the resources of his mother-in-law. Then that Káncanaprabhá bestowed on him, his wife, and his ministers, garments and ornaments fit for gods, and with his mother-in-law and his attendants, he returned in that same chariot to Kauśámbí, accompanied by his wife, and he gladdened the eyes of his parents.

There Alaṅkáravatí was thus addressed by her mother in the presence of the king of Vatsa; "You must never by jealous anger make your husband unhappy, for the fruit of that fault, my daughter, is separation that causes great affliction. Because I was jealous in old time and afflicted my husband, I am now consumed with remorse, as he has gone to the forest." After saying this, she embraced her daughter with eyes blinded with tears, and flying up into the air went to her own city.

Then, that day having come to an end, the next morning Naraváhanadatta, having performed the appropriate duties, was sitting with his ministers, when a woman rushed into the presence of Alaṅkáravatí and said—"Queen, I am a woman in the utmost terror, protect me, protect me! For there is a Bráhman come to slay me, and he is standing outside; through fear of him I have fled and come in here to implore protection."

* *I. e.* Śiva. † See note on page 488.

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The queen said, "Do not fear. Tell your tale. Who is he? Why does he wish to slay you?" When thus questioned, the woman began to say:—

Story of Aśokamálá.

My sovereign, I am the daughter of a Kshatriya in this city, named Balasena, and my name is Aśokamálá. When I was a virgin, I was demanded from my father by a rich Bráhman named Haṭhaśarman, who was captivated by my beauty. And I said to my father; "I do not like this ugly grim-visaged man for a husband; if you give me to him, I will not remain in his house." Though Haṭhaśarman heard that, he sat in *dharna* at the door of my father's house, until he gave me to him, being afraid of causing the death of a Bráhman. Then the Bráhman married me and carried me off reluctant, and I deserted him, and fled to another man, the son of a Kshatriya. But that Haṭhaśarman managed to crush him by the power of his wealth, and then I went to another Kshatriya, who was well off. Then this Bráhman went at night and set his house on fire. Then he abandoned me, and I went to a third Kshatriya, and this Bráhman burnt his house also at night. Then I was abandoned by him also, and I became a fugitive, flying in terror, as the sheep flies from the jackal, from that Haṭhaśarman, who wishes to slay me, and follows me step by step. In this very city I entered the service of the mighty Víraśarman your servant, a Rájput who protects the helpless. When the wicked Haṭhaśarman found that out, he was miserable at having no hope of recovering me, and being afflicted with separation, he was reduced to skin and bone. But the Rájput Víraśarman, when disposed to imprison him for my protection, was prevented by me, O queen. To-day it chanced that I went outside the house, and Haṭhaśarman, seeing me, drew his sword and rushed on me to kill me, but I thereupon fled here, and the female warder, melted with compassion, opened the door and let me enter, but he, I know, is waiting for me outside.

When she said this, the king had the Bráhman Haṭhaśarman summoned into his presence; he looked at Aśokamálá with an eye inflamed with anger, his form was distorted, he held a sword in his hand, and the joints of his limbs trembled with rage. The king said to him, "Wicked Bráhman, do you try to kill a woman, and for her sake set on fire your neighbours' houses? Why are you so wicked?" When the Bráhman heard that, he said, "She is my lawful wife. She has left my protection and gone elsewhere, how could I endure that?" When he said this, Aśokamálá, in distress, exclaimed, "O guardians of the world, tell me this; did he not in your presence marry me and carry me off by force against my own will? And did I not say at the time, 'I will not dwell in his house?'" When she said this, a heavenly voice said, "The statement of Aśokamálá is true. But she is not a woman; hear the truth about her.

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There is a heroic king of the Vidyádharas named Aśokakara. He had no sons, and once on a time it happened that a daughter was born to him, and she grew up in the house of her father, under the name of Aśokamála. And when she arrived at an adult age, and he, desiring to perpetuate his race, offered her in marriage, she would not take any husband, through exceeding pride in her own beauty. For that reason her father, vexed with her obstinacy, denounced this curse on her; 'Become a mortal, and in that state thou shalt have the same name. And an ugly Bráhman shall marry thee by force; thou shalt abandon him, and in thy fear resort to three husbands in succession. Even then he shall persecute thee, and thou shalt take refuge with a mighty Kshatriya as his slave, but even then the Bráhman shall not desist from persecuting thee. And he shall see thee, and run after thee, with the object of killing thee, but thou shalt escape, and entering the king's palace, shalt be delivered from this curse.'

Accordingly that very Vidyádharí, Aśokamálá, who was in old time cursed by her father, has now been born as a woman under the same name. And this appointed end of her curse has now arrived. She shall now repair to her Vidyádhara home, and enter her own body which is there. There she, remembering her curse, shall live happily with a Vidyádhara prince, named Abhiruchita, who shall become her husband." When the heavenly voice had said this, it ceased, and immediately that Aśokamálá fell dead on the ground. But the king and Alankáravatí, when they saw that, had their eyes suffused with tears, and so had their courtiers. But in Haṭhaśarman grief overpowered anger, and he wept, blinded with passion. Then his eyes suddenly became expanded with joy. All of them thereupon said to him,—"What does this mean?" Then that Bráhman said, "I remember my former birth, and I will give an account of it, listen."

Story of Sthúlabhuja.

On the Himálayas there is a splendid city, named Madanapura; in it dwelt a Vidyádhara prince, named Pralambabhuja. He had born to him, my lord, a son named Sthúlabhuja, and he in course of time became a handsome prince in the flower of youth. Then a king of the Vidyádharas, named Surabhivatsa, came with his daughter to the palace of that king Pralambabhuja, and said to him: "I give this daughter of mine, called Surabhidattá, to your son Sthúlabhuja; let the accomplished youth marry her now." When Pralambabhuja heard this, he approved it, and summoning his son, he communicated the matter to him. Then his son Sthúlabhuja, out of pride in his beauty, said to him, "I will not marry her, my father, for she is not a first-class beauty." His father thereupon said to him, "What does her plainness matter? For she is of high lineage and must be honoured on that account, and her father offered her to me for you, and I have accepted her, so do not refuse." Although Sthúlabhuja

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was thus entreated a second time by his father, he would not consent to marry her. Then his father, in his anger, denounced against him the following curse—"On account of this your pride in your good looks, be born as a man, and in that state you shall be ugly and with a large mouth. And you shall acquire by force a wife named Aśokamálá, also fallen by a curse, and she, not liking you, shall leave you, and you shall experience the grief of separation. And as she shall be attached to another, you shall commit for her sake arson and other crimes, being maddened with passion and emaciated with grief." When Pralambabhuja had uttered this curse, that virtuous Surabhidattá clung to his feet, weeping, and entreated him, "Pronounce a curse on me also, let our lot be the same, let not my husband alone suffer calamity owing to my fault." When she said this, Pralambabhuja was pleased, and, in order to comfort that virtuous woman, he appointed for her this end to his son's curse: "Whenever Aśokamálá shall be released from her curse, then he shall remember his birth and be released from this curse, and he shall regain his own body, and remembering his curse, he shall be free from pride, and soon marry you; then he shall live with you in happiness." When the virtuous woman was thus addressed by him, she managed to recover her self-composure.

"Know that I am that very Sthúlabhuja, fallen here by a curse, and I have experienced this great grief owing to the fault of pride. How can proud men have happiness in a previous or in a present state of existence? And that curse of mine is now at an end." After saying this, Haṭhaśarman abandoned that body, and became a Vidyádhara youth. And he took by the might of his science the body of Aśokamálá, and flung it, without its being seen, into the Ganges, out of compassion. And he sprinkled immediately the chamber of Alánkáravatí all round with water of the Ganges, brought by the might of his science, and after bending before Naraváhanadatta, his future lord, he flew up into the heaven to his destined prosperity.

All being astonished, Gomukha told this story of Anangarati, which was appropriate to the incident—

Story of Anangarati and her four suitors.

There is on the earth a city, rightly named Súrapura,* and in it there lived a king named Mahávaráha, the destroyer of his foes. That king had a daughter named Anangarati, born to him by his wife Padmarati, owing to his having propitiated Gaurí, and he had no other children. And in course of time she attained womanhood, and proud of her beauty, she did not wish to have any husband, though kings asked her in marriage. But she said decidedly; "I must be given to a man who is brave and handsome, and knows some one splendid accomplishment.

* *i. e.* city of heroes. See Cunningham's Ancient Geography of India, p. 99.

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Then there came from the Dekhan four heroes, who, having heard tidings of her, were eager to obtain her, and they were furnished with the qualities which she desired. They were announced by the warder and introduced, and then king Mahávaráha asked them in the presence of Anangarati; "What are your names? what is your descent, and what do you know?" When they heard this speech of the king's, one of them said—"I am Panchaphuṭṭika by name, a Súdra; I possess a peculiar talent; I weave every day five pairs of garments, one of them I give to a Bráhman, and the second I offer to Śiva, and the third I wear myself, and as for the fourth, if I had a wife, I would give it to her, and the fifth I sell, and live upon the proceeds." Then the second said, "I am a Vaiśya named Bháshájna; I know the language of all beasts and birds.*

Then the third said, "I am a Kshatriya named Khaḍgadhara, and no one surpasses me in fighting with the sword." And the fourth said, "I am an excellent Bráhman named Jívadatta: by means of the sciences which I possess by the favour of Gaurí, I can raise to life a dead woman."† When they had thus spoken, the Súdra, the Vaiśya, and the Kshatriya one after another praised their own beauty, courage and might, but the Bráhman praised his might and valour, and said nothing about his beauty.

Then king Mahávaráha said to his door-keeper—"Take all these now and make them rest in your house." The door-keeper, when he heard the order, took them to his house. Then the king said to his daughter Anangarati, "My daughter, which of these four heroes do you prefer?" When

* Cp. the properties of the magic ring given to Canace in the Squire's tale, and Grimm's story of "Die drei Sprachen," (No. 33, Kindermärchen). See also Tylor's Primitive Culture, Vol. I, pp. 18, 423. In the Edda, Sigurd learns to understand the language of birds by tasting the blood of Fafner. For other parallels see Liebrecht's Dunlop, p. 184, and note 248.

† Cp. the 77th chapter of this work, the second in the Vetála Panchavinśati, and Ralston's exhaustive note, in his Russian Folk-tales, pp. 231, 232, 233. Cp. also Bernhard Schmidt's Griechische Märchen, p. 114, and Bartsch's Sagen, Märchen, und Gebräucheaus Meklenburg, Vol. I, p. 486. The Pseudo-Callisthenes (Book II, c. 40) mentions a fountain that restored to life a salt fish, and made one of Alexander's daughters immortal. This is perhaps the passage that was in Dunlop's mind, when he said (page 129 of Liebrecht's translation) that such a fountain is described in the Greek romance of Ismenias and Ismene, for which Liebrecht takes him to task. See the parallels quoted by Dunlop and Liebrecht. Wheeler, in his Noted Names of Fiction, tells us that there was a tradition current among the natives of Puerto Rico, that such a fountain existed in the fabulous island of Bimini, said to belong to the Bahama group. This was an object of eager and long-continued quest to the celebrated Spanish navigator, Juan Ponce de Leon. By Ismenias and Ismene Dunlop probably means Hysminias and Hysmine. See also Birlinger, Aus Schwaben, p. 185.

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Anangarati heard that, she said to her father; "Father, I do not like any one of the four; the first is a Śúdra and a weaver, what is the use of his good qualities? The second is a Vaiśya, and what is the use of his knowing the language of cattle, and so on? How can I give myself to them, when I am a Kshatriya woman? The third indeed is a meritorious Kshatriya, equal to me in birth, but he is a poor man and lives by service, selling his life. As I am the daughter of a king, how can I become his wife? The fourth, the Bráhman Jívadatta, I do not like; he is ugly and is addicted to unlawful arts, and, as he has deserted the Vedas, he has fallen from his high position. You ought to punish him, why do you offer to give me to him? For you, my father, being a king, are the upholder of the castes and the various stages of life. And a king, who is a hero in upholding religion, is preferred to a king, who is only a hero with the sword. A hero in religion will be the lord of a thousand heroes with the sword." When his daughter had said this, the king dismissed her to her own private apartments, and rose up to bathe and perform his other duties.

And the next day, the four heroes went out from the house of the door-keeper, and roamed about in the town out of curiosity. And at that very time a vicious elephant, named Padmakabala, broke his fastening, and in his fury rushed out from the elephant-stable, trampling down the citizens. And that great elephant, when he saw the four heroes, rushed towards them to slay them, and they too advanced towards him with uplifted weapons. Then the one Kshatriya among them, named Khaḍgadhara, putting aside the other three, alone attacked that elephant. And he cut off with one blow the protended trunk of that roaring elephant, with as much ease as if it had been a lotus-stalk. And after showing his agility by escaping between his feet, he delivered a second blow on the back of that elephant. And with the third he cut off both his feet. Then that elephant gave a groan and fell down and died. All the people were astonished when they beheld that valour of his, and king Mahávaráha was also amazed when he heard of it.

The next day, the king went out to hunt, mounted on an elephant, and the four heroes, with Khaḍgadhara at their head, accompanied him. There the king with his army slew tigers, deer, and boars, and the lions rushed out upon him in anger, hearing the trumpeting of the elephants. Then that Khaḍgadhara cleft in twain, with one blow of his sharp sword, the first lion that attacked them, and the second he seized with his left hand by the foot, and dashing it on the earth, deprived it of life. And in the same way Bhásháina, and Jívadatta, and Panchaphuṭṭika, each dashed a lion to pieces on the earth. Thus in turn those heroes killed on foot many tigers, and lions, and other animals, with ease, before the eyes of the

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king. Then that king, being pleased and astonished, after he had finished his hunting, entered his city, and those heroes went to the house of the door-keeper. And the king entered the harem, and though tired, had his daughter Anangarati quickly summoned. And after describing the valour of those heroes, one by one, as he had seen it in the chase, he said to her who was much astonished—"Even if Panchaphuṭṭika and Bhâshâjna are of inferior caste, and Jívadatta, though a Bráhman, is ugly and addicted to forbidden practices, what fault is there in the Kshatriya Khaḍgadhara, who is handsome, and of noble stature, and is distinguished for strength and valour; who slew such an elephant, and who takes lions by the foot and crushes them on the ground, and slays others with the sword? And if it is made a ground of reproach against him that he is poor and a servant, I will immediately make him a lord to be served by others: so choose him for a husband, if you please, my daughter." When Anangarati heard this from her father, she said to him—"Well then, bring all those men here, and ask the astrologer, and let us see what he says." When she said this to him, the king summoned those heroes, and in their presence he, accompanied by his wives, said to the astrologer with his own mouth: "Find out with which of these Anangarati has conformity of horoscope, and when a favourable moment will arrive for her marriage." When the skilful astrologer heard that, he asked the stars under which they were born, and after long considering the time, he said to that king—"If you will not be angry with me, king, I will tell you plainly. Your daughter has no conformity of lot with any one of them. And she will not be married on earth, for she is a Vidyádharí fallen by a curse; that curse of hers will be at an end in three months. So let these wait here three months, and if she is not gone to her own world then, the marriage shall take place." All those heroes accepted the advice of that astrologer, and remained there for three months.

When three months had passed, the king summoned into his presence those heroes, and that astrologer, and Anangarati. And the king, when he saw that his daughter had suddenly become exceedingly beautiful, rejoiced, but the astrologer thought that the hour of her death had arrived. And while the king was saying to the astrologer—"Now tell me what it is proper to do, for those three months are gone," Anangarati called to mind her former birth, and covering her face with her garment, she abandoned that human body. The king thought—"Why has she put herself in this position?" But when he himself uncovered her face, he saw that she was dead, like a frost-smitten lotus-plant, for her eyes like bees had ceased to revolve, the lotus-flower of her face was pale, and the sweet sound of her voice had ceased, even as the sound of the swans departs. Then the king suddenly fell to earth motionless, smitten by the thunderbolt of grief for

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her, crushed by the extinction of his race.* And the queen Padmarati also fell down to the earth in a swoon, and with her ornaments fallen from her like flowers, appeared like a cluster of blossoms broken by an elephant.

The attendants raised cries of lamentation, and those heroes were full of grief, but the king, immediately recovering consciousness, said to that Jívadatta, "In this matter those others have no power, but now it is your opportunity; you boasted that you could raise to life a dead woman; if you possess power by means of science, then recall my daughter to life; I will give her, when restored to life, to you as being a Bráhman." When Jívadatta heard this speech of the king's, he sprinkled that princess with water, over which charms had been said, and chanted this Áryá verse: "O thou of the loud laugh, adorned with a garland of skulls, not to be gazed on, Chámuṇḍá, the terrible goddess, assist me quickly." When, in spite of this effort of Jívadatta's, that maiden was not restored to life, he was despondent, and said—"My science, though bestowed by the goddess that dwells in the Vindhya range, has proved fruitless, so what is the use to me of my life that has become an object of scorn?" When he had said this, he was preparing to cut off his head with a great sword, when a voice came from the sky—"O Jívadatta, do not act rashly, listen now. This noble Vidhyádhara maiden, named Anangaprabhá, has been for so long a time a mortal owing to the curse of her parents. She has now quitted this human body, and has gone to her own world, and taken her own body. So go and propitiate again the goddess that dwells in the Vindhya hills, and by her favour you shall recover this noble Vidyádhara maiden. But as she is enjoying heavenly bliss, neither you nor the king ought to mourn for her." When the heavenly voice had told this true tale, it ceased. Then the king performed his daughter's rites, and he and his wife ceased to mourn for her, and those other three heroes returned as they had come.

But hope was kindled in the breast of Jívadatta, and he went and propitiated with austerities the dweller in the Vindhya hills, and she said to him in a dream:

"I am satisfied with thee, so rise up and listen to this that I am about to tell thee."

Story of Anangarati in a former birth when she was a Vidyádharí named Anangaprabhá.

There is a city on the Himálayas named Vírapura; and in it there dwells a sovereign of Vidyádharas named Samara. He had a daughter, named Anangaprabhá, born to him by his queen Anangavatí. When, in the pride of her youth and beauty, she refused to have any husband, her parents, enraged at her persistence, cursed her—

* Here there is an elaborate pun. "King" may also mean "mountain," "race" may mean "wings," and the whole passage refers to Indra's clipping the wings of the mountains.

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"Become a human being, and even in that state you shall not enjoy the happiness of married life. When you are a maiden of sixteen years, you shall abandon the body and come here. But an ugly mortal, who has become such by a curse, on account of his falling in love with the daughter of a hermit, and who possesses a magic sword, shall then become your husband, and he shall carry you off against your will to the world of mortals. There you, being unchaste, shall be separated from your husband. Because that husband in a former life carried off the wives of eight other men, he shall endure sorrow enough for eight births. And you, having become a mortal by the loss of your supernatural science, shall endure in that one birth the sufferings of eight births.* For to every one the association with the evil gives an evil lot, but to women the union with an evil husband is equivalent to evil. And having lost your memory of the past, you shall there take many mortal husbands, because you obstinately persisted in detesting the husband fitted for you. That Vidyádhara Madanaprabha, who, being equal in birth, demanded you in marriage, shall become a mortal king and at last become your husband. Then you shall be freed from your curse, and return to your own world, and you shall obtain that suitable match, who shall have returned to his Vidyádhara state." So that maiden Anangaprabhá has become Anangarati on the earth, and returning to her parents, has once more become Anangaprabhá.

"So go to Vírapura and conquer in fight her father, though he is possessed of knowledge and protected by his high birth, and obtain that maiden. Now take this sword, and as long as you hold it in your hand, you will be able to travel through the air, and moreover you will be invincible." Having said this, and having given the sword to him, the goddess vanished, and he woke up, and beheld in his hand a heavenly sword. Then Jívadatta rose up delighted and praised Durgá, and all the exhaustion produced by

* Compare the remarkable passage which M. Lévêque quotes from the works of Empedocles (Les Mythes et les Legendes de l' Inde, p. 90).

Ἔστιν ἀνάγκης χρῆμα, θεῶν ψήφισμα παλαιον,
ἀΐδιον, πλάτεεσσι κατεσφρηγισμένον ὅρκοις,
εὖτέ τις ἁμπλακίῃσι φονῳ φίλα γυῖα μιήνῃ
αἵμασιν ἢ ἐπίορκον ἁμαρτησας ἐπομόσσῃ
δαίμων, οἵ τε μακραίωνος λελάχασι βίοιο,
τρὶς μιν μυρίας ὥρας ἀπὸ μακάρων ἀλάλησθαι,
φυόμενον παντοῖα διὰ χρόνου εἴδεα θνητῶν,
αργαλέας βιότοιο μεταλλασσοντα κελεύθους.

I have adopted the readings of Ritter and Preller, in their Historia Philosophiæ, in preference to those of M. Lévêque. It is clear that Empedocles supposed himself to be a Vidyádhara fallen from heaven in consequence of a curse. As I observed in an article in the Calcutta Review of 1875, "The Bhagavad Gítá and Christianity," his personality is decidedly Indian.

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his penance was removed by the refreshment caused by the nectar of her favour. And he flew up into the air with his sword in his hand, and after roaming all round the Himálayas, he found that prince of the Vidyádharas Samara in Vírapura. He conquered him in fight, and then the king gave him his daughter Anangaprabhá, and he married her, and lived in heavenly felicity. And after he had remained there some time, he said to his father-in-law Samara and to his beloved Anangaprabhá, "Let us two go to the world of men, for I feel a longing for it, for one's native land is exceedingly dear to living beings, even though it may be an inferior place."* When the father-in-law heard that, he consented, but the far-seeing Anangaprabhá was with difficulty induced to consent; then Jívadatta descended from heaven to the world of mortals, taking that Anangaprabhá in his arms. And Anangaprabhá, beholding there a pleasant mountain, being wearied, said to him—"Let us immediately rest here." Then he consented, and descending there with her, he produced food and drink by the power of the various sciences." Then Jívadatta, being impelled by fate, said to Anangaprabhá—"Dear one, sing some sweet song." When she heard that, she began to sing devoutly the praise of Śiva, and with that sound of her singing the Bráhman was sent to sleep.

In the meanwhile a king, named Harivara, wearied out with hunting, came that way in search of spring-water; he was attracted by hearing the sound of that singing, as deer are attracted, and, leaving his chariot, he went there alone. The king first had happiness announced by omens, and then he beheld that Anangaprabhá like the real brightness of the god of love. Then, as his heart was distracted with her song and her beauty, the god of love cleft it at will with his arrows. Anangaprabhá too, seeing that he was handsome, came within the range of the god of the flowery bow, and said to herself—"Who is this? is he the god of love, without his flowery bow? Is he the incarnation of the favour of Śiva towards me, he being pleased with my song?" Then maddened with love, she asked him—"Who are you, and how have you come to this forest, tell me." Then the king told her who he was, and why he had come; then he said to her, "Tell me, who are you, fair one? And who is this, O lotus-faced one, who is sleeping here?" When he asked these questions, she answered him briefly: "I am a Vidyádharí, and this is my husband, who possesses a magic sword, and now I have fallen in love with you at first sight. So come, let us quickly go to your city, before he awakes; then I will tell my story at length." When the king heard that, he agreed, and felt as much delighted as if he had obtained the sovereignty of the three worlds. And Anangaprabhá hurriedly thought in her heart, "I will take this king in my arms, and quickly fly up to the heaven," but in the mean-

* Cp. Odyssey IX. 27, 28.

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while her knowledge was stripped from her by her treachery to her husband; and remembering her father's curse, she became at once despondent. When the king saw that, he asked the cause, and then said to her—"This is not the time for despondency; your husband here may awake. And you ought not to lament, my beloved, over this matter which depends on destiny. For who can escape from the shadow of his own head, or the course of destiny? So come, let us depart." When the king Harivara said this, she consented to his proposal, and he took her quickly up in his arms. Then he went off quickly thence, as delighted as if he had obtained a treasure, and ascended his chariot, welcomed with joy by his servants. And he reached his city in that chariot, which travelled swift as thought, accompanied by his beloved, and he aroused curiosity in his subjects. Then king Harivara remained in heavenly enjoyments in that city, which was named after him, in the society of that Anangaprabhá. And Anángaprabhá remained there devotedly attached to him, forgetting all her supernatural power, bewildered by the curse.

In the meanwhile Jívadatta woke up on the mountain, and saw that not only Anangaprabhá was gone, but his sword also. He thought "Where is that Anangaprabhá? Alas! Where is that sword? Has she gone off with it? Or were they both carried off by some being?" In his perplexity, he made many surmises of this sort, and he searched that mountain for three days, being consumed with the fire of love. Then he came down, and wandered through the forests for ten days, but did not find a trace of her anywhere. He kept crying out—"Alas spiteful fortune, how did you carry off, together with the magic power of the sword, my beloved Anangaprabhá, both which you granted with difficulty?" Thus employed he wandered about without food, and at last reached a village, and there he entered the opulent mansion of a Bráhman. There the handsome and well-dressed mistress of the house, Priyadattá by name, made him sit down on a seat, and immediately gave this order to her maids—"Wash quickly the feet of this Jívadatta, for to-day is the thirteenth day that he has gone without food on account of his separation." When Jívadatta heard that, he was astonished, and reflected in his own mind—"Can Anangaprabhá have come here, or is this woman a witch?" Thus he reflected, and after his feet were washed, and he had eaten the food that she gave, he humbly asked Priyadattá in his great grief—"Tell me one thing: how do you know my history, blameless one? And tell me another thing, where are my sword and my beloved gone?" When the devoted wife Priyadattá heard that, she said—"No one but my husband has any place in my heart even in a dream, my son, and I look on all other men as brothers, and no guest leaves my house without entertainment; by virtue of that I know the past, the present and the future. And that Anangaprabhá

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of yours has been carried off by a king named Harivara, living in a town named after him, who, as destiny would have it, came that way, while you were asleep, attracted by her song. And you cannot recover her, for that king is very powerful; moreover that unchaste woman will in turn leave him and go to another man. And the goddess Durgá gave you that sword only that you might obtain that lady; having accomplished that, the weapon, in virtue of its divine nature, has returned to the goddess, as the lady has been carried off. Moreover, how have you forgotten what the goddess was pleased to tell you, when she told the story of the curse of Anangaprabhá? So why are you so distracted about an event, which was destined to take place? Abandon this chain of sins, which again and again produces extreme sorrow. And of what profit can be to you now, my brother, that wicked female, who is attached to another, and who has become a mortal, having lost her science by her treachery against you?" When that virtuous woman said this to Jívadatta, he abandoned all passion for Anangaprabhá, being disgusted with her fickleness, and thus answered the Bráhman lady—"Mother, my delusion has been brought to an end by this true speech of thine; whom does not association with persons of virtuous conduct benefit? This misfortune has befallen me in consequence of my former crimes, so I will abandon jealousy, and go to holy places to wash them out. What can I gain by taking up an enmity with others on account of Anangaprabhá? For one, who has conquered anger, conquers this whole world." While he was saying this, the righteous husband of Priyadattá, who was hospitable to guests, returned to the house. The husband also welcomed him, and made him forget his grief, and then he rested, and taking leave of them both, started on his pilgrimage to holy places.

Then, in course of time, he roamed round to all the holy bathing-places on the earth, enduring many toils in difficult ways, living on roots and fruits. And after visiting holy bathing-places, he went to the shrine of the dweller in the Vindhya hills; there he went through a severe penance, without food, on a bed of *kuśa* grass. And Ambiká, satisfied with his asceticism, said to him, appearing to him in bodily form—"Rise up, my son, for you four are four *gaṇas* of mine. Three are Pancha-múla, Chaturvaktra, and Mahodaramukha, and thou art the fourth, last in order, and thy name is Vikaṭavadana. You four once went to the sand of the Ganges to amuse yourselves, and saw there a hermit's daughter bathing. She was called Chápalekhá, the daughter of Kapilajaṭa. And she was solicited by all of you, distracted with love. When she said 'I am a maiden, go away all of you,' the three others remained quiet, but thou didst forcibly seize her by the arm. And she cried out—'Father, Father, deliver me.' Then the hermit, who was near, came up in wrath. Then thou didst let go her arm; then he immediately cursed you, saying—'Wicked

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ones, be born, all of you, as human beings.' Then you asked the hermit that the curse might end, and he said—'When the princess Anangarati shall be demanded in marriage by you, and shall go to the Vidyádhara world, then three of you shall be released from your curse. But when she has become a Vidyádharí, then thou, Vikaṭavadana, shalt gain her, and lose her again, and then thou shalt suffer great sorrow. But after propitiating the goddess Durgá for a long time, thou shalt be released from this curse. This will happen to thee, because thou didst touch the hand of this Chápalekhá, and also because thou hast much guilt attaching to thee, on account of having carried off the wives of others.' You four *gaṇas* of mine, whom that hermit thus cursed, became four heroes in the Dekhan, Panchaphuṭṭika, and Bháshájna, and Khaḍgadhara, these three friends, and you the fourth Jívadatta. Now the first three, when Anangarati returned to her own place, came here, and by my favour were freed from their curse. And thou hast propitiated me now, therefore thy curse is at an end. So take this fiery meditation, and abandon this body; and consume at once the guilt, which it would take eight births to exhaust." When the goddess Durgá had said this, she gave him the meditation, and disappeared. And with that meditation he burned up his wicked mortal body, and at last was freed from the curse, and became once more an excellent *gaṇa*. When even gods have to endure so much suffering by associating with the wives of others, what must be the result of it to inferior beings?

In the meanwhile Anangaprabhá became head-queen in Harivara, the city of the king Harivara. And the king remained day and night with his mind fixed on her, and entrusted the great burden of his kingdom to his minister named Sumantra. And once on a time there came to that king from Madhyadeśa,* a fresh teacher of dancing, named Labdhavara. The king, having seen his skill in music and dancing, honoured him, and made him the instructor in dancing of the ladies of the harem. He brought Anangaprabhá to such excellence in dancing, that she was an object of admiration even to her rival wives. And from associating with the professor of dancing, and from the delight she took in his teaching, she fell in love with him. And the professor of dancing, attracted by her youth and beauty, gradually learnt a new strange† dance, thanks to the god of Love. And once she approached the professor of dancing secretly in the dancing-hall, and being desperately in love with him, said to him—"I shall not be able to live for a moment without you, and the king Harivara, when he hears of it, will not tolerate it, so come, let us depart elsewhere, where the king will not find us out. You have wealth in the

* Comprising the modern provinces of Allahabad, Agra, Delhi and Oude.

† For *anṛityata* I should like to read *anartyata*.

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form of gold, horses, and camels, given by the king, pleased with your dancing, and I have ornaments. So let us quickly go and dwell where we shall be secure." The professor of dancing was pleased with her proposal, and consented to this. Then she put on the dress of a man, and went to the house of the professor of dancing, accompanied by one female servant, who was exceedingly devoted to her. Thence she started on horseback, with that teacher of dancing, who placed his wealth on the back of a camel. First she abandoned the splendour of the Vidyádharas, then of a throne, and now she put herself under the shelter of a bard's fortune; alas! fickle is the mind of women! And so Anangaprabhá went with the teacher of dancing, and reached a distant city named Viyogapura. There she dwelt in happiness with him, and the distinguished dancer thought that by obtaining her his name of Labdhavara* had been justified.

And in the meanwhile king Harivara, finding out that his beloved Anangaprabhá had gone somewhere or other, was ready to abandon the body out of grief. Then the minister Sumantra said to the king to comfort him, "Why do you appear as if you do not understand the matter? Consider it yourself? How, my sovereign, could you expect that a woman, who deserted a husband, that had by means of his sword obtained the power of a Vidyádhara, and repaired to you as soon as she saw you, would be faithful even to you? She has gone off with something that she has managed to get, having no desire for anything good, as one to whom a blade of grass is a sprout of jewels, falling in love at sight with a blade of grass. Certainly the teacher of dancing has gone off with her, for he is nowhere to be seen. And I hear that they both were in the concert-hall in the morning. So tell me, king; why are you so persistent about her, though you know all this? The truth is, a fickle dame is like a sunset, momentarily aglow for every one." When the minister said this to him, the king fell into a musing, and thought—"Yes, that wise man has told me the truth. For a fickle dame is like human life; connexion with her is unstable, she changes every moment, and is terrible, bringing disgust at the end. The wise man never falls into the power of deep rivers or of women, both which drown him who falls into their power, while they exhibit wanton sportfulness. Those men are truly masters of themselves, who are free from excitement about pleasures, who are not puffed up in prosperity, and who are unshrinking in dangers; such men have conquered the world." After saying this, king Harivara abandoned his grief by the advice of his minister, and remained satisfied with the society of his own wives.

And after Anangaprabhá had dwelt some time with the teacher of dancing, in the city named Viyogapura, he, as fate would have it, struck up an acquaintance with a young gambler named Sudarśana; then the gambler,

* *i. e.*, one who has obtained a prize.

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before the eyes of Anangaprabhá, soon stripped the teacher of dancing of all his wealth. Then Anangaprabhá deserted her husband, who was stripped of all his fortune, as if in anger on that account, and threw herself into the arms of Sudarśana. Then the teacher of dancing, having lost his wife and his wealth, having no refuge, in disgust with the world, matted his hair in a knot, and went to the banks of the Ganges to practise mortification of the flesh. But Anangaprabhá, who was ever taking new paramours, remained with that gambler. But one night, her lord Sudarśana was robbed of all that he had by some robbers, who entered his house in the darkness. Then Sudarśana, seeing that Anangaprabhá was uncomfortable and unhappy on account of their poverty, said to her: "Come and let us borrow something from a rich friend of mine, named Hiraṇyagupta, a distinguished merchant." After saying this, he, being deprived of his senses by destiny, went with his wife, and asked that great merchant Hiraṇyagupta to lend him some money. And the merchant, when he saw her, immediately felt in love with her, and she also with him, the moment that she beheld him. And the merchant said politely to Sudarśana—"To-morrow I will give you gold, but dine here to-day." When Sudarśana heard this, beholding the altered bearing of those two, he said—"I did not come here to-day to dine." Then the great merchant said—"If this be the case, at any rate let your wife dine here, my friend, for this is the first time that she has visited my house." When Sudarśana was thus addressed by him, he remained silent in spite of his cunning, and that merchant went into his house with Anangaprabhá. There he indulged in drinking and other pastimes with that fair one, unexpectedly thrown in his way, who was merry with all the wantonness of wine. But Sudarśana, who was standing outside, waiting for her to come out, had the following message brought to him by the merchant's servants, in accordance with their master's orders: "Your wife has dined and gone home: you must have failed to see her going out. So what are you doing here so long? Go home." He answered—"She is within the house, she has not come out, and I will not depart." Thereupon the merchant's servants drove him away from the house with kicks. Then Sudarśana went off, and sorrowfully reflected with himself: "What! has this merchant, though my friend, robbed me of my wife? Or rather, in this very birth the fruit of my sin has in such a form fallen to my lot. For what I did to one, another has done to me. Why should I then be angry with another, when my own deeds merit anger? So I will sever the chain of works, so that I may not be again humiliated." Thus reflecting, the gambler abandoned his anger, and going to the hermitage of Badariká,* he proceeded to perform such austerities as would cut the bonds of mundane existence.

* Badarinátha is a place sacred to Vishṇu in the Himálayas. The Badharinátha

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And Anangaprabhá, having obtained that exceedingly handsome merchant for a dear husband, was as pleased as a bee that has lighted on a flower. And in course of time she attained undisputed control over the wealth, as well as over the heart of that opulent merchant, who was deeply in love with her. But the king Vírabáhu, though he heard of the matchless beauty residing there, did not carry her off, but remained strictly within the limits of virtue. And in course of time, the wealth of the merchant began to diminish, on account of the expenditure of Anangaprabhá; for, in a house presided over by an unchaste woman, Fortune pines as well as virtuous women. Then the merchant Hiraṇyagupta got together wares, and went off to an island named Suvarnabhúmi to trade, and he took that Anangaprabhá with him, out of fear of being separated from her, and journeying on his way, he at last reached the city of Ságarapura. There he fell in with a chief of fishermen, a native of that place, Ságaravíra by name, whom he found in that city near the sea. He went with that sea-faring man to the shore of the sea, and with his beloved embarked on a ship which he provided. And after the merchant had travelled in anxiety for some days over the sea, in that ship, accompanied by Ságaravíra, one day a terrible black cloud of doom appeared, with flashing eyes of lightning, filling them with fear of destruction. Then that ship, smitten by a mighty wind, with a violent shower of rain, began to sink in the waves. That merchant Hiraṇyagupta, when the crew raised a cry of lamentation, and the ship began to break up like his own hopes, fastened his cloak round his loins, and looking at the face of Anangaprabhá, exclaimed "Ah! my beloved, where art thou," and threw himself into the sea. And he oared himself along with his arms, and, as luck would have it, he reached a merchant-ship, and he caught hold of it, and climbed up into it.

But that Ságaravíra tied together some planks with a cord, and quickly placed Anangaprabhá upon them. And he himself climbed up upon them, and comforted that terrified woman, and went paddling along in the sea, throwing aside the water with his arms. And as soon as the ship had been broken to pieces, the clouds disappeared from the heaven, and the sea was calm, like a good man whose wrath is appeased. But the merchant Hiraṇyagupta, after climbing up into the ship, which was impelled by the wind, as fate would have it, reached in five days the shore of the

peaks, in British Gurwhal, form a group of six summits, from 22,000 to 23,400 feet above the sea. The town of Badarinátha is 55 miles north-east of Srínagar, on the right bank of the Vishṇuganga, a feeder of the Alakananda. The temple is situated in the highest part of the town, and below it a tank, supplied by a sulphureous thermal spring, is frequented by thousands of pilgrims. The temple is 10,294 feet above the sea. (Akbar, an Eastern Romance, by Dr. Van Limburg-Brouwer, with an introduction by Clements Markham, p. 1, note.)

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sea. Then he went on shore, grieved at the loss of his beloved, but he reflected that the dispensations of Destiny were irremediable; and he went slowly home to his own city, and being of resolute soul, he recovered his self-command, and again acquired wealth, and lived in great comfort.

But Anangaprabhá, seated on the plank, was piloted to the shore of the sea in one day by Ságaravíra. And there that chief of the fishermen, consoling her, took her to his own palace in the city of Ságarapura. There Anangaprabhá, reflecting that that chief of the fishermen was a hero who had saved her life, and was equal to a king in opulence, and in the prime of youth and good looks, and obedient to her orders, made him her husband: a woman who has lost her virtue does not distinguish between high and low. Then she dwelt with that chief of fishermen, enjoying in his house his wealth that he put at her disposal.

One day she saw from the roof of the palace a handsome Kshatriya youth, named Vijayavarman, going along the high street of the town. Falling in love with his good looks, she went up to him, and said—"Receive me, who am in love with you, for my mind has been fascinated by the sight of you." And he gladly welcomed that fairest woman of the three worlds, who had fallen to him, as it were, from the sky, and took her home to his house. But Ságaravíra, finding that his beloved had gone somewhere or other, abandoned all, and went to the river Ganges, intending to leave the body by means of ascetic practices; and no wonder that his grief was great, for how could a man of servile caste ever have expected to obtain such a Vidyádharí? But Anangaprabhá lived at ease in that very town with Vijayavarman, free from restraint.

Then, one day the king of that place, named Ságaravarman, mounted a female elephant and went out to roam round his city. And while the king was looking at that well-built city named after him, he came along the street where the house of Vijayavarman was. And Anangaprabhá, finding out that the king was coming that way, went up to the top of the house, out of curiosity to behold him. And, the moment she saw the king, she fell so desperately in love with him, that she insolently exclaimed to the elephant-driver—"Mahout, I never in my life have ridden on an elephant, so give me a ride on yours, and let me see how pleasant it is." When the elephant-driver heard this, he looked at the face of the king, and in the meanwhile the king beheld her, like the splendour of the moon fallen from heaven. And the king, drinking her in with insatiate eye like a partridge, having conceived the hope of gaining her, said to his elephant-driver—"Take the elephant near and comply with her wish, and without delay seat this moon-faced dame on the elephant." When the king said this, the elephant-driver at once brought that elephant close under the house. When Anangaprabhá saw that the elephant had come near, she

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immediately flung herself into the lap of the king Ságaravarman. How came it that, though at first she was averse to a husband, she now showed such an insatiable appetite for husbands? Surely her father's curse made her exhibit a great change of character. And she clasped the king round the neck, as if afraid of falling, and he, when his limbs were irrigated with the nectar of her touch, was much delighted. And the king quickly carried off to his own palace her, who had surrendered herself by an artifice, being desirous of being kissed. There he made that Vidyádharí enter his harem, and after she had told him her story, he made her his principal wife. And then that young Kshatriya, finding out that she had been carried off by the king, came and attacked the king's servants outside the palace, and there he left his corpse, not turning his back in fight, for brave men do not submit to insult on account of a woman. And it seemed as if he was carried off to the abode of the gods by the nymphs of heaven, saying—"What have you to do with this contemptible woman? Come to Nandana and court us."

As for that Anangaprabhá, when she had come into the possession of the king Ságaravarman, she roamed no more, but remained faithful to him, as rivers are at rest in the bosom of the sea. And owing to the force of destiny, she thought herself fortunate in having obtained that husband, and he thought that his life was complete by his having obtained her for a wife.

And in some days Anangaprabhá, the queen of that king Ságaravarman, became pregnant, and in due time gave birth to a son. And the king made a great feast on account of the birth of a noble son, and gave the boy the name of Samudravarman. And when that son attained his full stature, and became a young man distinguished for might, the king appointed him crown-prince. Then he brought to his court Kamalavatí the daughter of a certain king named Samaravarman, to be married to him. And when that son Samudravarman was married, the king, being impressed by his virtues, gave him his own kingdom. That brave son Samudravarman, being thoroughly acquainted with the duties of Kshatriyas, when he had obtained the kingdom, said to his father, bowing before him: "Father, give me leave to depart; I am setting out to conquer the regions. A lord of earth, that is not intent on conquest, is to be blamed as much as the effeminate husband of a woman. And in this world, only that fortune of kings is righteous and glorious, which is acquired by one's own strength after conquering the kingdoms. What is the use, father, of the sovereignty of those kings, who hold it merely for the sake of oppressing the poor? They devour their own subjects, ravenous like cats."* When he had said this, his father Ságaravarman replied, "Your rule, my boy, is young; so for

* *Prajá* means subjects and also offspring.

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the present secure that; no demerit or disgrace attaches to one who rules his subjects justly. And war is not meet for kings without considering their power; though, you my child, are a hero, and your army is numerous, still you ought not to rely upon the fortune of victory, which is fickle in fight." Though his father used these and similar arguments with him, the brave Samudravarman at last, with great difficulty, induced him to consent, and marched out to conquer the regions. And having conquered the regions in due course, and reduced the kings under his sway, he returned to his own city in possession of elephants, horses, gold, and other tributes. And there he humbly honoured the feet of his delighted parents with great jewels produced in various regions. And the glorious prince gave, by their orders, to the Bráhmans great gifts of elephants, horses, gold and jewels. Then he showered gold in such profusion upon suppliants and servants, that the only thing in the country devoid of wealth was the word poor, which had become without meaning.* The king Ságaravarman, dwelling with Anangaprabhá, when he beheld the glory of his son, considered that his objects in life had been accomplished.

And the king, after spending those days in feasting, said to his son Samudravarman in the presence of the ministers—"I have accomplished, my son, what I had to accomplish in this birth; I have enjoyed the pleasures of rule, I have not experienced defeat from my enemies, and I have seen you in possession of sovereignty, what else does there remain for me to obtain? So I will retire to a holy bathing-place, while my body retains strength. For see, old age whispers at the root of my ear—'Since this body is perishable, why do you still remain in your house?'." Having said this, the king Ságaravarman, all whose ends were attained, went, though his son was opposed to it, to Prayága with his beloved. And Samudravarman escorted his father there, and, after returning to his own city, ruled it in accordance with the law.

And the king Ságaravarman, accompanied by his wife Anangaprabhá, propitiated the god Śiva in Prayága with asceticism. And at the end of the night, the god said to him in a dream—"I am pleased with this penance of yourself and your wife, so hear this—This Anangaprabhá and you, my son, are both of the Vidyádhara race, and to-morrow the curse will expire, and you will go to your own world." When the king heard that, he woke up, and Anangaprabhá too, who had seen a similar dream, and they told their dreams to one another. And then Anangaprabhá, delighted, said to the king—"My husband, I have now remembered all the history of my former birth; I am the daughter of Samara, a prince of the Vidyádharas, in the city of Vírapura, and my name has always been Anangaprabhá. And

* The word *artha* means wealth, and also meaning.

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I came here owing to the curse of my father, having become a human being by the loss of my science, and I forgot my Vidyádharí nature. But now I have recovered consciousness of it." While she was saying this, her father Samara descended from heaven; and after he had been respectfully welcomed by the king Ságaravarman, he said to that daughter Anangaprabhá, who fell at his feet, "Come, daughter, receive these sciences, your curse is at an end. For you have endured in one birth the sorrows of eight births."* Saying this, he took her on his lap, and gave her back the sciences; then he said to the king Ságaravarman—"You are a prince of the Vidyádharas, named Madanaprabhá, and I am by name Samara, and Anangaprabhá is my daughter. And long ago, when she ought to have been given in marriage, her hand was demanded by several suitors, but being intoxicated by her beauty, she did not desire any husband. Then she was asked in marriage by you, who were equal in merit, and very eager to marry her, but as fate would have it, she would not then accept even you. For that reason I cursed her, that she might go to the world of mortals. And you, being passionately in love with her, fixed your heart on Śiva the giver of boons, and wished intently that she might be your wife in the world of mortals, and then you abandoned your Vidyádhara body by magic art. Then you became a man and she became your wife. Now return to your own world linked together." When Samara said this to Ságaravarman, he, remembering his birth, abandoned his body in the water of Prayága,† and immediately became Madanaprabha. And Anangaprabhá was rekindled with the brightness‡ of her recovered science, and immediately becoming a Vidyádharí, gleamed with that very body, which underwent a heavenly change. And then Madanaprabha, being delighted, and Anangaprabhá also, feeling great passion stir in both their hearts at the sight of one another's heavenly bodies, and the auspicious Samara, king of the sky-goers, all flew up into the air, and went together to that city of the Vidyádharas, Vírapura. And there Samara immediately gave, with due rites, his daughter Anangaprabhá to the Vidyádhara king, Madanaprabha. And Madanaprabha went with that beloved, whose curse had been cancelled, to his own city, and there he dwelt at ease.

"Thus divine beings fall by virtue of a curse, and owing to the consequences of their own wickedness, are incarnate in the world of men, and after reaping the fruit appropriate to their bad conduct, they again go to their own home on account of previously acquired merit."

* The story of Anangaprabhá may be the origin of the seventh Novel of the IInd day in the Decameron of Boccacio.

† *Prayága*—Allahabad, the place of sacrifice κατ' ἐξοχην. Here the Gangá and Yamuná unite with the supposed subterranean Sarasvatí.

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When Naraváhanadatta heard this tale from his minister Gomukha, he and Alankáravatí were delighted, and then he performed the duties of the day.

CHAPTER LIII.

Then, on the next day, Naraváhanadatta's friend Marubhúti said to him, when he was in the company of Alankáravatí—"See, king, this miserable dependent* of yours remains clothed with one garment of leather, with matted hair, thin and dirty, and never leaves the royal gate, day or night, in cold or heat; so why do you not shew him favour at last? For it is better that a little should be given in time, than much when it is too late; so have mercy on him before he dies." When Gomukha heard this, he said—"Marubhúti speaks well, but you, king, are not the least in fault in this matter; for until a suitor's guilt, which stands in his way, is removed, a king, even though disposed to give, cannot give; but when a man's guilt is effaced, a king gives, though strenuously dissuaded from doing so; this depends upon works in a previous state of existence. And *á propos* of this, I will tell you, O king, the story of Lakshadatta the king, and Labdhadatta the dependent; listen."

Story of king Lakshadatta and his dependent Labdhadatta.†

There was on the earth a city named Lakshapura. In it there lived a king named Lakshadatta, chief of generous men. He never knew how to give a petitioner less than a lac of coins, but he gave five lacs to any one with whom he conversed. As for the man with whom he was pleased, he lifted him out of poverty, for this reason his name was called Lakshadatta. A certain dependent named Labdhadatta stood day and night at his gate, with a piece of leather for his only loin-rag. He had matted hair, and he never left the king's gate for a second, day or night, in cold, rain, or heat, and the king saw him there. And, though he remained there long in misery, the king did not give him anything, though he was generous and compassionate.

* The word in the original is *kárpaṭika*. Böhtlingk and Roth explain it in this passage as "*ein im Dienste eines Fürsten stehender Bettler*." It appears from Taranga 81, that a poor man became a *kárpaṭika* by tearing a *karpaṭa*, a ragged garment, in a king's presence. The business of a *kárpaṭika* seems to have been to do service without getting anything for it.

† Cp. the 1st Novel in the 10th Day of the Decameron and Ralston's Russian Folk-Tales, p. 197.

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Then, one day the king went to a forest to hunt, and his dependent followed him with a staff in his hand. There, while the king seated on an elephant, armed with a bow, and followed by his army, slew tigers, bears, and deer, with showers of arrows, his dependent, going in front of him, alone on foot, slew with his staff many boars and deer. When the king saw his bravery, he thought in his heart—"It is wonderful that this man should be such a hero," but he did not give him anything. And the king, when he had finished his hunting, returned home to his city, to enjoy himself, but that dependent stood at his palace-gate as before. Once on a time, Lakshadatta went out to conquer a neighbouring king of the same family, and he had a terrible battle. And in the battle the dependent struck down in front of him many enemies, with blows from the end of his strong staff of acacia wood. And the king, after conquering his enemies, returned to his own city, and though he had seen the valour of his dependent, he gave him nothing. In this condition the dependent Labdhadatta remained, and many years passed over his head, while he supported himself with difficulty.

And when the sixth year had come, king Lakshadatta happened to see him one day, and feeling pity for him, reflected—"Though he has been long afflicted, I have not as yet given him anything, so why should I not give him something in a disguised form, and so find out whether the guilt of this poor man has been effaced, or not, and whether even now Fortune will grant him a sight of her, or not." Thus reflecting, the king deliberately entered his treasury, and filled a citron with jewels, as if it were a casket. And he held an assembly of all his subjects, having appointed a meeting outside his palace, and there entered the assembly all his citizens, chiefs, and ministers. And when the dependent entered among them, the king said to him with an affectionate voice, "Come here;" then the dependent, on hearing this, was delighted, and coming near, he sat in front of the king. Then the king said to him—"Utter some composition of your own." Then the dependent recited the following *Áryá* verse—"Fortune ever replenishes the full man, as all the streams replenish the sea, but she never even comes within the range of the eyes of the poor." When the king had heard this, and had made him recite it again, he was pleased, and gave him the citron full of valuable jewels. And the people said, "This king puts a stop to the poverty of every one with whom he is pleased; so this dependent is to be pitied, since this very king, though pleased with him, after summoning him politely, has given him nothing but this citron; a wishing-tree, in the case of ill-starred men, often becomes a *palá́śa*-tree."* These were the words which all in the assembly said to one another in their despondency, when they saw that, for they did not know the truth.

* There is a pun here. The word *palá́śa* also means "cruel, unmerciful."

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But the dependent went out, with the citron in his hand, and when he was in a state of despondency, a mendicant came before him. And that mendicant, named Rájavandin, seeing that the citron was a fine one, obtained it from that dependent by giving him a garment. And then the mendicant entered the assembly, and gave that fruit to the king, and the king, recognizing it, said to that hermit,* "Where, reverend sir, did you procure this citron." Then he told the king that the dependent had given it to him. Then the king was grieved and astonished, reflecting that his guilt was not expiated even now. The king Lakshadatta took the citron, rose up from the assembly, and performed the duties of the day. And the dependent sold the garment, and after he had eaten and drunk, remained at his usual post at the king's gate.

And on the second day the king held a general assembly, and everybody appeared at it again, citizens and all. And the king, seeing that the dependent had entered the assembly, called him as before, and made him sit near him. And after making him again recite that very same Áryá verse, being pleased, he gave him that very same citron with jewels concealed in it. And all there thought with astonishment—"Ah! this is the second time that our master is pleased with him without his gaining by it. And the dependent, in despondency, took the citron in his hand, and thinking that the king's good will had again been barren of results, went out. At that very moment a certain official met him, who was about to enter that assembly, wishing to see the king. He, when he saw that citron, took a fancy to it, and regarding the omen, procured it from the dependent by giving him a pair of garments. And entering the king's court, he fell at the feet of the sovereign, and first gave him the citron, and then another present of his own. And when the king recognised the fruit, he asked the official where he got it, and he replied—"From the dependent." And the king, thinking in his heart that Fortune would not even now give the dependent a sight of her, was exceedingly sad.† And he rose up from the assembly with that citron, and the dependent went to the market with the pair of garments he had got. And by selling one garment he procured meat and drink, and tearing the other in half he made two of it. Then on the third day also the king held a general assembly, and all the subjects entered, as before, and when the dependent entered, the king gave him the same citron again, after calling him and making him recite the Áryá verse. Then all were astonished, and the dependent went out, and

* The word used shews that he was probably a Buddhist mendicant.

† Cp. Miss Frere's Old Deccan days, p. 171, and Giles's Strange Stories from a Chinese Studio, p. 430, where the young lady says to Ma; "You have often asked me for money, but on account of your weak luck I have hitherto refrained from giving you any."

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gave that citron to the king's mistress. And she, like a moving creeper of the tree of the king's regard, gave him gold, which was, so to speak, the flower, the harbinger of the fruit. The dependent sold it, and enjoyed himself that day, and the king's mistress went into his presence. And she gave him that citron, which was large and fine, and he, recognising it, asked her whence she procured it. Then she said—"The dependent gave it me." Hearing that, the king thought, "Fortune has not yet looked favourably upon him; his merit in a former life must have been slight, since he does not know that my favour is never barren of results. And so these splendid jewels come back to me again and again." Thus the king reflected, and he took that citron, and put it away safely, and rose up and performed the duties of the day. And on the fourth day the king held an assembly in the same way, and it was filled with all his subjects, feudatories, ministers and all. And the dependent came there again, and again the king made him sit in front of him, and when he bowed before him, the king made him recite the Áryá verse: and gave him the citron, and when the dependent had half got hold of it, he suddenly let it go, and the citron fell on the ground and broke in half. And as the joining of the citron, which kept it together, was broken, there rolled out of it many valuable jewels, illuminating that place of assembly. All the people, when they saw it, said, "Ah! we were deluded and mistaken, as we did not know the real state of the case, but such is the nature of the king's favour." When the king heard that, he said—"By this artifice I endeavoured to ascertain, whether Fortune would now look on him or not. But for three days his guilt was not effaced; now it is effaced, and for that reason Fortune has now granted him a sight of herself." After the king had said this, he gave the dependent those jewels, and also villages, elephants, horses and gold, and made him a feudal chief. And he rose up from that assembly, in which the people applauded, and went to bathe; and that dependent too, having obtained his ends, went to his own dwelling.

So true is it that, until a servant's guilt is effaced, he cannot obtain the favour of his master; even by going through hundreds of hardships.

When Gomukha the prime-minister had told this tale, he again said to his master Naravâhanadatta; "So, king, I know that even now the guilt of that dependent of yours is not expiated, since even now you are not pleased with him." When the son of the king of Vatsa heard this speech of Gomukha's, he said, "Ha! good!" and he immediately gave to his own dependent, who was named Kárpaṭika, a number of villages, elephants and horses, a crore of gold pieces, and excellent garments, and ornaments. Then that dependent, who had attained prosperity, became like a king; how can the attendance on a grateful king, who has excellent courtiers, be void of fruit.

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When Naraváhanadatta was thus employed, there came one day, to take service with him, a young Bráhman from the Dekhan, named Pralambabáhu. That hero said to the prince: "I have come to your feet, my sovereign, attracted by your renown; and I on foot will never leave your company for a step, as long as you travel on the earth with elephants, horses, and chariots; but in the air I cannot go; I say this because it is rumoured that my lord will one day be emperor of the Vidyádharas. A hundred gold pieces should be given to me every day as salary." When that Bráhman, who was really of incomparable might, said this, Naraváhanadatta gave him this salary. And thereupon Gomukha said—"My lord, kings have such servants: *à propos* of this, hear this story."

*Story of the Bráhman Víravara.**

There is in this country a great and splendid city of the name of Vikramapura. In it there lived long ago a king named Vikramatunga. He was distinguished for statesmanship, and though his sword was sharp, his rod of justice was not so: and he was always intent on righteousness, but not on women, hunting, and so forth. And while he was king, the only atoms of wickedness were the atoms of earth in the dust, the only departure from virtue was the loosing of arrows from the string, the only straying from justice was the wandering of sheep in the folds of the keepers of cattle.† Once on a time a heroic and handsome Bráhman, from the country of Málava, named Víravara, came there to take service under that king; he had a wife named Dharmavatí, a daughter named Víravatí, and a son named Sattvavara; these three constituted his family; and his attendants consisted of another three, at his hip a dagger, in one hand a sword, and in the other a polished shield. Though he had such a small following, he demanded from that king five hundred *dínárs* every day by way of salary. And the king gave him that salary, perceiving his courage, and thinking to himself, "I will make trial of his excellence." And the king set spies on him, to find out what this man, with only two arms, would do with so many *dínárs*. And Víravara, every day, gave his wife a hundred of those *dínárs* for food and other purposes; and with another hundred he bought clothes, and garlands, and so on; and he appointed a third hundred, after bathing, for the worship of Vishṇu and Śiva; and the remaining two hundred he gave to Bráhmans, the poor and so on; and so he expended every day the whole five hundred. And he stood at the palace-gate of the king for the first half of the day, and after he had performed his daily prayers and other duties, he came back and remained there

* This story is found in the Hitopadeśa, p. 89 of Johnson's translation.

† These two lines are an elaborate pun—*ku* = evil, and also earth, *guṇa* = virtue, and also string, *avichára* = injustice, also the movement of sheep.

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at night also. The spies reported to the king continually that daily practice of his, and then the king, being satisfied, ordered those spies to desist from observing him. And Viravara remained day and night at the gate of the king's palace, sword in hand, excepting only the time set apart for bathing and matters of that kind. Then there came a collection of clouds, bellowing terribly, as if determined to conquer that Víravara, being impatient of his valour. And then, though the cloud rained a terrible arrow-shower of drops, Víravara stood like a column and did not leave the palace-gate. And the king Vikramatunga, having beheld him from the palace in this position, went up to the roof of the palace at night to try him again. And he called out from above—"Who waits at the palace-gate?" And Víravara, when he heard that, answered—"I am here." The king hearing this, thought—"Surely this brave man deserves high rank, for he does not leave the palace-gate, though such a cloud is raining." While engaged in these reflections, the king heard a woman weeping bitterly in the distance; and he thought—"There is not an afflicted person in my dominions, so why does she weep?" Thereupon he said to Víravara, "Hark, Víravara, there is some woman weeping at some distance from this place, so go, and find out who she is, and what is her sorrow." When Víravara heard that, he set out, brandishing his sword, with his dagger at his side. Then the king, seeing that he had set out when such a cloud was blazing with lightning, and when the interval between heaven and earth* was full of descending drops of rain, being moved with curiosity and pity, came down from the roof of his palace, and set out behind him, sword in hand, unobserved.

And Víravara, going in the direction of the wailing,† followed unperceived by the king, reached a lake outside the city. And he saw a woman lamenting in the midst of it; "Ah lord! Ah merciful one! Ah hero! How shall I exist abandoned by thee?" He asked her; "Who are you, and what lord do you lament?" Then she said; "My son, know that I am this earth. At present Vikramatunga is my righteous lord, and his death will certainly take place on the third day from now. And how shall I obtain such a lord again? For with divine foresight I behold the good and evil to come, as Suprabha, the son of a god, did, when in heaven."

Story of Suprabha.

For he, possessing divine foresight, foresaw that in seven days he would fall from heaven on account of the exhaustion of his merits, and be conceived in the body of a sow. Then that son of a god, reflecting on the misery of dwelling in the body of a sow, regretted with himself those heavenly enjoyments: "Alas for heaven! Alas for the Apsarases! Alas for the arbours of Nandana! Alas! how shall I live in the body of a sow,

* I follow the MS. in the Sanskrit College which reads *rodorandhre*.

† Here with the Sanskrit College MS. I read *ruditam* for the unmetrical *kranditam*

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and after that in the mire?" When the king of the gods heard him indulging in these lamentations, he came to him, and questioned him, and that son of a god told him the cause of his grief. Then Indra said to him, "Listen, there is a way out of this difficulty open to you. Have recourse to Śiva as a protector, exclaiming 'Om! Honour to Śiva!' If you resort to him as a protector, you shall escape from your guilt and obtain merit, so that you shall not be born in the body of a pig nor fall from heaven." When the king of the gods said this to Suprabha, he followed his advice, and exclaiming "Om! Honour to Śiva!" he fled to Śiva as an asylum. After remaining wholly intent on him for six days, he not only by his favour escaped being sent into the body of a pig, but went to an abode of bliss higher than *Svarga*. And on the seventh day, when Indra, not seeing him in heaven, looked about, he found he had gone to another and a superior world.

"As Suprabha lamented, beholding pollution impending, so I lament, beholding the impending death of the king." When Earth said this, Víravara answered her:—"If there is any expedient for rescuing this king, as there was an expedient for rescuing Suprabha in accordance with the advice of Indra, pray tell it me." When Earth was thus addressed by Víravara, she answered him: "There is an expedient in this case, and it is in your hands." When the Bráhman Víravara heard this, he said joyfully—*

"Then tell me, goddess, quickly; if my lord can be benefited by the sacrifice of my life, or of my son or wife, my birth is not wasted." When Víravara said this, Earth answered him—"There is here an image of Durgá near the palace; if you offer to that image your son Sattvavara, then the king will live, but there is no other expedient for saving his life." When the resolute Víravara heard this speech of the goddess Earth, he said—"I will go, lady, and do it immediately." And Earth said "What other man is so devoted to his lord? Go, and prosper." And the king, who followed him, heard all.

Then Víravara went quickly to his house that night, and the king followed him unobserved. There he woke up his wife Dharmavatí and told her, that, by the counsel of the goddess Earth, he must offer up his son for the sake of the king. She, when she heard it, said—"We must certainly do what is for the advantage of the king; so wake up our son and tell him." Then Víravara woke up his son, and told him all that the goddess Earth had told him, as being for the interest of the king, down to the necessity of his own sacrifice. When the child Sattvavara heard this, he, being rightly named, said to his father,† "Am I not fortunate, my

* I read *dhṛishyan*, *i. e.*, rejoicing, from *hṛish*.

† The word *sattvavara* here means "possessing pre-eminent virtue."

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father, in that my life can profit the king? I must requite him for his food which I have eaten; so take me and sacrifice me to the goddess for his sake." When the boy Sattvavara said this, Víravara answered him undismayed, "In truth you are my own son." When king Vikramatunga, who was standing outside, heard this, he said to himself—"Ah! the members of this family are all equally brave."

Then Víravara took that son Sattvavara on his shoulder, and his wife Dharmavatí took his daughter Víravatí on her back, and the two went to the temple of Durgá by night.

And the king Vikramatunga followed them, carefully concealing himself. When they reached the temple, Sattvavara was put down by his father from his shoulder, and, though he was a boy, being a store-house of courage, he bowed before the goddess, and addressed this petition to her: "Goddess, may our lord's life be saved by the offering of my head! And may the king Vikramatunga rule the earth without an enemy to oppose him!" When the boy said this, Víravara exclaimed, "Bravo! my son!" And drawing his sword, he cut off his son's head, and offered it to the goddess Durgá, saying, "May the king be prosperous!" Those who are devoted to their master grudge them neither their sons' lives nor their own. Then a voice was heard from heaven, saying, "Bravo, Víravara! you have bestowed life on your master by sacrificing even the life of your son." Then, while the king was seeing and hearing with great astonishment all that went on, the daughter of Víravara, named Víravatí, who was a mere girl, came up to the head of her slain brother, and embraced it, and kissed it, and crying out "Alas! my brother!" died of a broken heart. When Víravara's wife, Dharmavatí, saw that her daughter also was dead, in her grief she clasped her hands together, and said to Víravara; "We have now ensured the prosperity of the king, so permit me to enter the fire with my two dead children. Since my infant daughter, though too young to understand anything, has died out of grief for her brother, what is the use of my life, my two children being dead?" When she spoke with this settled purpose, Víravara said to her; "Do so, what can I say against it? For, blameless one, there remains no happiness for you in a world, which will be all filled for you with grief for your two children; so wait a moment while I prepare the funeral pyre." Having said this, he constructed a pyre with some wood, that was lying there to make the fence of the enclosure of the goddess's temple, and put the corpses of his children upon it, and lit a fire under it, so that it was enveloped in flames. Then his virtuous wife, Dharmavatí, fell at his feet, and exclaiming, "May you, my husband, be my lord in my next birth, and may prosperity befall the king!" she leapt into that burning pyre, with its hair of flame, as gladly as into a cool lake. And king Vikramatunga, who was standing by unper-

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ceived, remained fixed in thought as to how he could possibly recompense them.

Then Víravara, of resolute soul, reflected—"I have accomplished my duty to my master, for a divine voice was heard audibly, and so I have requited him for the food which I have eaten, but now that I have lost all the dear family I had to support,* it is not meet that I should live alone, supporting myself only, so why should I not propitiate this goddess Durgá by offering up myself?" Víravara, firm in virtue, having formed this determination, first approached with a hymn of praise that goddess Durgá, the granter of boons. "Honour to thee, O great goddess, that givest security to thy votaries, rescue me plunged in the mire of the world, that appeal to thee for protection. Thou art the principle of life in creatures, by thee this world moves. In the beginning of creation Śiva beheld thee self-produced, blazing and illuminating the world with brightness hard to behold, like ten million orbs of fiery suddenly-produced infant suns rising at once, filling the whole horizon with the circle of thy arms, bearing a sword, a club, a bow, arrows and a spear. And thou wast praised by that god Śiva in the following words—'Hail to thee Chaṇḍí, Chámuṇḍá, Mangalá, Tripurá, Jayá, Ekánanśá, Śivá, Durgá, Náráyaní, Sarasvatí, Bhadrakálí, Mahálakshmí, Siddhá, slayer of Ruru. Thou art Gáyatrí, Mahárájní, Revatí, and the dweller in the Vindhya hills; thou art Umá and Kátyáyiní, and the dweller in Kailása, the mountain of Śiva.' When Skandha, and Vasishṭha, and Brahmá, and the others heard thee praised, under these and other titles, by Śiva well skilled in praising, they also praised thee. And by praising thee, O adorable one, immortals, *ṛishis*, and men obtained, and do now obtain, boons above their desire. So be favourable to me, O bestower of boons, and do thou also receive this tribute of the sacrifice of my body, and may prosperity befall my lord the king!" After saying this, he was preparing to cut off his own head,† but a bodiless voice was heard at that moment from the air, "Do not act rashly, my son, for I am well-pleased with this courage of thine, so crave from me the boon that thou dost desire." When Víravara heard that, he said, "If thou art pleased, goddess, then may king Vikramatunga live another hundred years. And may my wife and children return to life." When he craved this boon, there again sounded from the air the words "So be it!" And immediately the three, Dharmavatí, Sattvavara, and Víravatí rose up with unwounded bodies. Then Víravara was delighted, and took home to his house all those who had been thus restored to life by the favour of the goddess, and returned to the king's gate.

* In śl. 163 (a) I read *mama* for *mayá* with the Sanskrit College MS.

† The story, as told in Chapter 78, is somewhat different from this.

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But the king, having beheld all this with joy and astonishment, went and again ascended the roof of his palace unobserved. And he cried out from above—"Who is on guard at the palace-gate?" When Víravara, who was below, heard that, he answered—"I am here, and I went to discover that woman, but she vanished somewhere as soon as I saw her, like a goddess." When king Vikramatunga heard this, as he had seen the whole transaction, which was exceedingly wonderful, he reflected with himself alone in the night: "Oh! surely this man is an unheard of marvel of heroism, to perform such an exceedingly meritorious action, and not to give any account of it. The sea, though deep, and broad, and full of great monsters,* does not vie with this man, who is firm even in the shock of a mighty tempest. What return can I make to him, who secretly redeemed my life this night by the sacrifice of his son and wife?" Thus reflecting, the king descended from the roof of the palace, and went into his private apartments, and passed that night in smiling. And in the morning, when Víravara was present in the great assembly, he related his wonderful exploit that night. Then all praised that Víravara, and the king conferred on him and his son a turban of honour. And he gave him many domains, horses, jewels, and elephants, and ten crores of gold pieces, and a salary sixty times as great as before. And immediately the Bráhman Víravara became equal to a king, with a lofty umbrella, being prosperous, himself and his family.

When the minister Gomukha had told this tale, he again said to Naraváhanadatta, summing up the subject—"Thus, king, do sovereigns, by their merit in a previous life, sometimes fall in with exceptionally heroic servants, who, in their nobility of soul, abandoning regard for their lives and all other possessions for the sake of their master, conquer completely the two worlds. And Pralambabáhu, this lately arrived heroic Bráhman servant of yours, my king, is seen to be such, of settled virtue and character, a man in whom the quality of goodness is ever on the increase." When the noble-minded prince Naraváhanadatta heard this from his minister, the mighty-minded Gomukha, he felt unsurpassed satisfaction in his heart.

CHAPTER LIV.

Thus Naraváhanadatta dwelt in the house of his father the king of Vatsa, being attended by his affectionate ministers, Gomukha and the others,

* There is a pun in this word *mahásattva*. It means noble, good, virtuous, and also full of great monsters.

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and amusing himself with his loving queen Alankáravatí, whose jealousy was removed by her great love, that refused to be hampered by female pride. Then, once on a time, he went to a forest of wild beasts, mounted on a chariot, with Gomukha seated behind him. And, with that heroic Bráhman Pralambabáhu going in front of him, he indulged in silvan sports, accompanied by his attendants. And though the horses of his chariot galloped at the utmost of their speed, Pralambabáhu outstripped their swiftness, and still kept in front of them. The prince from his position on the chariot killed lions, and tigers, and other wild beasts with arrows, but Pralambabáhu, going on foot, slew them with his sword. And Naraváhanadatta, as often as he beheld that Bráhman, said in astonishment—What courage, and what fleetness of foot he possesses!"

And the prince, being wearied at the end of his hunting, and overcome with thirst, went in search of water, mounted on his chariot, with Gomukha and his charioteer, and preceded by that champion Pralambabáhu, and in the course of his search he reached another great forest far distant. There he came to a great and charming lake with full-blown golden lotuses, looking like a second sky on earth, studded with many solar orbs. There he bathed and drank water, and, after he and his companions had performed their ablutions and other duties, he beheld at one end of the lake, at a distance, four men of heavenly appearance, dressed in heavenly garments, adorned with heavenly ornaments, engaged in culling golden lotuses from that lake. And out of curiosity he approached them, and when they asked him who he was, he told them his descent, his name and his history.

And they, pleased at seeing him, told him their story when he asked them; "There is in the midst of the great sea a great, prosperous and splendid island, which is called the island of Nárikela, and is renowned in the world for its beauty.* And in it there are four mountains with splendid expanses of land, named Mainaka, Vṛishabha, Chakra, and Baláhaka, in those four we four live. One of us is named Rúpasiddhi, and he possesses the power of assuming various forms; another is by name Pramánasiddhi, who can measure the most minute as well as the largest things; and the third is Jnánasiddhi, who knows the past, the present, and the future; and the fourth is Devasiddhi, who possesses the power of calling down to his aid all the deities. We have now gathered these golden lotuses, and are going to offer them to the god, the husband of Śrí, in Śvetadvípa. For we are all of us devoted to him, and it is by his favour that we possess rule over those mountains of ours, and prosperity accompanied with supernatural

* This reminds one of the description which Palladius gives of the happy island of Taprobane. St. Ambrose in his version speaks of it as governed by *four* kings or satraps. The fragment begins at the 7th chapter of the 3rd book of the History of the Pseudo-Callisthenes edited by Carolus Müller.

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power. So come, we will shew you the lord Hari in S'vetadvípa; we will carry you through the air, friend, if you approve." When those sons of gods said this, Naraváhanadatta consented, and leaving Gomukha and the others in that place, where they could obtain water, fruits and so on, he went with them to S'vetadvípa through the air, for Devasiddhi, one of the four brothers, carried him in his lap. There he descended from heaven, and beheld Vishṇu, and approached him from a distance, introduced by those four sons of gods. The god was reclining upon the snake S'esha, in front of him sat Garuḍa, at his side was the daughter of the sea,* at his feet was the Earth, he was waited upon by the discus, the conch, the club, and the lotus, incarnate in bodily form, and the Gandharvas, with Nárada at their head, were piously chanting hymns in his honour, and the gods, Siddhas, and Vidyádharas were bowing before him. To whom is not association with the good a cause of exaltation?

Then, after that Lord had been honoured by those sons of gods, and praised byKaśyapa and others, Naraváhanadatta thus praised him with folded hands, "All hail to thee, venerable one, the wishing-tree of thy worshippers, whose body is encircled with the wish-granting creeper of Lakshmí, who art the granter of all desires; hail to thee, the divine swan, dwelling in the Mánasa-lake of the minds of the good,† ever soaring and singing in the highest ether. Hail to thee, who dost transcend all, and dwell within all, who hast a form transcending qualities, and whose shape is the full aggregate of the six kingly measures;‡ Brahmá is the bee on the lotus of thy navel, O Lord, humming with the soft sound of Veda-mur-mur, though from him spring many verses;§ thy foot is the earth, the heaven is thy head, the cardinal points are thy ears, the sun and moon are thy eyes; thy belly is the egg of Brahmá, the globe of the world; thou art hymned by the wise as the infinite soul. From thee, the home of brightness, spring all these creatures, O Lord, as the host of sparks from the blazing fire, and when the time of destruction comes, they again enter thy essence, as at the end of the day a flock of birds enters the great tree in which they dwell. Thou flashest forth, and createst these lords of the world, who are parts of thee, as the ocean, disturbed with a continual flow, creates waves. Though the world is thy form, thou art formless; though the world is thy handiwork, thou art free from the bondage of

* *i. e.* Lakshmí or S'rí.

† *Hansa*—means swan and also supreme soul, *i. e.*, Vishṇu.

‡ War, peace, marching, encamping, dividing one's forces, seeking the alliance of a more powerful king.

§ Or sects. The word used for "bee" means literally the six-footed. The whole passage is full of double meanings, *charana* meaning foot, line, *i. e.*, the fourth part of a stanza, and also sect.

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works; though thou art the support of the world, thou art thyself without support; who is he that knows thy real nature? The gods have obtained various stages of prosperity by being looked upon by thee with a favourable eye; so be propitious, and look upon me, thy suppliant, with an eye melting with love."

When Naravâhanadatta had in these words praised Vishṇu, the god looked upon him with a favourable eye, and said to Nárada: "Go and demand back from Indra in my name those lovely Apsarases of mine, who long ago sprang from the sea of milk, and whom I deposited in his hand, and make them mount the chariot of Indra, and quickly bring them here." When Nárada received this command from Hari, he said "So be it," and with Mátali he brought the Apsarases from Indra in his chariot, and then bowing he presented the Apsarases to Vishṇu, and the Holy one spake thus to the son of the king of Vatsa—"Naravâhanadatta, I give these Apsarases to thee, the future emperor of the kings of the Vidyádharas. Thou art a fitting husband for them, and they are fitting wives for thee, for thou hast been created by Śiva as an incarnation of the god of Love." When Vishṇu said that, the son of the king of Vatsa fell at his feet, delighted at having obtained favour, and Vishṇu thus commanded Mátali,—"Let this Naravâhanadatta, together with the Apsarases, be taken back by thee to his palace, by whatever path he desires."

When the Holy one gave this command, Naravâhanadatta, with the Apsarases and those sons of gods who invited him, mounted the chariot which was driven by Mátali, and went to the island of Nárikela, being envied even by gods. There the successful hero, honoured by those four sons of gods, Rúpasiddhi and his brethren, and accompanied by Indra's chariot, sported in succession on those four mountains on which they dwelt, Mainâka, Vṛishabha, and the others, that vied with heaven, in the company of those Apsarases. And he roamed, full of joy, in the thickets of their pleasure-grounds, the various splendid trees of which were in blossom on account of the arrival of the month of spring. And those sons of gods said to him: "See! these clusters on the trees seem to be regarding with the expanded eyes of their open flowers their beloved spring that has arrived. See! the full-blown lotuses shield the lake, as if to prevent their place of birth from being afflicted by the warmth of the sun's rays. See! the bees, after resorting to a Karnikára splendid with blossoms, leave it again, finding it destitute of perfume, as good men leave a rich man of mean character. See! a concert is being held in honour of spring, the king of the seasons, with the songs of the Kinnarís, the notes of the cuckoos, and the humming of bees." With such words those sons of gods shewed Naravâhanadatta the range of their pleasure-grounds. And the son of the king of Vatsa amused himself also in their cities, beholding the merry-

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makings of the citizens, who danced without restraint in honour of the spring-festival. And he enjoyed with the Apsarases delights fitted for gods; wherever the virtuous go, their good fortunes precede them.

After remaining there for four days thus occupied, Naravâhanadatta said to those sons of gods his friends; "I now wish to go to my own city, being anxious to behold my father;* so come you also to that city and bless it with a visit." When they heard that, they said: "We have seen you, the choicest jewel in that town; what more do we require? But when you have obtained the sciences of the Vidyádharas, you must not forget us." With these words they dismissed him, and Naravâhanadatta said to Mátali, who brought him the splendid chariot of Indra; "Take me to the city of Kauśámbí by a course leading past that lovely lake, on the bank of which I left Gomukha and the others." Mátali consented, and the prince ascended the chariot with the Apsarases, and reached that lake, and saw Gomukha and the others, and said to them, "Come quickly by your own way, I will tell you all when I get home." Having said this, he went to Kauśámbí in the chariot of Indra. There he descended from heaven, and dismissed Mátali after honouring him, and entered his own palace accompanied by those Apsarases. And leaving them there, he went and prostrated himself before the feet of his father, who was delighted at his arrival, and also of Vásavadattá and Padmávatí, and they welcomed him, and their eyes were never satisfied with gazing on him. And in the meanwhile Gomukha came, riding on the chariot, with the charioteer, and that Bráhman Pralambabáhu. Then, being questioned by his father, Naravâhanadatta related in the presence of all his ministers his very wonderful adventures. And all said—"God grants to that virtuous man, whom he wishes to favour, association with good friends." When all said this, the king was pleased, and ordered a festival for his son on account of the favour which Vishṇu had shewed towards him. And he and his wives saw those Apsarases his daughters-in-law, obtained by the favour of Vishṇu, whom Gomukha brought to fall at his feet, Devarupá, and Devarati, and Devamálá, and the fourth Devapriyá, whose names he enquired by the mouth of their maids. And the city of Kauśámbí, making festival, appeared as if scattering red paint with its waving scarlet banners, as much as to say: "What am I that Apsarases should dwell in me? Blessed am I that the prince Naravâhanadatta has made me a heavenly city upon earth." And Naravâhanadatta, after he had rejoiced the eyes of his father, visited his other wives, who were anxiously awaiting him, and they, who had been emaciated by those four days, as if they were four years, exulted, relating the various woes of their separation. And Gomukha described the valour of Pralambabáhu, while he

* *Darśana utsukaḥ* should probably be read here for the sake of the metre.

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was protecting the horses during their sojourn in the forest, in killing lions and other noxious beasts. Thus listening to pleasing unrestrained conversation, and contemplating the beauty of his beloved ones, that was as nectar to his eyes, and making flattering speeches, and drinking wine in the company of his ministers, Naravâhanadatta passed that time there in happiness.

Once on a time, as he was in the apartments of Alankâravatí with his ministers, he heard a loud sound of drums outside. Then he said to his general Hariśikha: "What may be the cause of this sudden great noise of drums outside?" When Hariśikha heard this, he went out, and entering again immediately said to the prince, the son of the king of Vatsa; "There is in this town a merchant of the name of Rudra, and he went to the island of Suvarṇadvípa on a mercantile expedition. As he was returning, the hoard of wealth, that he had managed to acquire, was lost, being sunk in the sea by his ship foundering. And he himself happened to escape from the sea alive. And to-day is the sixth day since he arrived in misery at his own house. After he had been living here for some days in distress, it happened that he found a great treasure in his garden. And the king of Vatsa heard of it from his relations, so the merchant came to-day and represented the matter to the king; saying—'I have obtained four crores of gold pieces with a multitude of valuable jewels, so, if the king commands me, I will hand them over.' The king of Vatsa thereupon gave this command to the merchant—'Who that had any sense,* after seeing you in distress, plundered by the sea, would plunder you again, now that you have been supplied with wealth by the mercy of Providence. Go and enjoy at will the wealth obtained from your own ground.' The merchant fell at the king's feet full of joy, and it is this very man that is now returning to his house, with his attendants beating drums." When Hariśikha said this, Naravâhanadatta praised the justice of his father, and said in astonishment to his ministers—"If Destiny sometimes takes away wealth, does she not sometimes afterwards give it. She sports in a strange way with the raising and depressing of men." When Gomukha heard that, he said—"Such is the course of Destiny! And in proof of this, hear the story of Samudraśúra."

Story of the merchant Samudraśúra.

In old times there was a splendid city, belonging to the king Harshavarman, called Harshapura, the citizens of which were made happy by good government. In this city there was a great merchant, named Samudraśúra; he was of good family, just, of resolute courage, a lord of much wealth. He was once compelled by his business to go to Suvarnadvípa, and reaching the shore of the sea, he embarked on a ship. As he was travelling over the

* Here there is a pun.

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sea, when his journey was very nearly at an end, a terrible cloud arose and a wind that agitated the deep. The wind tossed the ship about with the violence of the waves, and it was struck by a sea-monster and split asunder; and then the merchant, girding up his loins, plunged into the sea. And after the brave man had made some way by swimming, he found the corpse of a man long dead, driven hither and thither by the wind. And he climbed up on the corpse, and skilfully paddling himself along with his arms, he was carried to Suvarnadvípa by a favourable wind. There he got off that corpse on to the sand, and he perceived that it had a cloth tied round its loins, with a knot in it. When he unfastened the cloth from its loins, and examined it, he found inside it a necklace richly studded with jewels. He saw that it was of inestimable value, and he bathed and remained in a state of great felicity, thinking that the wealth he had lost in the sea was but straw in comparison with it. Then he went on to a city called Kalaśapura, and with the bracelet in his hand, entered the enclosure of a great temple. There he sat in the shade, and being exceedingly tired with his exertions in the water, he slowly dropped off to sleep, bewildered by Destiny. And while he was asleep, the policemen came and saw that necklace in his hand exposed to view. They said—"Here is the necklace stolen from the neck of the princess Chakrasená; without doubt this is the thief." And so they woke the merchant up and took him to the palace. There the king himself questioned him, and he told him what had taken place. The king held out the necklace, and said to the people present in court,—"This man is speaking falsely; he is a thief, look at this necklace." And at that very moment a kite saw it glittering, and quickly swooping down from heaven, carried off the necklace, and disappeared where he could not be traced. Then the king, in his anger, commanded that the merchant should be put to death, and he, in great grief, invoked the protection of Śiva. Then a voice was heard from heaven—"Do not put this man to death: he is a respectable merchant named Samudraśúra from the city of Harshapura, that has landed on your territory. The thief, who stole the necklace, fled, beside himself with fear of the police, and falling into the sea at night, perished. But this merchant here, when his ship foundered, came upon the body of that thief, and climbing up on it, he crossed the sea and came here. And then he found the necklace in the knot of the cloth fastened round his loins; he did not take it from your house. So let go, king, this virtuous merchant, who is not a thief; dismiss him with honour." Having said this, the voice ceased. When the king heard this, he was satisfied, and revoking the capital sentence passed on the merchant, he honoured him with wealth, and let him go. And the merchant, having obtained wealth, bought wares, and again crossed the terrible ocean in a ship, in order to return to his own native land.

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And after he had crossed the sea, he travelled with a caravan, and one day, at evening time, he reached a wood. The caravan encamped in the wood for the night, and while Samudraśúra was awake, a powerful host of bandits attacked it. While the bandits were massacring the members of the caravan, Samudraśúra left his wares and fled, and climbed up a banyan-tree without being discovered. The host of bandits departed, after they had carried off all the wealth, and the merchant spent that night there, perplexed with fear, and distracted with grief. In the morning he cast his eye towards the top of the tree, and saw, as fate would have it, what looked like the light of a lamp, trembling among the leaves. And in his astonishment he climbed up the tree, and saw a kite's nest, in which there was a heap of glittering priceless jewelled ornaments. He took them all out of it, and found among the ornaments that necklace, which he had found in Svarnadvípa and the kite had carried off. He obtained from that nest unlimited wealth, and, descending from the tree, he went off delighted, and reached in course of time his own city of Harshapura. There the merchant Samudraśúra remained, enjoying himself to his heart's content with his family, free from the desire of any other wealth.

"So you have that merchant's whelming in the sea, and that loss of his wealth, and the finding of the necklace, and again the losing of it, and his undeserved degradation to the position of a malefactor, and his immediate obtaining of wealth from the satisfied king, and his return-voyage over the sea, and his being stripped of all his wealth by falling in with bandits on the journey, and at last his acquisition of wealth from the top of a tree. So you see, prince, such is the various working of destiny, but a virtuous man, though he may have endured sorrow, obtains joy at the last." When Naraváhanadatta heard this from Gomukha, he approved it, and rising up, he performed his daily duties, such as bathing and the like.

And the next day, when he was in the hall of assembly, the heroic prince Samaratunga, who had been his servant ever since he was a boy, came and said to him—"Prince, my relation Sangrámarvarsha has ravaged my territory, with the help of his four sons, Vírajita and the others. So I will go myself, and bring them all five here as prisoners. Let my lord know this." After saying this he departed. And the son of the king of Vatsa, knowing that he had but a small force, and that those others had large forces, ordered his own army to follow him. But that proud man refused to receive this accession to his force, and went and conquered those five enemies in fight by the help of his own two arms only, and brought them back prisoners. Naraváhanadatta honoured and praised his follower, when he came back victorious, and said—"How wonderful! This man has conquered his five enemies, though with their forces they had overrun his

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territory, and has done the deed of a hero, as a man conquers the senses, when they have laid hold upon outward objects, and are powerful, and so accomplishes emancipation, the work of the soul."* When Gomukha heard that, he said—"If, prince, you have not heard the tale of king Chamarabála, which is similar, listen, I will tell it."

Story of king Chamarabála.

There is a city named Hastinápura, and in it there lived a king named Chamarabála, who possessed treasure, a fort, and an army. And he had, as neighbours to his territory, several kings of the same family as himself, the chief of whom was Samarabála, and they put their heads together and reflected: "This king Chamarabála defeats us all, one by one; so we will join together and accomplish his overthrow." After thus deliberating, those five kings' being anxious to march out against him to conquer him, secretly asked an astrologer when a favourable moment would come. The astrologer, not seeing a favourable moment, and not seeing good omens, said—"There is no favourable moment for you this year. Under whatever circumstances you set out on your expedition, you will not be victorious. And why are you so eager for the undertaking, beholding his prosperity? Enjoyment is after all the fruit† of prosperity, and you have enjoyments in abundance. And now hear, if you have not heard it before, the story of the two merchants."

Story of Yaśovarman and the two fortunes.

There was in old time in this country a city, named Kautukapura. In it there lived a king, called Bahusuvarnaka,‡ rightly named. And he had a young Kshatriya servant named Yaśovarman. To that man the king never gave anything, though he was generous by nature. Whenever in his distress he asked the king, the king said to him, pointing to the sun, "I wish to give to you, but this holy god will not permit me to give to you. Tell me what I am to do." While he remained distressed, watching for an opportunity, the time for an eclipse of the sun arrived. Then Yaśovarman, who had constantly served the king, went and said to him, when he was engaged in giving many valuable presents: "Give me something, my sovereign, while this sun, who will not permit you to give, is in the grasp of his enemy." When the king, who had given many presents, heard that, he laughed, and gave garments, gold, and other things to him.

In course of time that wealth was consumed, and he, being afflicted, as the king gave him nothing, and having lost his wife, went to the shrine of

* This passage is an elaborate pun throughout.

† I read *phalam* which I find in the Sanskṛit College MS. instead of *param*.

‡ *i. e.*, possessor of much gold.

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the goddess that dwells in the Vindhya hills.* He said—"What is the use of this profitless body that is dead even while alive? I will abandon it before the shrine of the goddess, or gain the desired boon." Resolved on this course, he lay down on a bed of *darbha* grass in front of the goddess, with his mind intent on her, and fasting he performed a severe penance. And the goddess said to him in a dream, "I am pleased with thee, my son; tell me, shall I give thee the good fortune of wealth, or the good fortune of enjoyment?" When Yaśovarman heard this, he answered the goddess, "I do not precisely know the difference between these two good fortunes." Then the goddess said to him: "Return to thy own country, and there go and examine into the good fortunes of the two merchants, Arthavarman and Bhogavarman, and find out which of the two pleases thee, and then come here and ask a like fortune for thyself." When Yaśovarman heard this, he woke up, and next morning he broke his fast, and went to his own country of Kautukapura.

There he first went to the house of Arthavarman,† who had acquired much wealth, in the form of gold, jewels, and other precious things, by his business transactions. Seeing that prosperity of his, he approached him with due politeness, and was welcomed by him, and invited to dinner. Then he sat by the side of that Arthavarman, and ate food appropriate to a guest, with meat-curry and ghee. But Arthavarman ate barley-meal, with half a *pal* of ghee and a little rice, and a small quantity of meat-curry. Yaśovarman said to the merchant out of curiosity—"Great merchant, why do you eat so little?" Thereupon the merchant gave him this answer: "To-day out of regard for you I have eaten a little rice with meat-curry and half a *pal* of ghee; I have also eaten some barley-meal. But as a general rule, I eat only a *karsha* of ghee and some barley-meal, I have a weak digestion, and cannot digest more in my stomach." When Yaśovarman heard that, he turned the matter over in his mind, and formed an unfavourable opinion of that prosperity of Arthavarman's, as being without fruit. Then, at nightfall, that merchant Arthavarman again brought rice and milk for Yaśovarman to eat. And Yaśovarman again ate of it to his fill, and then Arthavarman drank one *pala* of milk. And in that same place Yaśovarman and Arthavarman both made their beds, and gradually fell asleep.

And at midnight Yaśovarman suddenly saw in his sleep some men of terrible appearance with clubs in their hands, entering the room. And they

* *i. e.*, Durgá. For *mṛitajátir* I read *mṛitajánir* which is the reading of the MS. in the Sanskrit College. In the next line *jívitá* should be *jívatá*.

† Cp. the story of Dhanagupta and Upabhuktadhana, Benfey's Panchatantra, Vol. II, p. 197. It is part of the fifth story, that of Somilaka. See Benfey, Vol. I, p. 321, where he traces it to a Buddhist source.

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exclaimed angrily—"Fie! why have you taken to-day one *karsha* more of ghee than the small amount allowed to you, and eaten meat-curry, and drunk a *pala* of milk?" Then they dragged Arthavarman by his foot and beat him with clubs. And they extracted from his stomach the *karsha* of ghee, and the milk, flesh, and rice, which he had consumed above his allowance. When Yaśovarman had seen that, he woke up and looked about him, and lo! Arthavarman had woke up, and was seized with colic. Then Arthavarman, crying out, and having his stomach rubbed by his servants, vomited up all the food he had eaten above the proper allowance. After the merchant's colic was allayed, Yaśovarman said to himself: "Away with this good fortune of wealth, which involves enjoyment of such an equivocal kind! This would be altogether neutralized by such misery of ill health." In such internal reflections he passed that night.

And in the morning he took leave of Arthavarman, and went to the house of that merchant Bhogavarman. There he approached him in due form, and he received him with politeness, and invited him to dine with him on that day. Now he did not perceive any wealth in the possession of that merchant, but he saw that he had a nice house, and dresses, and ornaments. While Yaśovarman was waiting there, the merchant Bhogavarman proceeded to do his own special business. He took merchandise from one man, and immediately handed it over to another, and without any capital of his own, gained *dínárs* by the transaction. And he quickly sent those *dínárs* by the hand of his servant to his wife, in order that she might procure all kinds of food and drink. And immediately one of that merchant's friend's, named Ichchhábharaṇa, rushed in and said to him: "Our dinner is ready, rise up and come to us, and let us eat, for all our other friends have assembled and are waiting for you." He answered, "I shall not come to-day, for I have a guest here." Thereupon his friend went on to say to him, "Then let this guest come with you; is he not our friend also? Rise up quickly." Bhogavarman, being thus earnestly invited by that friend, went with him, accompanied by Yaśovarman, and ate excellent food. And, after drinking wine, he returned, and again enjoyed all kinds of viands and wines at his own house in the evening. And when night came on, he asked his servants—"Have we enough wine left for the latter part of the night or not?" When they replied, "No, master," the merchant went to bed, exclaiming, "How are we to drink water in the latter part of the night?"

Then Yaśovarman, sleeping at his side, saw in a dream two or three men enter, and some others behind them. And those who entered last, having sticks in their hands, exclaimed angrily to those who entered first—"You rascals! Why did you not provide wine for Bhogavarman to drink in the latter half of the night? Where have you been all this time?" Then

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they beat them with strokes of their sticks. The men who were beaten with sticks, said, "Pardon this single fault on our part." And then they and the others went out of the room.

Then Yaśovarman, having seen that sight, woke up and reflected, "The good fortune of enjoyment of Bhogavarman, in which blessings arrive unthought of, is preferable to the good fortune of wealth of Arthavarman, which, though attended with opulence, is devoid of enjoyment.

In these reflections he spent the rest of the night.

And early the next morning Yaśovarman took leave of that excellent merchant, and again repaired to the feet of Durgá, the goddess that dwells in the Vindhya range. And he chose out of those two good fortunes mentioned by the goddess, when she appeared to him on a former occasion,* while he was engaged in austerities, the good fortune of enjoyment, and the goddess granted it to him. Then Yaśovarman returned home and lived in happiness, thanks to the good fortune of enjoyment, which, owing to the favour of the goddess, continually presented itself to him unthought of.

"So a smaller fortune, accompanied with enjoyment, is to be preferred to a great fortune, which, though great, is devoid of enjoyment and therefore useless. So why are you annoyed at the good fortune of king Chamarabála, which is combined with meanness, and do not consider your own fortune, which is rich in the power of giving and in enjoyment?

So an attack on him by you is not advisable, and there is no auspicious moment for commencing the expedition, and I do not foresee victory to you." Though those five kings were thus warned by the astrologer, they marched in their impatience against king Chamarabála.

And when king Chamarabála heard that they had reached the border, he bathed in the morning, and worshipped S'iva duly by his auspicious names referring to sixty-eight excellent parts of the body,†—his names that destroy sin and grant all desires. And then he heard a voice coming from heaven, "King, fight without fear, thou shalt conquer thy enemies in battle." Then king Chamarabála was delighted, and girded on his armour, and accompanied by his army, marched out to fight with those foes. In the army of his enemies there were thirty thousand elephants, and three hundred thousand horses, and ten million foot-soldiers. And in his own army there were twenty hundred thousand foot-soldiers, and ten thousand elephants, and a hundred thousand horses. Then a great battle took place between those two armies, and king Chamarabála, preceded by his warder Víra,‡ who was rightly so named, entered that field of battle, as the holy Vishṇu, in the form of the great boar, entered the great ocean. And

* I read *tapaḥstha-púrva-dṛishṭáyás* one word.

† S'iva is invoked by a different name for each limb which he is asked to protect.

‡ Víra means hero.

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though he had but a small army, he so grievously smote that great army of his foes, that slain horses, elephants, and footmen lay in heaps. And when king Samarabála came across him in the battle, he rushed upon him, and smote him with an iron spear, and drawing him towards him with a lasso, made him prisoner. And then in the same way he smote the second king Samaraśúra in the heart with an arrow, and drawing him towards him with a noose, made him also prisoner. And his warder, named Víra, captured the third king, named Samarajita, and brought him to him. And his general, named Devabala, brought and presented to him the fourth king, named Pratápachandra, wounded with an arrow. Then the fifth king Pratápasena, beholding that, fell furiously upon king Chamarabála in the fight. But he repelled his arrows with the multitude of his own, and pierced him with three arrows in the forehead. And when he was bewildered with the blows of the arrows, Chamarabála, like a second Destiny, flung a noose round his neck, and dragging him along made him a captive. When those five kings had in this way been taken prisoners in succession, as many of their soldiers, as had escaped slaughter, fled, dispersing themselves in every direction. And king Chamarabála captured an infinite mass of gold and jewels, and many wives belonging to those kings. And among them, the head queen of king Pratápasena, called Yaśolekhá, a lovely woman, fell into his hands.

Then he entered his city, and gave turbans of honour to the warder Víra and the general Devabala, and loaded them with jewels. And the king made Yaśolekhá an inmate of his own harem, on the ground that she, being the wife of Pratápasena, was captured according to the custom of the Kshatriyas. And she, though flighty, submitted to him because he had won her by the might of his arm ; in those abandoned to the intoxication of love the impressions of virtue are evanescent. And after some days, king Chamarabála, being solicited by the queen Yaśolekhá, let go those five captive kings, Pratápasena and the others, after they had learnt submission and done homage, and after honouring them, dismissed them to their own kingdoms. And then king Chamarabála long ruled his own wealthy kingdom, in which there were no opponents, and the enemies of which had been conquered, and he sported with that Yaśolekhá, who surpassed in form and loveliness beautiful Apsarases, being, as it were, the banner that announced his victory over his foes.

" Thus a brave man, though unsupported, conquers in the front of battle even many enemies coming against him in fight, distracted with hate, and not considering the resources of themselves and their foe, and by his surpassing bravery puts a stop to the fever of their conceit and pride."

When Naravâhanadatta had heard this instructive tale told by Gomukha, he praised it, and set about his daily duties of bathing and so on.

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And he spent that night, which was devoted to the amusement of a concert, in singing with his wives in such a ravishing way, that Sarasvatí from her seat in heaven gave him and his beloved ones high commendation.

CHAPTER LV.

Then, the next day, as Naraváhanadatta was sitting in the apartments of Alankáravatí, a servant of Marubhúti's, the brother of Sauvidalla the guard of the prince's harem, came and said to him in the presence of all his ministers—"King, I have attended on Marubhúti for two years; he has given food and clothing to me and my wife: but he will not give me the fifty *dínárs* a year, which he promised me in addition. And when I asked him for it, he gave me a kick. So I am sitting in *dharna* against him at your Highness's door. If your Highness does not give judgment in this case, I shall enter the fire. What more can I say? For you are my sovereign." When he had said this, he stopped, and Marubhúti said—"I must give him the *dínárs*, but I have not got the money at present." When he said this, all the ministers laughed at him, and Naraváhanadatta said to the minister Marubhúti: "What are you thinking about, you fool? Your intentions are not over-creditable. Rise up, give him the hundred *dínárs* without delay." When Marubhúti heard this speech of his sovereign's, he was ashamed, and immediately brought that hundred *dínárs* and gave it to him. Then Gomukha said—"Marubhúti is not to be blamed, because the works of the Creator's hand have varying moods of mind. Have you not heard the story of king Chiradátṛi, and his servant named Prasanga?"

Story of Chiradátṛi.

In old time there was a king named Chiradátṛi, sovereign of Chirapura. Though he was an excellent man, his followers were extremely wicked. And that king had a servant, named Prasanga, who had come from another country, and was accompanied by two friends. And five years passed, while he was performing his duties, but the king gave him nothing, not even when an occasion was presented by a feast or something of the kind. And owing to the wickedness of the courtiers, he never obtained an opportunity of representing his case to the king, though his friends were continually instigating him to do so.

Now one day the king's infant son died, and when he was grieved at it, all his servants came and crowded round him. And among them the servant, named Prasanga, out of pure sorrow, said to the king as follows,

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though his two friends tried to prevent him, "We have been your servants, your Highness, for a long time, and you have never given us anything, nevertheless we have remained here because we had hopes from your son; for we thought that, although you have never given us anything, your son would certainly give us something. If Fate has carried him off, what is the use of remaining here now? We will immediately take our departure." Thus he exclaimed, and fell at the feet of the king, and went out with his two friends. The king reflected—"Ah! though these men had fixed their hopes on my son, they have been faithful servants to me, so I must not abandon them." Thereupon he immediately had Prasanga and his companions summoned, and loaded them so with wealth that poverty did not again lay hold on them.

"So you see, men have various dispositions, for that king did not give at the proper season, but did give in the unseasonable hour of calamity." When Gomukha, skilful in story-telling, had said this, he went on, at the instigation of the son of the sovereign of Vatsa, to tell the following tale:

Story of king Kanakavarsha and Madanasundarí.

There was in old time on the banks of the Ganges an excellent city, named Kanakapura, the people of which were purified in the water of the river; and which was a delightful place on account of its good government. In this city the only imprisonment seen was the committing to paper of the words of poets, the only kind of defeat was the curling in the locks of the women, the only contest was the struggle of getting the corn into the granary.*

In that city there dwelt in old time a glorious king, named Kanakavarsha, who was born to Priyadarśana, the son of Vásuki, king of the snakes, by the princess Yaśodharâ. Though he bore the weight of the whole earth, he was adorned with innumerable virtues, he longed for glory, not for wealth, he feared sin, not his enemy. He was dull in slandering his neighbour, but not in the holy treatises; there was restraint in the high-souled hero's wrath, not in his favour; he was resolute-minded; he was niggardly in curses, not in gifts; he ruled the whole world; and such was his extraordinary beauty that all women, the moment they saw him, were distracted with the pain of love.

Once on a time, in an autumn, that was characterized by heat, that maddened elephants, that was attended by flocks of swans, and delighted the subjects with rejoicings,† he entered a picture-palace which was cooled

* The puns here defy translation.

† Here the Sanskrit text has "and so resembled himself." Each of the Sanskrit compounds may be taken in another sense. The "heat" is valour; the "swans" subject kings; the sight of the king delighted his subjects, and he possessed furious elephants.

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by winds that blew laden with the scent of lotuses. There he observed and praised the display of pictures, and in the meanwhile there entered the warder, who said to the king—

"Your majesty, an unequalled painter has arrived here from Ujjayiní, boasting himself to be matchless in the art of painting. His name is Roladeva, and he has to-day set up a notice at the palace-gate to the above effect." When the king heard that, he felt respect for him, and ordered him to be introduced, and the warder immediately went and brought him in. The painter entered, and beheld the king Kanakavarsha amusing himself in private with looking at pictures, reclining his body on the lap of beautiful women, and taking in carelessly crooked fingers the prepared betel. And the painter Roladeva made obeisance to the king, who received him politely, and sitting down said slowly to him—"O king, I put up a notice principally through the desire of beholding your feet, not out of pride in my skill, so you must excuse this deed of mine. And you must tell me what form I am to represent on canvass, let not the trouble I took in learning this accomplishment be thrown away, O king." When the painter said this to the king, he replied, "Teacher, paint anything you will, let us give our eyes a treat: what doubt can there be about your skill?"

When the king said this, his courtiers exclaimed—"Paint the king: what is the use of painting others, ugly in comparison with him?" When the painter heard this, he was pleased, and painted the king, with aquiline nose, with almond-shaped fiery eye, with broad forehead, with curly black hair, with ample breast, glorious with the scars of wounds inflicted by arrows and other weapons, with handsome arms resembling the trunks of the elephants that support the quarters, with waist capable of being spanned with the hand, as if it had been a present from the lion-whelps conquered by his might, and with thighs like the post for fastening the elephant of youth, and with beautiful feet, like the shoots of the *aśoka*. And all, when they beheld that life-like likeness of the king, applauded that painter, and said to him; "We do not like to see the king alone on the picture-panel, so paint on it one of these queens by his side, carefully choosing one, that will be a worthy pendant to him; let the feast of our eyes be complete."

When they said this, the painter looked at the picture and said, "Though there are many of these queens, there is none among them like the king, and I believe there is no woman on the earth a match for him in beauty, except one princess—listen, I will tell you about her.

"In Vidarbha there is a prosperous town named Kuṇḍina, and in it there is a king of the name of Devaśakti. And he has a queen named Anantavatí, dearer to him than life, and by her there was born to him a daughter

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named Madanasundarí. How could one like me presume to describe her beauty with this one single tongue, but so much will I say. When the Creator had made her, through delight in her he conceived a desire to make another like her, but he will not be able to do it even in the course of *yugas*. That princess, alone on the earth, is a match for this king in shape, beauty and refinement, in age and birth. For I, when I was there, was once summoned by her by the mouth of a maid, and I went to her private apartments. There I beheld her, freshly anointed with sandal unguent, having a necklace of lotus-fibres, tossing on a bed of lotuses, being fanned by her ladies-in-waiting with the wind of plantain leaves, pale and emaciated, exhibiting the signs of love's fever. And in these words was she dissuading her ladies occupied in fanning her,—'O my friends, away with this sandal unguent and these breezes wafted by plantain leaves; for these, though cool, scorch up unhappy me.' And when I saw her in this state, I was troubled to divine the reason, and after doing obeisance, I sat down in front of her. And she said, 'Teacher, paint such a form as this on canvass and give it me.'

"And then she made me paint a certain very handsome youth, slowly tracing out the form on the ground with trembling, nectar-distilling hand, to guide me. And when I had so painted that handsome youth, I said to myself—'She has made me paint the god of Love in visible form; but, as I see that the flowery bow is not represented in his hand, I know that it cannot be the god of Love, it must be some extraordinarily handsome young man like him. And her outburst of love-sickness has to do with him. So I must depart hence, for this king, her father Devaśakti, is severe in his justice, and if he heard of this proceeding of mine, he would not overlook it.' Thus reflecting, I did obeisance to that princess Madanasundarí, and departed, honoured by her.

"But when I was there, O king, I heard from her attendants, as they talked freely together, that she had fallen in love with you from hearing of you only. So I have secretly taken a picture of that princess on a sheet of canvass, and have come here quickly to your feet. And when I beheld your majesty's appearance, my doubt was at an end, for it was clearly your majesty that the princess caused to be painted by my hand. And as it is not possible to paint her twice, such as she is, I will not represent her in the picture as standing at your side, though she is equal to you in beauty."

When Roladeva said this, the king said to him—"Then shew her as she is represented on the canvass you have brought with you." Then the painter looked out a piece of canvass which was in a bag, and shewed the king Madanasundarí in a painting. And the king Kanakavarsha, seeing that even in a painting she was wonderfully beautiful, immediately be-

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came enamoured of her. And he loaded that painter with much gold, and taking the picture of his beloved, retired into his private apartments. There he remained with his mind fixed on her alone, abandoning all occupations, and his eyes were never satisfied with gazing on her beauty. It seemed as if the god of love was jealous of his good looks, for now that he had obtained an opportunity, he tormented him, smiting him with his arrows and robbing him of his self-control. And the love-pain, which he had inflicted on women enamoured of his handsome shape, was now visited on that king a hundredfold.

And in the course of some days, being pale and emaciated, he told to his confidential ministers, who questioned him, the thought of his heart. And after deliberating with them, he sent to the king Devaśakti, as ambassador, to ask for the hand of his daughter, a trustworthy Bráhman of good birth, named Sangamasvámin, who was skilled in affairs, knew times and seasons, and could speak in a sweet and lofty style. That Sangamasvámin went to Vidarbha with a great retinue, and entered the city of Kuṇḍina. And there he had a formal interview with the king Devaśakti, and on behalf of his master asked for the hand of his daughter. And Devaśakti reflected—"I must give away this daughter of mine to some one, and this king Kanakavarsha has been described as my equal, and he asks for her; so I will give her to him." Accordingly he granted the prayer of Sangamasvámin, and the king displayed to the ambassador the astonishing elegance in the dance of his daughter Madanasundarí. Then the king sent away, after honouring him, and promising to give his daughter, that Sangamasvámin, who was charmed with his sight of her. And he sent with him a counter-ambassador to say, "Fix an auspicious moment and come here for the marriage. And Sangamasvámin returned, accompanied by the counter-ambassador, and told the king Kanakavarsha that his object was effected. Then the king ascertained a favourable moment, and honoured that ambassador, and heard from him over and over again how Madanasundarí was in love with him. And then the king Kanakavarsha set out for the city of Kuṇḍina, in order to marry her, with mind at ease on account of his own irresistible valour, mounted on the horse Aśíkala,* and he smote the S'avaras that inhabited the border-forests, and took the lives of living creatures, like lions and other wild beasts. And he reached Vidarbha, and entered that city of Kuṇḍina, with king Devaśakti, who came out to meet him. Then he entered the king's palace, in which preparations had been made for the marriage, robbing the ladies of the city of the feast which he had given to their eyes. And there he rested a day with his retinue, pleased at the noble reception which king Devaśakti gave him. And on the next day Devaśakti gave him his

* The Sanskrit College MS. reads *Asíkalahayárúḍhaḥ*.

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daughter Madanasundarí, together with all his wealth, retaining only his kingdom.

And king Kanakavarsha, after he had remained there seven days, returned to his own city with his recently-married bride. And when he arrived with his beloved, giving joy to the world, like the moon with the moonlight, that city was full of rejoicing. Then that queen Madanasundarí was dearer than life to that king, though he had many wives, as Rukmiṇí is to Vishṇu. And the wedded couple remained fastened together by their eyes with lovely eyelashes, which were fixed on one another's faces, resembling the arrows of love. And in the meanwhile arrived the lion of spring, with a train of expanding filaments for mane, tearing to pieces the elephant of female coyness. And the garden made ready blossoming mango-plants, by way of bows for the god of Love, with rows of bees clinging to them by way of bowstring. And the wind from the Malaya mountain blew, swaying the love-kindled hearts of the wives of men travelling in foreign lands, as it swayed the suburban groves. And the sweetly-speaking cuckoos seemed to say to men, "The brimming of the streams, the flowers of the trees, the digits of the moon wane and return again, but not the youth of men.* Fling aside coyness and quarrelling, and sport with your beloved ones."

And at that time king Kanakavarsha went with all his wives to a spring-garden, to amuse himself. And he eclipsed the beauty of the *asókas* with the red robes of his attendants, and with the songs of his lovely ladies the song of the cuckoos and bees. There the king, though all his wives were with him, amused himself with Madanasundarí in picking flowers and other diversions. And after roaming there a long time, the king entered the Godávarí with his wives to bathe, and began the water-game. His ladies surpassed the lotuses with their faces, with their eyes the blue water-lilies, with their breasts the couples of Brahmany ducks, with their hips the sandbanks, and when they troubled the bosom of the stream, it showed frowns of anger in the form of curling waves. Then the mind of Kanakavarsha took pleasure in them, while they displayed the contours of their limbs in the splashing-game. And in the ardour of the game, he splashed one queen with water from his palms on her breast.

When Madanasundarí saw it, she was jealous, and got angry with him, and in an outburst of indignation said to him, "How long are you going to trouble the river?" And going out of the water, she took her other clothes and rushed off in a passion to her own palace, telling her ladies of that fault of her lover's. Then king Kanakavarsha, seeing her state of mind, stopped his water-game, and went off to her apartments. Even the parrots in the

* Cp. The Lament of Moschos for Bion, l. 99—104.

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cages warned him off in wrath, when he approached, and entering he saw within the queen afflicted with wrath : with her downcast lotus-like face supported on the palm of her left hand, with tear-drops falling like transparent pearls. And she was repeating, with accents charming on account of her broken speech, in a voice interrupted with sobs, shewing her gleaming teeth, this fragment of a Prákrit song : "If you cannot endure separation, you must cheerfully abandon anger. If you can in your heart endure separation, then you must increase your wrath. Perceiving this clearly, remain pledged to one or the other ; if you take your stand on both, you will fall between two stools." And when the king saw her in this state, lovely even in tears, he approached her bashfully and timidly. And embracing her, though she kept her face averted, he set himself to propitiate her with respectful words tender with love. And when her retinue signified her scorn with ambiguous hints, he fell at her feet, blaming himself as an offender. Then she clung to the neck of the king, and was reconciled to him, bedewing him with the tears that flowed on account of that very annoyance. And he, delighted, spent the day with his beloved, whose anger had been exchanged for good-will, and slept there at night.

But in the night he saw in a dream his necklace suddenly taken from his neck, and his crest-jewel snatched from his head, by a deformed woman. Then he saw a Vetála, with a body made up of the limbs of many animals, and when the Vetála wrestled with him, he hurled him to earth. And when the king sat on the Vetála's back, the demon flew up with him through the air, like a bird, and threw him into the sea. Then, after he had with difficulty struggled to the shore, he saw that the necklace was replaced on his neck, and the crest-jewel on his head. When the king had seen this, he woke up, and in the morning he asked a Buddhist mendicant, who had come to visit him as an old friend, the meaning of the dream. And the mendicant answered clearly—"I do not wish to say what is unpleasant, but how can I help telling you when I am asked? The fact that you saw your necklace and crest-jewel taken away, means that you will be separated from your wife and from your son. And the fact that, after you had escaped from the sea, you found them again, means that you will be reunited with them, when your calamity comes to an end." Then the king said, "I have not a son as yet, let him be born first." Then the king heard from a reciter of the Rámáyana, who visited his palace, how king Daśaratha endured hardship to obtain a son ; and so there arose in his mind anxiety about obtaining a son, and the mendicant having departed, the king Kanakavarsha spent that day in despondency.

And at night, as he was lying alone and sleepless upon his bed, he saw a woman enter without opening the door She was modest and gentle of

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appearance, and, when the king bowed before her, she gave him her blessing and said to him: "Son, know that I am the daughter of Vásuki the king of the snakes, and the elder sister of thy father, Ratnaprabhá by name. I always dwell near thee, invisible, to protect thee, but to-day, seeing thee despondent, I have displayed to thee my real form. I cannot bear to behold thy sorrow, so tell me the cause." When the king had been thus addressed by his father's sister, he said to her: "I am fortunate, mother, in that you shew me such condescension. But know that my anxiety is caused by the fact that no son is born to me. How can people like myself help desiring that, which even heroic saints of old days, like Daśaratha and others, desired for the sake of obtaining *svarga*." When the Nágí* Ratnaprabhá heard this speech of that king, she said to her brother's son; "My son, I will tell thee an admirable expedient, carry it out. Go and propitiate Kártikeya with a view to obtain a son. I will enter thy body, and by my power thou shalt support the rain of Kártikeya falling on thy head to impede thee, difficult to endure. And after thou hast overcome a host of other impediments, thou shalt obtain thy wish." When the Nágí had said this, she disappeared, and the king spent the night in bliss.

The next morning he committed his realm to the care of his ministers, and went, desiring a son, to visit the sole of Kártikeya's foot. There he performed a severe penance to propitiate that lord, having power given him by the Nágí that entered his body. Then the rain of Kumára† fell on his head like thunderbolts, and continued without ceasing. But he endured it by means of the Nágí that had entered his body. Then Kártikeya sent Gaṇeśa to impede him still further. And Gaṇeśa created in that rain a very poisonous and exceedingly terrible serpent, but the king did not fear it. Then Gaṇeśa, invincible‡ even by gods, came in visible form, and began to give him bites on the breast. Then king Kanakavarsha, thinking

* *I. e.* Female snake, somewhat of the nature of the Echidna of our boyhood;

ἥμισυ μὲν νύμφην ἑλικώπιδα καλλιπάρῃον
ἥμισυ δ' ἄντε πέλωρον ὄφιν, δεινόν τε μέγαν τε.

Hesiod. Theog. 298.

† Cp. the following passage which Wirt Sikes (British Goblins, p. 385) quotes from the Mabinogion. "Take the bowl and throw a bowlful of water on the slab," says the black giant of the wood to Sir Kai, "and thou wilt hear a mighty peal of thunder, so that thou wilt think that heaven and earth are trembling with its fury. With the thunder will come a shower so severe that it will be hardly possible for thee to endure and live. And the shower will be of hailstones; and after the shower the weather will become fair, but every leaf that was upon the tree will have been carried away by the shower."

‡ I read with the Sanskṛit College MS. *ajayyaḥ*.

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that he was a foe hard to subdue, proceeded, after he had endured that ordeal, to propitiate Gaṇeśa with praises.

"Honour to thee, O god of the projecting belly, adorned with the elephant's ornament, whose body is like a swelling pitcher containing success in all affairs! Victory to thee, O elephant-faced one, that makest even Brahmá afraid, shaking the lotus, which is his throne, with thy trunk flung up in sport! Even the gods, the Asuras, and the chief hermits do not succeed, unless thou art pleased, the only refuge of the world, O thou beloved of Śiva! The chief of the gods praise thee by thy sixty-eight sin-destroying names, calling thee the pitcher-bellied, the basket-eared one,* the chief of the Gaṇas, the furious *mast* elephant, Yama the noose-handed, the Sun, Vishṇu, and Śiva. With these names to the number of sixty-eight, corresponding to so many parts of the body, do they praise thee. And when one remembers thee, and praises thee, O Lord, fear produced by the battle-field, by the king's court, by gambling, by thieves, by fire, by wild beasts, and other harms, departs." With these laudatory verses, and with many others of the same kind, king Kanakavarsha honoured that king of impediments. And the conqueror of impediments said, "I will not throw an impediment in thy way, obtain a son," and disappeared then and there from the eyes of that king.

Then Kártikeya said to that king, who had endured the rain; "Resolute man, I am pleased with thee, so crave thy boon." Then the king, delighted, said to the god, "Let a son be born to me by thy favour." Then the god said, "Thou shalt have a son, the incarnation of one of my Gaṇas, and his name shall be Hiraṇyavarsha on the earth." And then the rider on the peacock summoned him to enter his inmost shrine, in order to shew him special favour.† Thereupon the Nágí left his body invisibly, for females do not enter the house of Kártikeya through dread of a curse. Then king Kanakavarsha entered the sanctifying temple of that god, armed only with his human excellence. When the god saw that he was deprived of the excellence he formerly had, because he was no longer inhabited by the Nágí, he reflected—"What can this mean?" And Kártikeya, perceiving by his divine meditation, that that king had performed a very difficult vow by the secret help of the Nágí, thus cursed him in his wrath: "Since thou didst make use of deceit, intractable man, thou shalt be separated from thy son, as soon as he is born, and from thy queen. When the king heard this curse, terrible as a thunderstroke, he was not amazed, but

* Böhtlingk conjectures *śúrpa* for *śúrya*; *śúrpa* is a winnowing-basket.

† This is the sense, but—*épsur* cannot be right; the Sanskṛit College MS. reads—*echchhum*. Perhaps—*echchhuḥ* will do.

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being a mighty poet, praised that god with hymns. Then the six-faced god, pleased with his well turned language, said to him; "King, I am pleased with thy hymns; I appoint thee this end of thy curse; thou shalt be separated from thy wife and son for one year, but after thou hast been saved from three great dangers, thou shalt come to an end of the separation." When the six-faced god had said this, he ceased to speak, and the king, satisfied with the nectar of his favour, bowed before him, and went to his own city.

Then, in course of time, he had a son born to him by queen Madanasundarí, as the nectar-stream is born of the light of the cold-rayed moon. When the king and queen saw the face of that son, being filled with great delight, they were not able to contain themselves.* And at that time the king made a feast, and showered riches, and made his name of Kanakavarsha† a literal fact on the earth.

When five nights had passed, while guard was being kept in the lying-in-house, on the sixth night a cloud suddenly came there. It swelled, and gradually covered the whole sky, as a neglected enemy overruns the kingdom of a careless king. Then the *mast* elephant of the wind began to rush, showering drops of rain like drops of ichor, and rooting up trees. At that moment a terrible woman, sword in hand, opened the door, though it was bolted, and entered that lying-in-chamber. She took that babe from the queen as she was nursing it, and ran out, having bewildered the attendants. And then the queen, distracted, and exclaiming, "Alas! a Rákshasí has carried off my child," pursued that woman, though it was dark. And the woman rushed on and plunged into a tank with the child, and the queen, pursuing her, plunged in also, eager to recover her offspring. Immediately the cloud disappeared, and the night came to an end, and the lamentation of the attendants was heard in the lying-in-chamber. Then the king Kanakavarsha, hearing it, came to the lying-in-chamber, and seeing it empty of his son and wife, was distracted. After he had recovered consciousness, he began to lament, "Alas, my queen! Alas, my infant son!" and then he called to mind that the curse was to end in a year. And he exclaimed, "Holy Skanda, how could you give to ill-starred me a boon joined with a curse, like nectar mixed with poison? Alas! how shall I be able to pass a year, long as a thousand years, without the queen Madanasundarí, whom I value more than my life?" And the king, though exhorted by the ministers, who knew the circumstances, did not recover his composure, which had departed with his queen.

* I read *tadá* for *padá*, a conjecture of Babu S. C. Mookerjea's. The Sanskrit College MS. reads *atyánandabhṛite yuktam návartetám yadátmani*.

† *I. e.* showerer of riches.

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And in course of time he left his city, distracted with a paroxysm of love, and wandered through the Vindhya forest in a state of bewilderment. There, as he gazed on the eyes of the young does, he remembered the beauty of the eyes of his beloved, and the bushy tails of the *chamarís* reminded him of the loveliness of her luxuriant hair, and when he marked the gait of the female elephant, he called to mind the languid grace of her gait, so that the fire of his love broke out into a fiercer flame. And wandering about exhausted with thirst and heat, he reached the foot of the Vindhya mountains, and, after drinking the water of a stream, he sat down at the foot of a tree. In the meanwhile a long-maned lion came out of a cavern of the Vindhya hills, uttering a roar which resembled a loud demoniac laugh, and rushed towards him to slay him. At that very moment a certain Vidyádhara descended rapidly from heaven, and cleft that lion in two with a sword-stroke. And that sky-goer, coming near, said to the king, "King Kanakavarsha, how have you come to this region?" When the king heard it, he recovered his memory, and said to him, "How do you know me, who am tossed with the wind of separation?" Then the Vidyádhara said, "I, when in old time I was a religious mendicant, of the name of Bandhumitra, dwelt in your city. Then you helped me in my rites, when I respectfully asked you to do so, and so I obtained the rank of a Vidyádhara, by making a goblin my servant. Thus I recognized you, and being desirous to confer on you a benefit by way of recompense, I have slain this lion which I saw on the point of killing you.

"And my name has now become Bandhuprabha." When the Vidyádhara said this, the king conceived an affection for him, and said, "Ah! I remember, and this friendship has been nobly acted up to by you, so tell me when I shall be reunited with my wife and son." When the Vidyádhara Bandhuprabha heard that, he perceived it by his divine knowledge, and said to the king—"By a pilgrimage to the shrine of Durgá, in the Vindhya hills, you will recover your wife and son, so go you to prosperity, and I will return to my own world." When he had said this, he departed, and king Kanakavarsha, having recovered his self-command, went to visit that shrine of Durgá.

As he was going along, a great and furious wild elephant, stretching out its trunk, and shaking its head, charged him in the path. When the king saw that, he fled by a way full of holes, so that the elephant, pursuing him, fell into a chasm and was killed. Then the king, fatigued with toil and exertion, slowly going along, reached a great lake full of lotuses with straight upstanding stalks. There the king bathed, drank the water of the lake, and ate the fibres of the lotuses, and lying tired at the foot of a tree, was for a moment overpowered by sleep. And some Śavaras, returning that way from hunting, saw that king with auspicious marks lying

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asleep. And they immediately bound him, and took him to their king Muktáphala, in order that he might serve as a victim. The king of the Śavaras, for his part, seeing that the king was a suitable victim, took him to the temple of Durgá to offer him up. And when the king saw the goddess, he bowed before her, and by her mercy and the favour of Skanda his bonds fell off. When the king of the Śavaras saw that miracle, he knew that it was a mark of the goddess's favour towards him, and he spared his life. So Kanakavarsha escaped the third danger, and accomplished the year of his curse.

And in the meanwhile the Nágí, the aunt of the king, came there, bringing the queen Madanasundarí with her son, and said to the king—"O king, when I heard the curse of Kártikeya, I took these away by an artifice to my own dwelling, and preserved them there. Therefore, Kanakavarsha, receive here your wife and son, enjoy this empire of the earth, for now your curse is at an end." When the Nágí had said this to the king, who bowed before her, she disappeared, and the king looked upon the arrival of his wife and child as a dream. Then the grief of separation of the king and queen, who had so long been forced to live apart, trickled away in their tears of joy. Then Muktáphala, the king of the Śavaras, fell at the feet of the king Kanakavarsha, on finding that he was his master, the lord of the whole earth. And after he had propitiated him, and persuaded him to visit his town, he furnished his wife and child with all kinds of luxuries, such as it was in his power to give. Then the king, remaining there, summoned by messengers his father-in-law Devaśakti and his army* from his own city. Then he sent on in front of him his beloved wife Madanasundarí, mounted on a female elephant, and his son, who Kártikeya said was to be called Hiraṇyavarsha, and went with his father-in-law towards his father-in-law's house.† And in a few days he reached the residence of his father-in-law, a hermitage in the country of Vidarbha, and after that his wealthy city of Kuṇḍiṇa, and there he remained some time with his wife and son, and his army, being entertained by his father-in-law. And setting out thence, he at last reached his own town of Kanakapura, where he was, as it were, drunk in by the eyes of the wives of the citizens, long desirous of beholding him again. And with his son and Madanasundarí he entered the palace, like an embodied feast, accompanied with joy and splendour. And there he gave Madanasundarí a turban of honour, and made her his headwife, and he honoured his subjects with gifts on this day of triumph.‡

* The MS. in the Sanskṛit College reads *svasainyam* which saves the metre.

† *Śvasuraveśmavartmáśritas* is the reading of the MS. in the library of the Sanskṛit College.

‡ I read *mánitaprakṛitiḥ*, following the MS. in the Sanskṛit College.

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And then king Kanakavarsha ruled this circle of the earth, four-limited by the sea, without opponents, in perpetual happiness, with his wife and son, without experiencing again the grief of separation.

When the prince Naraváhanadatta heard this magnificent tale from his head minister Gomukha, in the company of the fair Alankáravatí, he was exceedingly delighted.

CHAPTER LVI.

Then the prince Naraváhanadatta, with his beloved by his side, being much pleased at the tale of Gomukha, but seeing that Marubhúti was quite put out, in order to pay him a compliment, said to him, attempting to conciliate him; "Marubhúti, why do you not tell a tale also?" Then he said, "Well, I will tell one," and with pleased soul began to relate the following story.

Story of the Bráhman Chandrasvámin, his son Mahípála, and his daughter Chandravatí.

There once lived in a town called Devakamalapura, belonging to the king Kamalavarman, an excellent Bráhman, named Chandrasvámin. And that wise man had a wife like himself, distinguished for modesty, and she was a worthy match for Sarasvatí and Lakshmí. And to that Bráhman was born a son with auspicious marks, and when he was born, this voice was heard from heaven:

"Chandrasvámin, you must call your son Mahípála,* because he shall be a king and long protect the earth." When Chandrasvámin heard this, he made a feast and called that son Mahípála. And in course of time Mahípála grew up, and was taught the science of missile and hand to hand weapons, and was at the same time instructed in all knowledge. And in the meanwhile his wife Devamati brought forth to Chandrasvámin another child, a daughter, beautiful in all her limbs. And the brother and sister, Mahípála and Chandravatí, grew up together in their father's house.

Then a famine, caused by want of rain, sprang up in that country, the corn having been scorched up by the rays of the sun. And owing to that, the king began to play the bandit, leaving the right path, and taking wealth from his subjects unlawfully. Then, as that land was going rapidly to ruin, Chandrasvámin's wife said to her husband: "Come to my father's house, let us leave this city, for our children will perish here some day or other." When Chandrasvámin heard this, he said to his wife—"By no means, for flight from one's own country in time of famine is a great sin.

* *I. e.* earth-protector, king.

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So I will take these children and deposit them in your father's house, and do you remain here ; I will return soon. She agreed, and then Chandrasvámin left her in his house, and taking those two children, the boy Mahípála and the girl Chandravatí, set out from that city for his father-in-law's house. And in course of time, as he roamed on, he reached a great wilderness, with sands heated by the rays of the sun, and with but a few parched up trees in it. And there he left his two children, who were exhausted with thirst, and went to a great distance to look for water for them. Then there met him a chief of the Śavaras, named Sinhadanshṭra, with his followers, going somewhere or other for his own ends. The Bhilla saw him and questioned him, and finding out that he was in search of water, said to his followers, "Take him to some water," at the same time making a sign to them. When they heard it, two or three of the Śavara king's followers, perceiving his intention, took the innocent Chandrasvámin to the village, and fettered him. And he, learning from them that he was fettered in order to be offered as a victim, lamented for his two children that he had left in the wild:

"Ah Mahípála! Ah dear Chandravatí! why did I foolishly abandon you in the wilderness and make you the prey of lions and tigers? And I have brought myself also into a position where I am sure to be slain by bandits, and there is no escape for me." While he was thus lamenting in his terror, he saw to his delight the sun. And exclaiming, "Ah! I will fling aside bewilderment and fly for refuge to my own lord," the Bráhman began to praise the sun in the following verses—"Hail to thee, O Lord, the brightness residing in the near and in the remote ether, that dispersest the internal and external darkness. Thou art Vishṇu pervading the three worlds, thou art Śiva the treasure-house of blessings, thou art the supreme lord of creatures, calling into activity the sleeping Universe. Thou deposest thy brightness in fire and in the moon, out of pity, as it were, saying, 'Let these two dull things shine,' and so thou dispellest the night. When thou risest, the Rákshasas disperse, the Dasyus have no power, and the virtuous rejoice.* So, thou matchless illuminator of the three worlds, deliver me, who take refuge with thee. Disperse this darkness of my grief, have mercy upon me." When the Bráhman had devoutly praised the sun with these and other similar hymns, a voice was heard from heaven—"Chandrasvámin, I am pleased with thee, thou shalt not be put to death, and by my favour thou shalt be reunited with thy wife and children." When the divine voice had said this to Chandrasvámin, he recovered his spirits, and remained in a state of tranquillity, being supplied with bathing requisites and food by the Śavaras.

* Compare for the idea Richard II. Act III, Sc. 2. line 41 and *ff.*

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And in the meanwhile the boy Mahípála, left in the wilderness with his sister, as his father did not return, remained lamenting bitterly, supposing that some calamity had befallen him. And in this state he was beheld by a great merchant, of the name of Sárthadhara, who came that way, and the merchant asked him what had happened to him. And feeling compassion, he consoled the boy, and observing that he had auspicious marks, he took him and his sister to his own country. There that Mahípála lived in the house of that merchant, who looked upon him with all the affection of a father for his son; and though a boy, he was occupied in the rites of the sacred fire.

But one day the minister of the king Tárávarman, who lived in the city of Tárápura, the excellent Bráhman Anantasvámin, came that way on business, with his elephants, horses and foot-soldiers, and entered the house of that merchant, being a friend of his. After he had rested, he saw the handsome boy Mahípála, engaged in muttering prayers and in sacrificing to the fire, and asked his story; then the Bráhman minister, finding that the boy was of his own caste, as he had no children, begged the boy and his sister from the merchant. Then the merchant, who was a Vaiśya, gave him the children, and Anantasvámin went with them to Tárápura. There Mahípála remained in the house of that minister, which abounded in wealth on account of its master's knowledge, and was treated by him as a son.

And in the meanwhile Sinhadanshṭra, the king of the Bhillas, came to Chandrasvámin, who was in captivity in that village, and said to him; "Bráhman, I have been ordered in a dream by the Sun-god not to slay you but to set you free, after doing you honour. So rise up, and go where you please." After saying this, he let him go, giving him pearls and musk, and supplying him with an escort through the forest. And Chandrasvámin, being thus set at liberty, not finding his son and his younger sister in the wood, wandered in search of them, and as he wandered he found a city named Jalapura on the shore of the sea, and entered as a guest the house of a certain Bráhman. There, after he had taken refreshment, and then told his story, the Bráhman, the master of the house, said to him; "A merchant named Kanakavarman came here some days ago; he found in the forest a Bráhman boy with his sister, and he has gone off with those two very handsome children to the great island of Nárikela, but he did not tell his name." When Chandrasvámin heard that, he made up his mind that those children were his, and he determined to go to that beautiful island. And after he had spent the night, and looked about him, he made acquaintance with a merchant, named Vishṇuvarman, who was about to go to the isle of Nárikela. And with him he embarked in a ship, and went across the sea to the island, out of love for his children. When

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he began to enquire there, the merchants, who lived there, said to him ; " It is true that a merchant named Kanakavarman did come here, with two beautiful Bráhman children, whom he found in a wood. But he has now gone with them to the island of Kaṭáha. When the Bráhman heard that, he went in a ship with the merchant Dánavarman to the island of Kaṭáha. There he heard that the merchant Kanakavarman had gone from that island to an island named Karpúra. In the same way he visited in turn the islands of Karpúra, Suvarna, and Sinhala with merchants, but he did not find the merchant whom he was in search of. But from the people of Sinhala he heard that that merchant Kanakavarman had gone to his own city, named Chitrakúṭa. Then Chandrasvámin went with a merchant, named Koṭíśvara, to Chitrakúṭa, crossing the sea in his ship. And in that city he found the merchant Kanakavarman, and longing for his children, he told him the whole story. Then Kanakavarman, when he knew the cause of his grief, showed him the children, whom he had found in the forest and brought away. But when Chandrasvámin looked at those two children, he saw that they were not his, but some other children. Then he, being afflicted with tears and grief, lamented in desperate mood—" Alas ! though I have wandered so far, I have not found my son or my daughter. Malignant Providence, like a wicked master, has held out hopes to me but has not fulfilled them, and has made me wander far and wide on a false surmise." While he was indulging in such lamentations, he was at last, though with difficulty, consoled by Kanakavarman, and exclaimed in his grief, " If I do not find those children in a year, by wandering over the earth, I will abandon the body by austerities on the bank of the river Ganges. When he said this, a certain seer there said to him, " Go, you will recover your children by the favour of Náráyaṇí. When he heard that, he was delighted, remembering the compassion shown him by the sun, and he departed from that city, honoured by the merchants.

Then, searching the lands which were royal grants to Bráhmans, and the villages and the towns, he reached one evening a wood with many tall trees in it. There he made a meal on fruits and water, and climbed up into a tree to spend the night there, dreading the lions, and tigers, and other noisome beasts. And being sleepless, he saw in the night at the foot of the tree a great body of divine Mothers assembled, with Náráyaṇí at their head ; waiting for the arrival of the god Bhairava, having brought with them all kinds of presents suited to their resources. And thereupon the Mothers asked Náráyaṇí why the god delayed, but she laughed and gave no reason. And being persistently questioned by them, she answered—" He has stopped to curse a Guhyaka who has incurred his displeasure."* And on account of that business some delay has taken place

* Here I have omitted a short story.

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about his arrival, but know that he will be here soon. While Nárâyaṇí was saying this to the Mothers, there came there Bhairava* the lord of the company of Mothers. And he, having been honoured with gifts by all the Mothers, spent some time in dancing, and sported with the witches.

And while Chandrasvámin was surveying that from the summit of a tree, he saw a slave belonging to Nárâyaṇí, and she saw him. And as chance would have it, they fell in love with one another, and the goddess Nárâyaṇí perceived their feelings. And when Bhairava had departed, accompanied by the witches, she, lingering behind, summoned Chandrasvámin who was on the tree. And when he came down, she said to him and her slave: "Are you in love with one another?" And they confessed the truth, and said they were, and thereupon she dismissed her anger and said to Chandrasvámin, "I am pleased with thee for confessing the truth, so I will not curse thee, but I will give thee this slave, live in happiness." When the Bráhman heard this, he said—"Goddess, though my mind is fickle, I hold it in check, I do not touch a strange woman. For this is the nature of the mind, but bodily sin should be avoided." When that firm-souled Bráhman said this, the goddess said to him—"I am pleased with thee and I give thee this boon: thou shalt quickly find thy children. And receive from me this unfading lotus that destroys poison." When the goddess had said this, she gave the Bráhman Chandrasvámin a lotus, and disappeared from his eyes.

And he, having received the lotus, set out, at the end of the night, and roaming along reached the city of Tárápura, where his son Mahípála and his daughter were living in the house of that Bráhman minister Anantasvámin. There he went and recited at the door of that minister, in order to obtain food, having heard that he was hospitable. And the minister, having been informed by the door-keepers, had him introduced by them, and when he saw that he was learned, invited him to dinner. And when he was invited, having heard that there was a lake there, named Anantahrada, that washed away sin, he went to bathe there. While he was returning after bathing, the Bráhman heard all round him in the city a cry of grief. And when he asked the cause, the people said to him—"There is in this city a Bráhman boy, of the name of Mahípála, who was found in the forest by the

* He seems to correspond to the Junker Voland or Herr Urian of the Walpurgisnacht; (see Bayard Taylor's notes to his translation of Goethe's Faust). See also, for the assembly of witches and their uncanny president, Birlinger, Aus Schwaben, pp. 323 and 372. In Bartsch's Sagen &c. aus Meklenburg, pp. 11—44, will be found the recorded confessions of many witches, who deposed to having danced with the Teutonic Bhairava on the Blocksberg. The Mothers of the second part of Faust probably come from Greece.

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merchant Sárthadhara. The minister Anantasvámin, observing that he had auspicious marks, with some difficulty begged him and his sister from the merchant, and brought them both here. And being without a son, he has adopted the boy, whose excellent qualities have endeared him to king Tárávarman and his people. To-day he has been bitten by a poisonous snake; hence the cry of grief in the city." When Chandrasvámin heard that, he said to himself, "This must be my son," and reflecting thus, he went to the house of that minister as fast as he could. There he saw his son surrounded by all, and recognized him, and rejoiced, having in his hand the lotus that was an antidote to snake-poison. And he put that lotus to the nose of that Mahípála, and the moment he smelt it, he was free from the effects of poison. And Mahípála rose up, and was as one who had just awoke from sleep,* and all the people in the city, and the king rejoiced. And Chandrasvámin was honoured with wealth by Anantasvámin, the king, and the citizens, who said "This is some incarnation of the divinity." And he remained in the house of the minister in great comfort, honoured by him, and he saw his son Mahípála and his daughter Chandravatí. And the three, though they mutually recognized one another, said nothing, for the wise have regard to what is expedient, and do not discover themselves out of season.

Then the king Táravárman, being highly pleased with the virtues of Mahípála, gave him his daughter Bandhumatí. Then that king, after giving him the half of the kingdom, being pleased with him, laid the whole burden of the kingdom upon him, as he had no other son. And Mahípála, after he had obtained the kingdom, acknowledged his father, and gave him a position next to his, and so lived in happiness.

One day his father Chandrasvámin said to him, "Come, let us go to our own country to bring your mother. For if she hears that you are the occupant of a throne, having been long afflicted, she might think, 'How comes it that my son has forgotten me,' and might curse you in her anger. But one who is cursed by his father and mother does not long enjoy prosperity. In proof of this hear this tale of what happened long ago to the merchant's son."

Story of Chakra.†

In the city of Dhavala there was a merchant's son, named Chakra. He went on a trading voyage to Svarnadvípa against the will of his parents. There he gained great wealth in five years, and in order to return embarked on the sea in a ship laden with jewels. And when his voyage was very nearly at an end, the sea rose up against him, troubled with a great wind, and with

* *Mukta* for *yukta*, which is clearly a misprint.

† This story is identical with the story of "The merchant who struck his mother," as given by the Rev. S. Beal in the Antiquary for September 1880.

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clouds and rain. And the huge billows broke his vessel, as if angry because he had come against the wish of his parents. Some of the passengers were whelmed in the waves, others were eaten by sea-monsters. But Chakra, as his allotted term of life had not run out, was carried to the shore and flung up there by the waves. While he was lying there in a state of exhaustion, he saw as if in a dream, a man of black and terrible appearance come to him, with a noose in his hand. Chakra was caught in the noose by that man, who took him up and dragged him a long distance to a court presided over by a man on a throne. By the order of the occupant of the throne, the merchant's son was carried off by that noose-bearer, and flung into a cell of iron.

In that cell Chakra saw a man being tortured by means of an iron wheel* on his head, that revolved incessantly. And Chakra asked him, —"Who are you, by what crime did you incur this, and how do you manage to continue alive?" And the man answered—"I am a merchant's son named Khaḍga, and because I did not obey the commands of my parents, they were angry and in wrath laid this curse upon me :† 'Because, wicked son, you torture us like a hot wheel placed on the head, therefore such shall be your punishment.' When they had said this they ceased, and as I wept, they said to me, 'Weep not, your punishment shall only last for one month.' When I heard that, I spent the day in grief, and at night when I was in bed, I saw, as if in a dream, a terrible man come. He took me off and thrust me by force into this iron cell, and he placed on my head this burning and ever-revolving wheel. This was my parents' curse, hence I do not die. And the month is at an end to-day; still I am not set free." When Khaḍga said that, Chakra in pity answered him—"I too did not obey my parents, for I went abroad to get wealth against their will, and they pronounced against me the curse that my wealth, when acquired, should perish. So I lost in the sea my whole wealth, that I had acquired in a foreign island. My case is the same as yours. So what is the use of my life? Place this wheel on my head. Let your curse, Khaḍga, depart." When Chakra said this, a voice was heard in the air "Khaḍga, thou art released, so place this wheel on the head of Chakra." When Khaḍga heard this, he placed the wheel on the head of Chakra, and was conveyed by some invisible being to his parents' house.

* A similar transferable wheel is found in the Panchatantra, Vth Book, 3rd Story. Benfey's Panchatantra, Vol. II, p. 331.

† Cp. Ralston's Russian Folk-Tales, p. 358. "Great stress is laid in the skazkas and legends upon the terrible power of a parent's curse. The hasty word of a father or mother will condemn even an innocent child to slavery among devils and when it is once uttered, it is irrevocable." Throughout the present work curses appear to be irrevocable but susceptible of modification and limitation.

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There he remained without disobeying again the orders of his parents: but Chakra put that wheel upon his head, and then spake thus—"May other sinners also on the earth be released from the result of their sins; until all sins are cancelled, may this wheel revolve on my head." When the resolute Chakra said this, the gods in heaven, being pleased, rained flowers and thus addressed him: "Bravo! Bravo! man of noble spirit, this compassion has cancelled thy sin, go; thou shalt possess inexhaustible wealth." When the gods said this, that iron wheel fell from the head of Chakra, and disappeared somewhere. Then a Vidyádhara youth descended from heaven, and gave him a valuable treasure of jewels, sent by Indra pleased with his self-abnegation, and taking Chakra in his arms, carried him to his city named Dhavala, and departed as he had come. Then Chakra delighted his relations by his arrival at the house of his parents, and, after telling his adventures, remained there without falling away from virtue.

When Chandrasvámin had told this story, he said again to Mahípála, "Such evil fruits does opposition to one's parents produce, my son, but devotion to them is a wishing-cow of plenty: in illustration of this hear the following tale."

Story of the hermit and the faithful wife.

There was in old time a hermit of great austerity, who roamed in the forest. And one day a hen-crow, as he was sitting under the shade of a tree, dropped dirt upon him, so he looked at the crow with angry eyes. And the crow, as soon as he looked at it, was reduced to ashes; and so the hermit conceived a vain-glorious confidence in the might of his austerities.

Once on a time, in a certain city, the hermit entered the house of a Bráhman, and asked his wife for alms. And that wife, who was devoted to her husband, answered him, "Wait a little, I am attending upon my husband." Then he looked at her with an angry look, and she laughed at him and said, "Remember,* I am not a crow." When the hermit heard that, he sat down in a state of astonishment, and remained wondering how she could possibly have come to know of the fate of the crow. Then, after she had attended upon her husband in the oblation to the fire and in other rites, the virtuous woman brought alms, and approached that hermit. Then the hermit joined his hands in the attitude of supplication, and said to that virtuous woman: "How did you come to know of my adventure with the crow in the forest; tell me first, and then I will receive your alms?" When the hermit said this, that wife, who adored her husband, said, "I know of no virtue other than devotion to my husband, accordingly by his favour I have such power of discernment. But go and visit a man here who lives by selling flesh, whose name is Dharmavyádha, from him thou shalt learn the secret of blessedness free from the consciousness

* Perhaps we should read *mṛishyatám*, forgive me, be patient.

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of self." The hermit, thus addressed by the all-knowing faithful wife, took the portion of a guest, and after bowing before her, departed.

*Story of Dharmavyádha the righteous seller of flesh.**

The next day he went in search of that Dharmavyádha, and approached him, as he was selling flesh in his shop. And as soon as Dharmavyádha saw the hermit, he said, "Have you been sent here, Bráhman, by that faithful wife?" When the hermit heard that, he said to Dharmavyádha in his astonishment,—"How come you to have such knowledge, being a seller of flesh?" When the hermit said this, Dharmavyádha answered him—"I am devoted to my father and mother, that is my only object in life. I bathe after I have provided them with the requisites for bathing, I eat after I have fed them, I lie down after I have seen them to bed; thus it comes to pass that I have such knowledge. And being engaged in the duties of my profession, I sell only for my subsistence the flesh of deer and other animals slain by others, not from desire of wealth. And I and that faithful wife do not indulge self-consciousness, the impediment of knowledge, so the knowledge of both of us is free from hindrance. Therefore do you, observing the vow of a hermit, perform your own duties, without giving way to self-consciousness, with a view to acquiring purity, in order that you may quickly attain the supreme brightness." When he had been thus instructed by Dharmavyádha, he went to his house and observed his practice, and afterwards he returned satisfied to the forest. And by his advice he became perfected, and the faithful wife and Dharmavyádha also attained perfection by such performance of their duties.

"Such is the power of those who are devoted to husband or father and mother. So come, visit that mother who longs for a sight of you." When thus addressed by his father Chandrasvámin, Mahípála promised to go to his native land to please his mother. And he disclosed that of his own accord to Anantasvámin his spiritual father, and when he took upon him the burden of his kingdom, the king set out with his natural father by night. And at last he reached his own country, and refreshed his mother Devamati with a sight of him, as the spring refreshes the female cuckoo. And Mahípála stayed there some time with his mother, being welcomed by his relations, together with his father who related their adventures.

In the meanwhile in Tárápura the princess, his wife Bandhumatí, who was sleeping within the house, woke up at the close of night. And discovering that her husband had gone somewhere, she was distressed at her lonely state, and could not find solace in the palace, the garden, or any other place. But she remained weeping, shedding tears that seemed to double her necklace, intent on lamentation only, desiring relief by death. But the

* This character is probably taken from the Mahábhárata (see Dowson's Classical Dictionary of Hindu Mythology, p. 90).

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minister Anantasvámin came and comforted her with hope-inspiring words, saying, "Before your husband went, he said to me, 'I am going away on some business and I will quickly return,' so do not weep, my daughter." Then she recovered self-control, though with difficulty. Then she remained continually honouring with gifts excellent Bráhmans, that came from a foreign country, in order to obtain news of her husband. And she asked a poor Bráhman, named Sangamadatta, who came for a gift, for tidings of her husband, having told him his name and the signs by which to recognize him. Then the Bráhman said, "I have never beheld a man of that kind; but, queen, you must not give way to excessive anxiety on this account. Doers of righteous actions eventually obtain reunion with loved ones, and in proof of that I will tell you a wonder which I saw, listen."

Story of the treacherous Pásupata ascetic.

As I was wandering round all the holy places, I came to the Mánasa lake on the Himálayas, and in it I saw, as in a mirror,* a house composed of jewels, and from that building there came out suddenly a man with a sword in his hand, and he ascended the bank of the lake, accompanied by a troop of celestial females. There he amused himself with the females in a garden in the recreation of drinking, and I was looking on from a distance unobserved, full of interest in the spectacle. In the meanwhile a man of prepossessing appearance came there from somewhere or other. And when he met me, I told him what I had seen. And with much interest I pointed out to him that man from a distance, and when he beheld him he told me his own story in the following words:

Story of the king Tribhuvana.

I am a king named Tribhuvana in the city of Tribhuvana. There a certain Pásupata ascetic for a long time paid me court. And being asked the reason by me, he at once asked me to be his ally in obtaining a sword concealed in a cavern, and I agreed to that. Then the Pásupata ascetic went with me at night, and having by means of a burnt-offering and other rites discovered an opening in the earth, the ascetic said to me, "Hero! enter thou first, and after thou hast obtained the sword, come out, and cause me also to enter; make a compact with me to do this." When he said this, I made that compact with him, and quickly entered the opening, and found a palace of jewels. And the chief of the Asura maidens who dwelt there came out from the palace, and out of love led me in, and there gave me a sword. She said, "Keep this sword which confers the power of flying in the air, and bestows all magical faculties." Then I remained there with her. But I remembered my compact, and going out with the sword in my hand, I introduced that ascetic into the palace of the Asuras by that opening.

* I have followed the Sanskrit College MS. which gives *ádarśa*.

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There I dwelt with the first Asura lady who was surrounded by her attendants, and he dwelt with the second. One day when I was stupified with drinking, the ascetic treacherously took away from my side the sword, and grasped it in his own hand. When he had it in his grasp, he possessed great power, and with his hand he seized me and flung me out of the cavern. Then I searched for him for twelve years at the mouths of caverns, hoping that some time I might find him outside. And this very day the scoundrel has presented himself to my eyes, sporting with that very Asura lady who belongs to me.

While the king Tribhuvana was relating this to me, O queen, that ascetic, stupefied with drink, went to sleep. And while he was asleep, the king went and took the sword from his side, and by its operation he recovered celestial might. Then the hero woke up that ascetic with a kick, and reproached the unfortunate man, but did not kill him. And then he entered the palace with the Asura lady and her attendants, recovered again like his own magic power. But the ascetic was much grieved at having lost his magic power. For the ungrateful, though long successful, are sure to fail at last.

"Having seen this with my own eyes, I have now arrived here in the course of my wanderings; so be assured, queen, that you shall eventually be reunited to your beloved, like Tribhuvana, for the righteous does not sink." When Bandhumatí heard that from the Bráhman, she was highly delighted, and made him successful by giving him much wealth.

And the next day a distinguished Bráhman came there from a distant land, and Bandhumatí eagerly asked him for tidings of her husband, telling his name and the tokens by which he might be recognized. Then that Bráhman said to her: "Queen, I have not seen your husband anywhere, but I, who have to-day come to your house, am named not without reason, the Bráhman Sumanas,* so you will quickly have your wishes satisfied, thus my heart tells me. And reunions do take place, even of the long separated. In proof of thus I will tell you the following tale; listen, queen."

Story of Nala and Damayantí.

Of old time there lived a king named Nala, whose beauty, I fancy, so surpassed that of the god of Love, that in disgust he offered his body as a burnt-offering in the fire of the eye of the enraged Síva. He had no wife, and when he made enquiries, he heard that Damayantí, the daughter of Bhíma the king of Vidarbha, would make him a suitable wife. And Bhíma, searching through the world, found that there was no king except Nala fit to marry his daughter.

In the meanwhile Damayantí went down into a tank in her own city, to amuse herself in the water. There the girl saw a swan that had fed on

* *I. e.* Benevolent, and also satisfied at heart.

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blue and white lotuses, and by a trick she threw over it her robe and made it a prisoner in sport. But the celestial swan, when captured, said to her in accents that she could understand: "Princess, I will do you a good turn, let me go. There is a king of the name of Nala, whom even the nymphs of heaven bear on their hearts, like a necklace strung with threads of merit.* You are a wife fitted for him and he is a husband suited for you, so I will be an ambassador of Love to bring like to like." When she heard that, she thought that the celestial swan was a polished speaker, and so she let him go, saying—"So be it"—And she said, "I will not choose any husband but Nala," having her mind captivated by that prince, who had entered by the channel of her ear.

And the swan departed thence, and quickly repaired to a tank resorted to by Nala, when bent on sporting in the water. And Nala, seeing that the swan was beautiful, took it captive out of curiosity by throwing his robe over it in sport. Then the swan said—"Set me free, O king, for I have come to benefit you; listen, I will tell you. There is in Vidarbha one Damayantí, the daughter of king Bhíma, the Tilottamá of the earth, to be desired even by gods. And she has chosen you as her future husband, having fallen in love with you on account of my description of your virtues; and I have come here to tell you. Nala was at the same time pierced with the words of that excellent swan, that were brightened by the splendid object they had in view,† and with the sharp arrows of the god of the flowery shafts. And he said to that swan, "I am fortunate, best of birds, in that I have been selected by her, as if by the incarnate fulfilment of my wishes." When the swan had been thus addressed by him and let go, it went and related the whole occurrence to Dayamantí, as it took place, and then went whither it would.

Now Damayantí was longing for Nala; so, by way of a device to obtain him, she sent her mother to ask her father to appoint for her the ceremony of the Svayamvara. And her father Bhíma consented, and sent messengers to all the kings on the earth, to invite them to the Svayamvara. And all the kings, when they had received the summons, set out for Vidarbha, and Nala went also eagerly, mounted on his chariot.

And in the meanwhile, Indra and the other Lokapálas heard from the hermit Nárada of the Svayamvara of Damayantí, and of her love for Nala. And of them Indra, the Wind, the god of Fire, Yama and Varuṇa, longing for Damayantí, deliberated together, and went to Nala, and they found Nala setting off on the journey, and when he prostrated himself before them, they said to him "Go, Nala, and tell Damayantí this from us—'Choose one of us five; what is the use of choosing Nala who is a mortal?

* *Sadguṇa* means good quality, also "good thread."

† The epithet refers also to the arrows and means "bright with excellent heads."

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Mortals are subject to death, but gods are undying.' And by our favour, thou shalt enter where she is, unperceived by the others." Nala said "So be it," and consented to do the errand of the gods. And he entered the apartments of Damayantí without being seen, and delivered that command of the gods, exactly as it was given. But when the virtuous woman heard that, she said "Suppose the gods are such, nevertheless Nala shall be my husband, I have no need of gods." When Nala had heard her utter this noble sentiment, and had revealed himself, he went and told it, exactly as it was said, to Indra and the others; and they, pleased with him, gave him a boon, saying, "We are thy servants from this time forth, and will repair to thee as soon as thought of, truthful man.

Then Nala went delighted to Vidarbha, and Indra and the other gods assumed the form of Nala, with intent to deceive Damayantí. And they went to the court of Bhíma, assuming the attributes of mortals, and, when the Svayamvara began, they sat near Nala. Then Damayantí came, and leaving the kings who were being proclaimed one by one by her brother, gradually reached Nala. And when she saw six Nalas, all possessing shadows and the power of winking,* she thought in her perplexity, while her brother stood amazed, "Surely these five guardians of the world have produced this illusion to deceive me, but I think that Nala is the sixth here, and so I cannot go in any other direction." When the virtuous one had thus reflected, she stood facing the sun, with mind fixed on Nala alone, and spoke thus—"O guardians of the world, if even in sleep I have never fixed my heart on any but Nala, on account of that loyal conduct of mine shew me your real forms. And to a maiden any other men than her lover previously chosen are strangers, and she is to them the wife of another, so how comes this delusion upon you?" When the five, with Indra at their head, heard that, they assumed their own forms, and the sixth, the true Nala, preserved his true form. The princess in her delight cast upon the king her eye, beautiful as a blown blue lotus, and the garland of election. And a rain of flowers fell from heaven. Then king Bhíma performed the marriage ceremony of her and Nala. And the kings and the gods, Indra and the others, returned by the way that they came, after due honour had been done to them by the king of Vidarbha.

But Indra and his companions saw on the way Kali and Dvápara,† and

* So in Heliodorus, Aethiopica, Lib. III, cap. XIII.

ἀλλα τοῖς τ' ὀφθάλμοις ἂν γνωσθεῖεν ἀτενὲς διόλου βλέποντες καὶ τὸ βλέφαρον οὔ ποτ' ἐπιμύοντες.—In the third canto of the Purgatorio Dante is much troubled at finding that Virgil, being a disembodied spirit, casts no shadow.

† Kali is the side of the die marked with one point. Dvápara is the side marked with two. They are personified here as demons of gambling. They are also the present, *i. e.*, the fourth and the third Yugas or ages of the world.

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knowing that they had come for Damayantí, they said to them, "It is of no use your going to Vidarbha; we come thence; and the Svayamvara has taken place; Damayantí has chosen king Nala. When the wicked Kali and Dvápara heard that, they exclaimed in wrath, "Since she has chosen that mortal in preference to gods like thyself, we will certainly separate that couple." After making this vow they turned round and departed thence. And Nala remained seven days in the house of his father-in-law, and then departed, a successful man, for Nishada, with his wife Damayantí. There their love was greater than that of Síva and Párvatí. Párvatí truly is half of Síva, but Damayantí was Nala's self. And in due time Damayantí brought forth to Nala a son named Indrasena, and after that a daughter named Indrasená.

And in the meanwhile Kali, who was resolved on effecting what he had promised, was seeking an occasion against Nala, who lived according to the Sástras. Then, one day, Nala lost his senses from drunkenness, and went to sleep without saying the evening prayer and without washing his feet. After Kali had obtained this opportunity, for which he had been watching day and night, he entered into the body of Nala. When Kali had entered his body, king Nala abandoned righteous practices and acted as he pleased. The king played dice, he loved female slaves, he spoke untruths, he slept in the day, he kept awake at night, he became angry without cause, he took wealth unjustly, he despised the good, and he honoured the bad.

Moreover Dvápara entered into his brother Pushkara, having obtained an opportunity, and made him depart from the true path. And one day Nala saw, in the house of his younger brother Pushkara, a fine white bull, named Dánta. And Pushkara would not give the bull to his elder brother, though he wanted it and asked for it, because his respect for him had been taken away by Dvápara. And he said to him, "If you desire this bull, then win it from me at once at play." When Nala heard that challenge, in his infatuation he accepted it, and then those two brothers began to play against each other. Pushkara staked the bull, Nala staked elephants and other things, and Pushkara continually won, Nala as continually lost. In two or three days Nala had lost his army and his treasure, but he still refused to desist from gambling, though entreated to desist, for he was distracted by Kali. Damayantí, thinking that the kingdom was lost, put her children in a splendid chariot, and sent them to the house of her father. In the mean-while Nala lost his whole kingdom; then the hypocritical Pushkara said, "Since you have lost everything else, now stake Damayantí on the game against that bull of mine."

This windy speech of Pushkara's, like a strong blast, made Nala blaze like fire; but he did not say anything unbecoming, nor did he stake his wife.

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Then Pushkara said to him, "If you will not stake your wife, then leave this country of mine with her." When Nala heard this, he left that country with Damayantí, and the king's officers saw him as far as the frontier. Alas! when Kali reduced Nala to such a state, say, what will be the lot of other mortals, who are like worms compared with him? Curse on this gambling, the livelihood of Kali and Dvápara, without law, without natural affection, such a cause of misfortunes even to royal sages.

So Nala, having been deprived of his sovereignty by his brother, started to go to another land with Damayantí, and as he was journeying along, he reached the centre of a forest, exhausted with hunger. There, as he was resting with his wife, whose soft feet were pierced with *darbha* grass, on the bank of a river, he saw two swans arrive. And he threw his upper garment over them, to capture them for food, and those two swans flew away with it. And Nala heard a voice from heaven,—"These are those two dice in the form of swans, they have descended and flown off with your garment also." Then the king sat down despondent, with only one garment on, and providently shewed to Damayantí the way to her father's house; saying, "This is the way to Vidarbha, my beloved, to your father's house, this is the way to the country of the Angas, and this is the way to Kośala." When Damayantí heard this, she was terrified, thinking to herself—"Why does my husband tell me the way, as if he meant to abandon me?" Then the couple fed on roots and fruits, and when night came on, lay down both of them, wearied, in the wood, on a bed of *kuśa* grass. And Damayantí, worn out with the journey, gradually dropt off to sleep, but Nala, desiring to depart, kept awake, deluded by Kali. So he rose up with one garment, deserting that Damayantí, and departed thence, after cutting off half her upper garment and putting it on. But Damayantí woke up at the end of the night, and when she did not see in the forest her husband, who had deserted her and gone, she thought for some time, and then lamented as follows: "Alas, my husband, great of heart, merciful even to your enemy! You that used to love me so well, what has made you cruel to me? And how will you be able to go alone on foot through the forests, and who will attend on you to remove your weariness? How will the dust defile on the journey your feet, that used to be stained with the pollen of the flowers in the garlands worn on the heads of kings! How will your body, that could not endure to be anointed with the powder of yellow sandal-wood, endure the heat of the sun in the middle of the day? What do I care for my young son? What for my daughter? What for myself? May the gods, if I am chaste, procure good fortune for you alone!" Thus Damayantí lamented, in her loneliness, and then set out by the path, which her husband had shewn her beforehand. And with difficulty she crossed the woods, forests, rivers, and

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rocks, and never did she depart from her devotion to her husband in, any point. And the might of her chastity preserved her on the way,* so that the hunter, who, after delivering her from the serpent, fell in love with her for a moment, was reduced to ashes. Then she joined a caravan of merchants, which she met on the way, and with them she reached the city of a king named Subáhu. There the daughter of the king saw her from her palace, and pleased with her beauty, had her brought and gave her as a present to her mother. Then she remained in attendance on the queen, respected by her, and when questioned, she answered only—"My husband has abandoned me."

And in the meanwhile her father Bhíma, having heard the tidings of Nala's misfortune, sent trustworthy men in every direction, to make search for the royal couple. And one of them, his minister named Suveṇa, as he was wandering about disguised as a Bráhman, reached that palace of Subáhu. There he saw Damayantí, who always examined guests, and she saw with sorrow her father's minister. And having recognized one another, they wept together so violently, that Subáhu's queen heard it. And the queen had them summoned, and asked them the truth of the matter, and then she found out that the lady was Damayantí, the daughter of her sister. Then she informed her husband, and after shewing her honour, she sent her to the house of her father with Suveṇa and an army. There Damayantí remained, reunited with her two children, enquiring under her father's guidance for news of her husband. And her father sent out spies to look for her husband, who was distinguished by preternatural skill in cooking and driving. And king Bhíma commanded the spies to say; "Moon, where have you hid yourself so cruelly, deserting your young bride asleep in the forest, dear as a cluster of white lotuses, having taken a piece of her robe?"† This he told them to utter wherever they suspected the presence of Nala.

And in the meanwhile king Nala travelled a long way at night in that forest, clothed with the half-garment, and at last he saw a jungle-fire. And he heard some one exclaim—"Great-hearted one, take me away from the neighbourhood of this fire, in order that I, being helpless, may not be burned up by it." When Nala heard this, he looked round, and beheld a snake coiled up near the fire, having his head encircled with the rays of the jewels of his crest,‡ as if seized on the head by the jungle-fire, with terrible flaming

* Cp. Milton's Comus, v. 421 and *ff.* The word "might" also means "fire". This "fire" burnt up the hunter.

The pun in the previous sentence cannot be rendered in English.

† Here there is a pun. *Ambara* also means the sky.

‡ For the jewels in the heads of reptiles see the long note in Benfey's Panchatantra, Vol. I, p. 214. The passage in "As you like it" will occur to every one.

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weapons in its hand. He went up to it, and in compassion put it on his shoulder, and carried it a long distance, and when he wished to put it down, the snake said to him—"Carry me ten steps further, counting them as you go. Then Nala advanced, counting the steps, one, two, three, four, five, six, seven—listen, snake—eight, nine, ten, and when he said ten *(daśa)*,* the snake took him at his word, and bit him in the front of the forehead, as he lay on his shoulder. That made the king small in the arms, deformed and black. Then the king took down the snake from his shoulder, and said to him—"Who art thou, and what kind of a return for my kindness is this which thou hast made?" When the snake heard this speech of Nala's, he answered him,—"King, know that I am a king of the snakes named Kárkotaka, and I gave you the bite for your good; that you will come to learn; when great ones wish to live concealed, a deformed appearance of body furthers their plans. Receive also from me this pair of garments, named the 'fire-bleached,' you need only put them on and you will recover your true form." When Kárkotaka had said this, and had departed after giving those garments, Nala left that wood, and in course of time reached the city of Kośalá.

And going by the name of Hrasvabáhu, he took service as a cook in the family of king Ṛituparṇa, the sovereign of Kośala. And he acquired renown by making dishes of exquisite flavour, and by his skill in chariot-driving. And while Nala was living there, under the name of Hrasvabáhu, it happened that once upon a time one of the spies of the king of Vidarbha came there. And the spy heard men there saying,—"In this place there is a new cook, of the name of Hrasvabáhu, equal to Nala in his own special art and also in the art of driving. The spy suspected that the cook was Nala himself, and hearing that he was in the judgment-hall of the king, he went there and repeated the following Áryá verse, taught him by his master, "Moon, where have you hid yourself so cruelly, deserting your young bride asleep in the forest, dear as a cluster of white lotuses, having taken a piece of her robe?" The people present in the judgment-hall, when they heard that, thought that his words were those of a madman, but Nala, who stood there disguised as a cook, answered him, "What cruelty was there in the moon's becoming invisible to the lotus-cluster, when it reached and entered another region, after one part of the heaven† had become exhausted?"

When the spy heard this, he surmised that the supposed cook was really Nala transformed by misfortune, and he departed thence, and when he reached Vidarbha, he told king Bhíma and his queen and Damayantí all that he had heard and seen.

* *Daśa* means "ten," and also "bite."

† Or robe. The pun is obvious.

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Then Damayantí, of her own accord, said to her father, "Without doubt that man is my husband disguised as a cook. So let this amusing artifice be employed to bring him here. Let a messenger be sent to king Ṛituparna, and the moment he arrives let him say to that king, 'Nala has gone off somewhere or other, no tidings are heard of him; accordingly to-morrow morning Damayantí will again make her Svayamvara; so come quickly to Vidarbha this very day;' and the moment the king hears his speech, he will certainly come here in one day, together with that husband of mine who is skilled in chariot-driving." Having thus debated with her father, Damayantí sent off that very moment a messenger to the city of Kośalá with exactly this message. He went and told it, as it was given him to Ṛituparna, and the king thereupon, being excited, said affectionately to his attendant Nala, who was disguised as a cook: "Hrasvabáhu, you said—'I possess skill in chariot-driving.' So take me this very day to Vidarbha if you have sufficient endurance." When Nala heard that, he said, "Good! I will take you there," and thereupon he yoked swift horses, and made ready the splendid chariot. He said to himself; "Damayantí has spread this report of a Svayamvara in order to recover me, otherwise, I know, she would not have behaved in this way even in her dreams. So I will go there and see what happens." With such reflections he brought to Ṛituparna the chariot ready. And as soon as the king had mounted it, Nala proceeded to drive on that chariot with a speed exceeding even that of Garuḍa. Then Ṛituparṇa dropped his garment, and wished to stop the chariot in order to recover it, but Nala said to him,—"King, where is that garment of yours? Why the chariot has in this moment left it many *yojanas* behind." When Ṛituparṇa heard this, he said:—"Well, give me this skill in chariot-driving, and I will give you my skill in dice, so that the dice shall obey your command and you shall acquire skill in numbers. And now look; I will give you a proof of the truth of what I say. You see this tree in front of us; I will tell you the number of its leaves and fruits, and then do you count them for yourself and see." When he had said this, he told him the number of the leaves and fruits on that tree, and Nala counted them and found them exactly as many as he had said. Then Nala gave to Ṛituparṇa his skill in driving, and Ṛituparṇa gave to Nala his skill in dice and numbers.

And Nala tested that skill on another tree, and found the number of leaves and fruits to be exactly what he had guessed. And while he was rejoicing, a black man issued from his body, and he asked him who he was. Then he said, "I am Kali; when you were chosen by Damayantí, I entered your body out of jealousy, so you lost your fortune at play. And when Kárkotaka bit you in the forest, you were not consumed, but I was burnt, as you see, being in your body. For to whom is a treacherous injury done to

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another likely to be beneficial? So I depart, my friend, for I have opportunities against others." After saying this, Kali vanished from his sight, and Nala at once became well-disposed as before, and recovered his former splendour. And he returned and remounted the chariot; and in the course of the same day he drove king Ṛituparṇa into Vidarbha, so rapidly did he get over the ground, and there the king was ridiculed by the people, who asked the cause of his coming; and he put up near the palace.

And when he arrived, Damayantí knew of it, having heard the wonderful noise of the chariot, and she inly rejoiced, as she suspected that Nala had come too. And she sent her own maid to find out the truth, and she enquired into it, and came back and said to her mistress, who was longing for her beloved lord; "Queen, I have enquired into the matter; this king of Kośala heard a false report of your Svayamvara and has come here, and he has been driven here in one day by Hrasvabáhu his charioteer and cook, who is famous for his skill in managing chariots. And I went into the kitchen and saw that cook. And he is black and deformed, but possesses wonderful powers. It is miraculous that water gushed up in his pots and pans, without being put in, and wood burst into flames of its own accord, without having been lighted,* and various cates were produced in a moment. After I had seen this great miracle, I came back here." When Damayantí heard this from the maid, she reflected—"This cook, whom the fire and the water obey, and who knows the secret of chariot-driving, can be no other than my husband, and I suspect he has become changed and deformed on account of separation from me, but I will test him." When she had formed this resolve, she sent, by way of stratagem, her two children with that same maid, to shew them to him. And Nala, when he had seen his children and taken them on his knees after a long separation, wept silently with a flood of tears. And he said to the maid—"I have two children like these in the house of their maternal grandfather, I have been moved to sorrow by recollecting them." The maid returned with the children and told all to Damayantí, and then she conceived much hope.

And early the next day she gave her maid this order; "Go and tell that cook of Ṛituparṇa's from me; 'I hear that there is no cook like you in the world, so come and prepare curry for me to-day.'" When the maid

* Cp. the 28th story in the 1st Part of Sicilianische Märchen by Laura Gonzenbach, "Von der Tochter der Sonne." Here Lattughina says "Fire, be lighted," and immediately a clear fire burned upon the hearth. Then she said "Come along, pan," and a golden pan came and placed itself upon the fire. "Come along oil," and the oil came and poured itself into the pan. In "The story of Shams ul dín and his son," Hasan Badr ul dín is discovered by his skill in cooking (Lane's Arabian Nights, Vol. I, p. 266.) De Gubernatis (Zoological Mythology, Vol. I, p. 158,) remarks that service in the kitchen is especially dear to the young hero.

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communicated to Nala this politic request, he got leave from Rituparṇa and came to Damayantí. And she said, "Tell me the truth; are you the king Nala disguised as a cook? I am drowned in a sea of anxiety, and you must to-day bring me safe to shore." When Nala heard that, he was full of joy, love, grief and shame, and with downcast face, he spoke, in a voice faltering from tears, this speech suited to the occasion,—"I am in truth that wicked Nala, hard as adamant, who in his madness behaved like fire in afflicting you." When he said this, Damayantí asked him—"If it is so, how did you become deformed?" Then Nala told her the whole of his adventures, from his making friends with Kárkotaka to the departure of Kali from him. And immediately he put on the pair of garments called the "fire-bleached," given him by Kárkotaka, and recovered on the spot his own original shape.

When Damayantí saw that Nala had resumed his own charming form, the lotus of her face quickly expanded, and she quenched, as it were, with the waters of her eyes the forest-fire of her grief, and attained indescribable unequalled happiness. And Bhíma, the king of Vidarbha, quickly heard that intelligence from his joyful attendants, and coming there he welcomed Nala, who showed him becoming respect, and he made his city full of rejoicing. Then king Rituparṇa was welcomed with the observance of all outward courtesy and every hospitable rite* by king Bhíma, who in his heart could not help laughing, and after he had in return honoured Nala, he returned to Kośalá. Then Nala lived there happily with his wife, describing to his father-in-law his outburst of wickedness due to the influence of Kali. And in a few days he returned to Nishada with the troops of his father-in-law, and he humbled his younger brother Pushkara, beating him by his knowledge of dice, but, righteous as he was, he gave him a share of the kingdom again, after Dvápara had left his body, and glad at having recovered Damayantí, he enjoyed his kingdom lawfully.

When the Bráhman Sumanas had told this story to the princess Bandhumatí in Tárápura, whose husband was away, he went on to say to her—"Even thus, queen, do great ones, after enduring separation, enjoy prosperity, and following the example of the sun, after suffering a decline, they rise again. So you also, blameless one, shall soon recover your husband returning from his absence; use patient self-control, banish grief, and console yourself with the approaching gratification of your wishes in the return of your husband." When the virtuous Bráhman had spoken these appropriate words, she honoured him with much wealth, and taking refuge in patience, she remained there awaiting her beloved. And in a few days her husband Mahípála returned, with his father, bringing that mother of his from a distant land. And when he returned, furnishing a feast to all eyes,

* The Petersburg lexicographers think that *saṃvṛitti* should be *sadvṛitti*.

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he gladdened Bandhumatí, as the full moon gladdens the lovely water of the ocean. Then Mahípála, on whom her father had already devolved the burden of the kingdom, enjoyed as a king desired pleasures with her.

When prince Naravâhanadatta, the son of the king of Vatsa, had heard in the company of his wife, from the mouth of his, minister Marubhúti, this matchless romantic story, pleasing on account of its picture of affection, he was exceedingly pleased.

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